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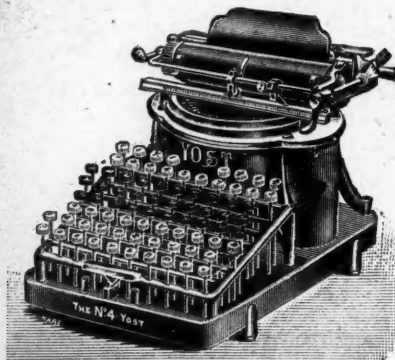
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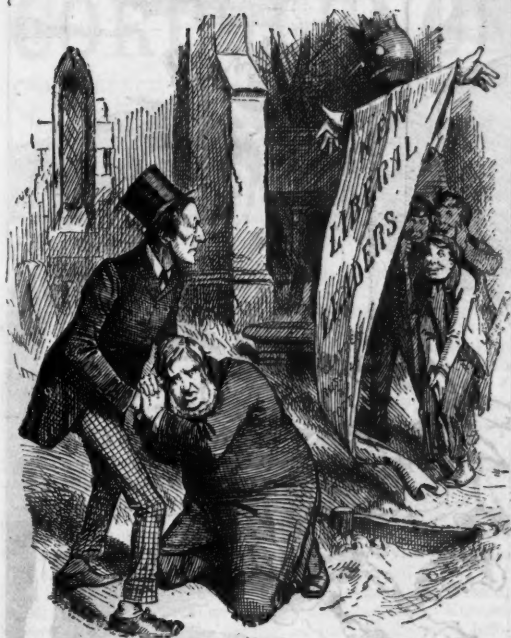
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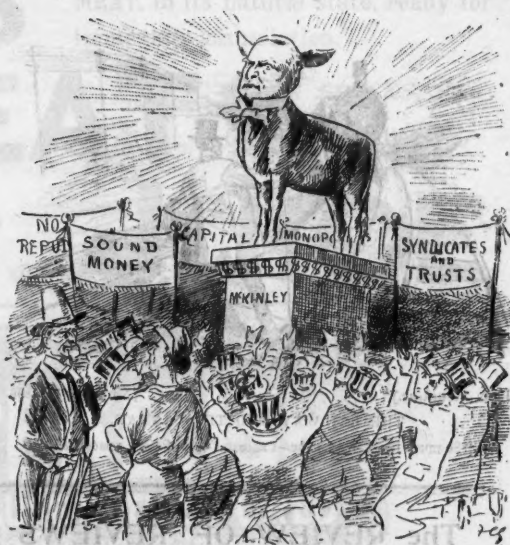
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[November 15, 1896.



From the *New York Herald*.] .

[November 2, 1896. 4



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[November 5, 1896.

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From the Melbourne Punch.]

[October 1, 1896.]

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Will be from his eminence hurled;
Meanwhile he is making the pace,
Astride of a wondering world.
He beats all the bicycling cracks
This modern Colossus of Tracks.



From Uik.]

[October 31, 1896.]

IF THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER CRUSADE.

One for all, says noble England. | All for one, thinks Russia, possibly.

JOHN BULL AS THE WORLD SEES HIM.



From Picture Politics.]

[November-December.]

As John Bull sees himself. |

As some others say they see him.

PROBLEM: TO FIND THE COMMON DENOMINATOR.



From the Sydney Bulletin.]

[September 26, 1896.]

THE LOGIC OF BRITISH CAPITAL.

J. BULL: "My trouble's about 'Australia for the Australians!' 'Wot I say is, 'Australia for dividends on British capital.' Nigger labour means big dividends. If you weren't born a nigger—well, is that the fault of British capital, hey?"



From Judge.]

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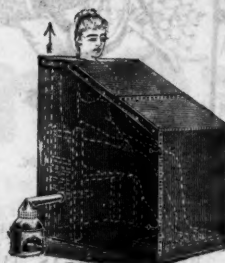
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From the Cape Register.]

ON THE BRINK.

[October 3, 1896.

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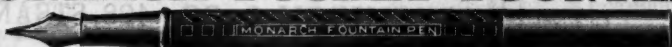
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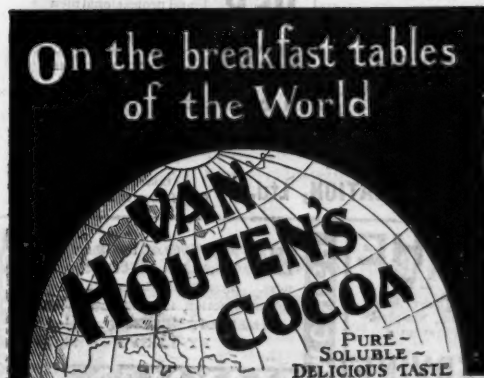
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IN TEN MINUTES

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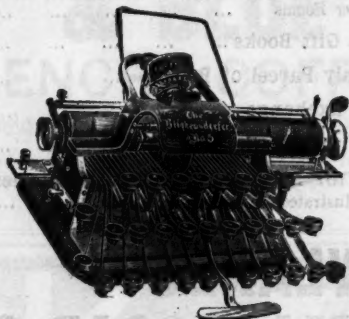
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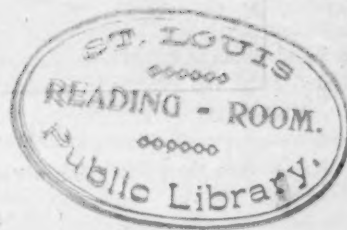
—M.B. Edin., C.M.

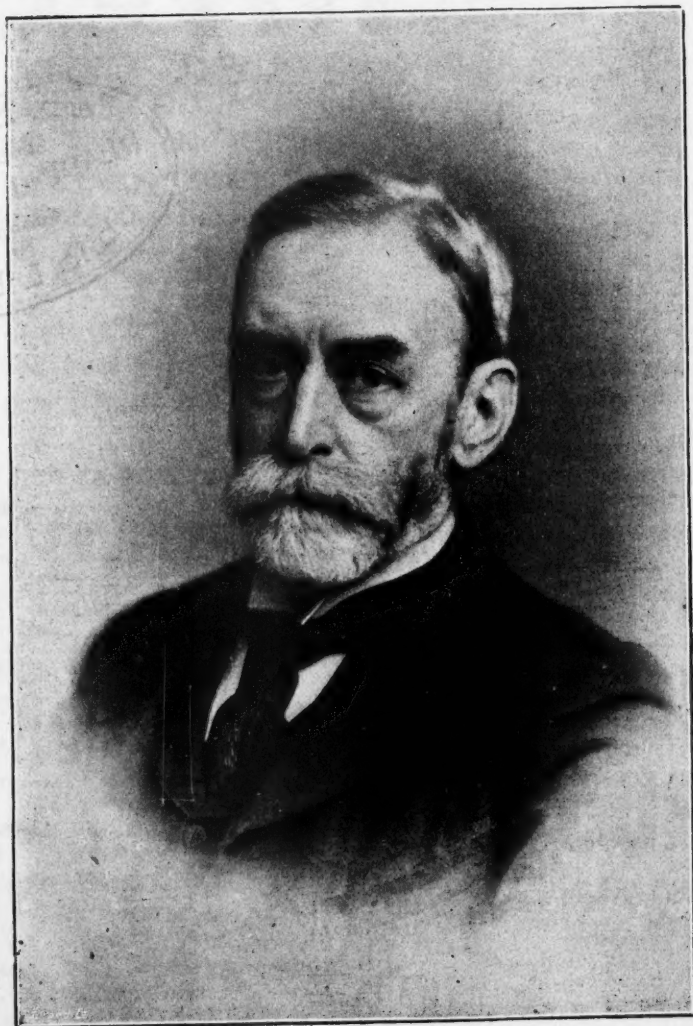
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SIR E. J. POYNTER.

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(From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, December 1, 1896.

The
Anglo-
American
Reunion.

The one great forward step made in the progress of the world last month was the conclusion of the Treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the settlement of the Venezuelan frontier by arbitration. The arrangement which brought to a close eleven months' agitation and negotiation was very simple, but the simplicity of the settlement cannot disguise the gravity of the decision which has been taken. The arrangement which, at last, commended itself to both Governments is one which so entirely accords with the principles contended for in these pages, that I have no word of criticism to offer. First and foremost, the treaty is made between Britain and the United States, not between Britain and Venezuela. The Republic of Venezuela is reduced to its proper position of vassal to its suzerain or federal superior at Washington, to whom in future we shall, of course, look for the due execution of the award and the fulfilment of any undertakings into which Venezuela may enter. That is the first great gain of the Treaty.

The Overlordship of the United States. Venezuela, so far as its foreign policy is concerned, is virtually a territory of the United States, and what is true of Venezuela will sooner or later be found to be true of all the South American Republics. No doubt in time there may come another war between North and South in which the line of division will not be between the Northern States and the Southern States lying between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, but between the Northern Continent which speaks English and has been cast in the English mould, and the Southern Continent which is Spanish or Portuguese, and has as yet no adequate appreciation either of liberty or of law. The manifest destiny of the United States to dominate the Western Hemisphere has now been asserted by its Government and recognised by our own, to the no small dismay of European Powers, who have as yet by no means reconciled themselves to the Monroe doctrine. Now, for our part, we are all for the Monroe doctrine, provided the United States, as in the present case, accepts the responsibility which is the corollary of its prerogative.

Title
by
Prescription.

The second great gain which has come to us from this settlement is that at last the doctrine of prescription is introduced into International Law.

By the Treaty it was arranged that—

we should treat the Colonial Empire just as we treat individuals, that the same lapse of time which protects individuals in civic life from having their title questioned should also protect the English colony from having its title questioned, and that where that lapse of time could not be claimed there should be examination of title, and all that equity demanded in consideration of such title should be granted.

These are Lord Salisbury's words, but they are qualified in the Treaty by the explicit statement that the period in question shall be fifty years.



From the N.Y. Evening Telegraph.]

[November 12, 1896.

"MAY WE ALL LIVE LONG AND PROSPER!"

This principle, however, will probably be gradually extended until it covers all frontier disputes. Uninterrupted occupation will give title in sovereignty as well as in matters of property. It is a great advantage, especially for young and growing Powers; for we have been confronted hitherto, in all parts of the world, by the obsolete claims of Powers like Portugal and Spain, which have never been asserted for a century or more, and are still held to be quite valid, as against the more active colonising Powers. Of course, the Treaty with America governs no one but the two Powers; but a precedent like this is very apt to be followed. In any case, it will facilitate the satisfactory solution of arbitration by a definite

agreement in advance upon the question about which there might have been insuperable difference of opinion.

Arbitration
Established.

The third advantage is that the whole question as to what territory was originally ceded is to be referred to a tribunal which will be composed of two American and two English arbitrators, who will have power, if they so decide, to select as the fifth an English-speaking man, whether American or British. If they cannot agree, the King of Sweden is to be asked to appoint the fifth person. The decision of this tribunal is to be final. The rights of the settlers on either side of the boundary are to be carefully and equitably guarded, each case is to be considered on its specific merits, and, in establishing the facts, the ordinary rules of law are to prevail. The terms of the Treaty have been received with satisfaction, both in the United States and at home, and what is more strange, even in Venezuela, whose virtual disappearance as an independent State is, of course, still veiled by the provision that a separate treaty must be concluded between Venezuela and Great Britain. So far as Great Britain was concerned, it was well worth the sacrifice of the disputed territory in order to commit the United States to the recognition of its responsibilities in South America. The American Commission appointed to inquire into the question has been hung up, and no report will be presented unless it should be called for by the board of arbitration. It is not likely that any decision will be arrived at for twelve months or more.

Now for
a
Permanent
Court.

It is to be hoped that the negotiations for the establishment of a permanent Board of Arbitration will not be suspended until after the settlement of the Venezuelan frontier. The two Governments were so nearly in accord on the general question, that it would be a thousand pities if they were to let the threads drop and have to begin everything again *de novo*, after a decision which quite possibly may make one or other of the two Powers somewhat sick. Most arbitrations do, for after all, if two men sit on horseback, one must sit behind; and arbitrations, like law suits, result in verdicts which usually dissatisfy both parties and certainly dissatisfies one. Still for all that, they are very much better than the appeal to battle, which hitherto has been the only alternative. It will be well if President Cleveland—the only man who has on three consecutive presidential elections received the vote of the majority of the

citizens of the United States—were to crown his career by concluding a definite treaty which would link together the Empire and the Republic by the



From the *Hindi Punch*.]

[November 9, 1896.

BRITANNIA AND MISS COLUMBIA.

establishment of a permanent court for arbitrating all difficulties which arise between the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

Spain
and
Her Islands.

Public opinion in the United States is much exercised by the disregard shown by the Spanish Government to American sentiment in relation to Cuba. It continues to be a drawn battle between the insurgent Cubans and General Weyler. The latter has been urged to show vigour, and warned that unless he succeeds in suppressing the insurrection he will be recalled in disgrace. And the Mother Country has shown she is in earnest by raising a new loan of ten millions sterling, covering it twice over in fact, for the purpose of prosecuting the war with vigour. Now the prosecution of a war with vigour in Cuba means the perpetration of no end of atrocities and pretty wholesale shooting of insurgents. Uncle Sam, who is already much disgusted with the reek of the Cuban smoke which comes to him across the ditch which divides Cuba from Florida, is muttering about intervention, to which Spain retorts by making ready for war. It is a knotty business, nor does there seem to be any prospect of a settlement one way or the other. Even the complete withdrawal of the Spanish forces would be far from restoring peace to the distracted island. Spain has another insurrection on her hands in the Philippine Islands, where, undeterred by fear of American protests, her officers are displaying a vigour which recalls the atrocities of our revolted Sepoys, rather than the action of a civilised and European Power. Cuba and the Philippines are to Spain rather as a kind of decayed

eye teeth, which ache horribly, but it is a terrible job to extract them. America may be the dentist of destiny for Cuba, but who will wield the forceps in the Philippines? Japan?

Italy has at last concluded a Treaty with King Menelik of Abyssinia which closes the door upon her hope of a great African Empire. Everything but the small colony of Erythrea on the Red Sea coast is to be given up. So Italy gets back her soldiers who were prisoners of war in Abyssinia, and King Menelik is freed from the dread of Italian conquest. Henceforth he is to be recognised as an



independent sovereign who can make treaties and do as he pleases for all the world as if he were a great Power. The Italians on the whole are very glad that at last they have been able to let go of the ears of the wolf who had fastened his fangs pretty deeply into their wrist. It is a sad awakening from the dream which led the Italian kingdom to embark on its African adventure.

It is understood that Abyssinia enjoyed the benevolent support of France and Russia in the conclusion of peace, and rumour has it that at least one of the two partners would be very glad to facilitate a similar treaty of evacuation which would deliver the adjacent regions of Africa from the presence of a

British garrison. There seems, however, to be no disposition on the part of the British Government to take the hint. Speaking at the Guildhall on November 9th, Lord Salisbury declared with significant emphasis, he did not see any reason in the condition of Europe for evacuating an acre of the territory we are occupying. So far indeed are we from evacuating Egypt, or thinking of any such step at present, that one of the newspaper sensations last month has been the circulation of a circumstantial statement to the effect that the Sirdar, during his visit to this country, has secured the sanction of the Government to his plans for advancing next year upon Khartoum with a mixed Anglo-Egyptian force of twenty-five thousand men. The story is declared to be premature, but if all goes well in Dongola—and so far everything has gone better than was expected—it is almost certain that when the Nile is high next year an attempt will be made to re-establish the authority of the Khedive in the city of Khartoum. The French, on the whole, have taken Lord Salisbury's declaration very quietly, a symptom which tends to confirm the belief that as the Franco-Russian understanding recognised that Germany was to keep Alsace and Lorraine, so it recognises the *status quo* in the Nile valley.

The Tsar, after spending a little holiday in Darmstadt, has returned to Russia. Many reports have been flying about as to the selection which he has made of a successor to Prince Lobanoff. It was indeed telegraphed all over Europe that Count Vorontsoff-Daschkoff was to be appointed Foreign Secretary, with the status of Chancellor. The news was no sooner printed than it was contradicted. The next statement was that M. Nelidoff was to be brought from Constantinople in order to direct the foreign policy of Russia. That also seems to be premature, and the reasons which led to the passing over of M. Nelidoff when Prince Lobanoff was selected are still more potent to-day. Russia can ill afford to change ambassadors at Constantinople at such a crisis as the present.

A cold douche has been administered to the somewhat gushing sentiment of the French by the declaration of M. Hanotaux in the French Chamber. Questioned as to whether he could not make a full statement as to the Franco-Russian Alliance, he stated in effect that he could not, because there was nothing more to say. The visit of the Tsar, and the speeches made by the Tsar and

The
Exit of Italy
from
Abyssinia.

Prince
Lobanoff's
Successor.

The
Russo-French
"Under-
standing."

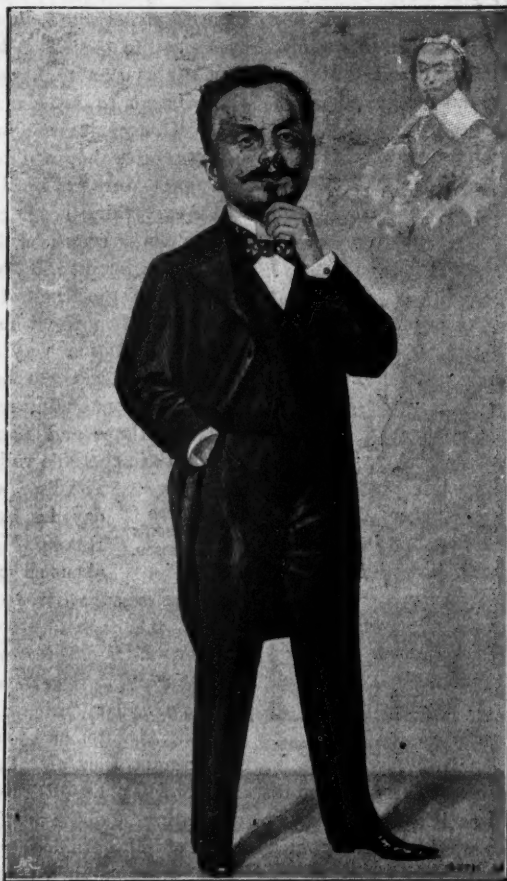
England's
Advance
in
the Soudan.

President Faure at Chalons, had notified to the world the existence of a friendly understanding, and to their words nothing could be added. Thereupon there went by the board the last lingering hope that the friendly understanding had been converted into a binding treaty. Russia, in 1890, sought in vain for the renewal of the secret treaty with Germany, which was to all intents and purposes equivalent to a quasi-guarantee of the Treaty of Frankfurt, for it bound over Russia to friendly neutrality in case France went to war to snatch back the lost provinces. It was not until Count Caprivi had refused to renew that treaty that Russia began to coquette with France. After all these years, the courtship does not seem to have got farther than an affectionate understanding entered into by Russia, quite as much for the purpose of preventing France disturbing the peace of Europe as for any love of the Republic.

So much
A more im-
= Gilded portant is
Pill. the way

things are done than the thing that is done, that France is really rejoicing and feeling as if her old position was restored in Europe by virtue of an understanding which, for the time being at least, definitely forbids her to dream of revenge. Still, with all their skill at make-believe, the French made a wry face over the news that there was no treaty to be announced. As consolation to our susceptible neighbours, may I quote a *bon mot* of Madame Novikoff? Her Excellency, the other day, was listening to a discussion about the person who was to succeed Prince Lobanoff as Foreign Minister, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Why two? We have a very good one already."

"And who may he be?" asked her visitor in amazement. "Why, Monsieur Hanotaux," said she; "he does very well. I see no need for a colleague." It is a pretty phrase, and will serve to gild the pill, although it may be more correct to say that France has become a Russian dependency than that the French Foreign Minister is the successor of Prince Lobanoff.



From *Vanity Fair*.]

M. HANOTAUX.

[November 12, 1896.

The Reichstag and Bismarck's Revelations.

The Ger-
man Reich-
stag has
had an op-
portunity

of debating the revelations made by Prince Bismarck; first as to the existence of the Treaty with Russia, and secondly, its annulment by Count Caprivi. The Foreign Minister made the best defence he could, and avoided saying anything with even more than the usual official capacity for using non-committal terms, but like most discussions in Parliaments on foreign affairs, it came too late to do any good. What a farce representative Government is when foreign affairs are on the carpet. Here is the German Reichstag, the representative assembly of the German Empire, discussing for the first time, in 1896, a treaty which was made in 1884, the very existence of which was never whispered, much less debated, during all the years in

which it governed the policy of Germany, and which was annulled in 1890, equally without the knowledge or consent of the Reichstag. Could anything illustrate more forcibly the emptiness of the theory that the Reichstag has any control over the foreign policy of the German Empire? There are some who believe that our English Parliament has almost as little say in the matter, and that no doubt is true, with one important proviso. Our Parliament cannot control

foreign policy, but it makes and unmakes Foreign Ministers. In Germany the Imperial Chancellor does not depend either for his appointment or his

assuring each other all the time that they are so horribly afraid of the responsibility of bringing about a war, that they would rather allow the Sultan to bring it about himself. A contingency by no means improbable.



From Utk.]

[November 13, 1896.]

CONSUMED IN THE SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY!

maintenance in office upon the vote of the majority of the Reichstag. But, notwithstanding this difference, Lord Salisbury is probably as little hampered by our Parliament as Prince Bismarck was by his.

Salisbury
on
Salvation
through the
Sultanate.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall has been accepted throughout Europe as an utterance making for peace. Lord Salisbury spoke smooth words and prophesied peace. He praised the European concert, abjured all notion of isolated action, and beyond a significant hint that the salvation of Turkey was to be sought for through the Sultanate—he did not say through the present Sultan—nothing was said that could make even the most sensitive of the Great Powers feel that we were going to precipitate the much dreaded war. So the order of the day is to do nothing, but to let the ambassadors exercise such pressure as they can, by hinting at the possible deposition of the Sultan, and

I hear from Constantinople that M. Nelidoff takes the very gloomiest view as to the prospect in Turkey. No one knows better the utter rottenness of

Sick
unto Death.

the whole fabric than the ambassador who has done his best to patch it up. Massacres continue to occur occasionally, and the ambassadors are so powerless that they cannot even secure safe conduct for the philanthropic agents who are charged with the distribution of the charity of Europe to the Armenian remnant. Under these circumstances it is not inconceivable that the plan which Mr. Stride puts forward in one of the American reviews might be realised, and the long continued agony of the Christian East once more compel Western Christendom to organise knight-hospitallers who would undertake to succour the wretched, even although the distribution of relief entailed at the same time the maintenance of a sufficient armed force to keep the marauders at bay.

Rumours
of
Partition.

Although all the Great Powers are pledging themselves to do nothing to bring about the partition of Turkey, and are pledging themselves more emphatically than ever to the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*, rumours are gaining ground that the Cabinets are discussing the possible eventuality of the break up of the Ottoman Empire. The visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to Vienna has been made the occasion of a rumour to the effect that he was to sound the Emperor of Austria upon a provisional scheme of partition. Austria, according to this story, was to be allowed to go to Salonica; Italy was to have Albania; Russia, Asia Minor; and France, Syria; and we were to be allowed to retain Egypt. Some such scheme as this may possibly be floating about in the minds of continental statesmen, but its translation into actual fact would raise so many difficulties that the statesmen and sovereigns, who, as Lord Salisbury said, are trustees for their peoples, may be pardoned if they shrink, as from a nightmare, from the thought of a general partition.

The
November
Cabinets.

The November Cabinets have been held, but with rather less than the usual number of more or less authentic reports as to the decision of Ministers. It is stated that the Cabinet has decided not to pro-

pose any more legislation than can be helped. It will introduce a bill for increasing a grant to denominational schools. To this it was committed by its promise of last session, but to what extent it will depart from last year's programme is probably not even yet settled by the Cabinet, from which, be it remembered, Sir John Gorst has been jealously excluded. Instead of including a bill for Secondary Education in the bill dealing with Elementary schools, it is to be introduced as a separate measure,—a sensible course which ought to facilitate its passing, whatever happens to the bill for subsidising the denominational schools.

**The
Hamburg
Strike.**

The proposal made by the Chief Constable, the Mayor, and the Chairman of the Trades Court in Hamburg, that the dispute which caused the dockers' strike in that seaport should be referred to arbitration, is a good sign. They suggest that a board of eight members should be formed, four to be elected by the dockers—no award to be made unless six members concur. It is significant of the difference between the two countries that a proposal which in England was made by a cardinal, in Germany emanated from the Chief Constable. Of the strike itself it is not necessary to say much here. Hamburg is one of the greatest and most prosperous seaports in the world. And strikes always occur when trade is rapidly improving or rapidly diminishing. It is the interest of all civilised men, and especially of a great commercial nation like the English, that these disputes should be settled as speedily and as peacefully as possible. But because Tom Mann, in his capacity as dockers' champion, was busy enough to get himself locked up at Hamburg as a foreign agitator, the German newspapers discover that the whole quarrel is due to British jealousy of German trades—a kind of outward and visible sign of John Bull's dislike to the demand for things "Made in Germany"! The commercial wars of modern times seem to be capable of generating as much insane jealousy per square inch as the revolutionary wars of a century since when Pitt was the bogey of the French nursery.

**East
Bradford
Election.**

The bye-election in East Bradford resulted in the return of a Unionist in the place of a Unionist. But he only polled a minority of the constituency, Mr. Billson, the Liberal, having 4,526 votes; Mr. Keir Hardie, the Independent Labour candidate, 1,953, or 6,479 votes against the Unionist candidate. Mr. Keir Hardie may be anything you please, but he is certainly not an advocate for things as they are in

Ireland or any other place. It is a pity that in a place like East Bradford some means could not be devised for taking a second ballot. This might at least be done experimentally. There would be no difficulty in getting to know every one who voted at the last election. Both parties might then agree to appoint an Election Committee, to issue ballot papers to all the electors who voted, after which they could be collected in sealed envelopes. Then, and not till then, we should be able to form some definite idea as to how many Unionists swell the I. L. P. poll. If we judge by the figures of the last election, Mr. Hardie drew 922 votes from the Unionists and 613 from the Liberals. But last election affords no stable data for calculating how things stand now.

**The
Coming
Session.**

There is an all round disposition to belittle the work of next Session. Parliament will meet on January 19th, and Ministers, it is expected, will content themselves with an irreducible minimum of measures to be announced in the Queen's speech. It is not expected that they will yield so far to the clamour of the Church party as to introduce any measure sanctioning Rate Aid for Voluntary Schools. What is more probable is that there will be a central grant, not made to all schools, but to needy schools—the need of the schools to be decided by some local representative body. Such, at least, is Sir William Hart Dyke's suggestion, and there seems some probability of its being accepted.

**The
Power
Behind the
Throne.**

In discussing the Education Bill, it is well to remember that neither Lord Salisbury nor Lord Hartington will really decide this matter. All political questions are in the end financial questions, and the man who keeps the strong box of the Cabinet is a very strong man indeed. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is not an heroic figure; he is not a very popular speaker; but upon most questions that come up in the Cabinet he has more to say than any of his colleagues. Take, for instance, this matter of education. It is he who holds the strings of the purse, and although the Anglican Church plays the rôle of the importunate widow, it may weep and wail from morning until night without relaxing the heart of Sir Michael. In like manner it is probable that it is he who will decide definitely what is to be done in the way of carrying out the recommendations of the Recess Committee in Ireland. He is believed to hold very strong views in opposition to the finding of the Commission on the financial relations of the two countries, and although he is no more Irish

Secretary than he is Minister of Education, it will be found that he is the predominant Minister when these matters come up for settlement. It may be good advice, therefore, to journalists and politicians generally to keep their eye on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Sir
Michael's
Veto.

A very remarkable illustration of the imperturbable doggedness of the man was afforded by his speech at Bristol last month. Lord Lansdowne was the chief speaker, and Lord Lansdowne, as Secretary for War, took occasion to launch a very carefully prepared manifesto in favour of the increase of the army estimates. He pointed out that the cost of the army had remained stationary, while that of the navy had more than doubled. For, at the present moment, instead of having a home battalion for every battalion abroad, there are no fewer than eleven battalions on foreign service which ought to be serving at the home depôts. So Lord Lansdowne went on pointing out that even if the army were regarded solely as the handmaid and *fidus Achates* of the navy, it must be kept up, if only for the sake of the coaling stations, without which our ironclads would be but logs in the water. It was a powerful manifesto, and there was much in it to which it would be very difficult to frame a plausible reply. But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was present, and no sooner had Lord Lansdowne sat down than he got up, and in a very few sentences made it perfectly clear that as long as he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Lansdowne might whistle for his money. With a calm outspokenness, almost approaching to brutality, he told Lord Lansdowne that the army had money enough already, and should make better use of the money it had instead of clamouring for more. A Chancellor of the Exchequer who is capable of saying that on the spot immediately after the delivery of such a manifesto by the Secretary of State for War, is clearly one who does not intend to allow any of his prerogatives to perish of atrophy.

The
Liberal
Platform.

The chief speaker on the Liberal side has been Mr. Morley, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has also been on his feet, while Mr. Asquith and Lord Rosebery have made non-party speeches. Mr. Morley's visit to his constituents might be regarded in one sense as a sort of reconnaissance to ascertain how the ground lay after the recent landslip of Lord Rosebery's resignation. So far as can be ascertained from the temper of the meetings, both in Glasgow

and Montrose boroughs, there was by no means any passionate indignation against those who might be held responsible for Lord Rosebery's resignation. Neither was there any passionate enthusiasm for calling Lord Rosebery back again. The Scotch people seem to have taken their countryman's resignation of the Liberal leadership with phlegmatic indifference, nor were there any signs that Sir William Harcourt stands less well than he did in the estimation of the Scotch electorate. Mr. Morley made reference to the American Presidential election in terms which were as judicious and well weighed as those of Lord Salisbury were the reverse.

Lord
Salisbury's
indiscretion.

It would be a mistake to take too seriously the angry protests that have been made in the United States against Lord Salisbury's declaration that the victory of Mr. Bryan would have wrecked the peace which lies at the basis of civilisation. It would have been wiser if Lord Salisbury had not said it, because it is never well for the head of a foreign government to echo the invectives which the victorious political party has hurled against its adversaries. It is like interfering between a man and his wife when they are quarrelling: the immediate result is to unite both parties against yourself. As a matter of fact, Lord Salisbury has neither the time nor the opportunity to form a dispassionate judgment of the issues which divided parties at the last election in the United States. What he did was to take the New York correspondence in the London daily papers as sufficient guide, and as these correspondents, notably Mr. Smalley, were heart and soul with the McKinleyites, they naturally made out that Mr. Bryan and his supporters were enemies of the human race. An English friend of mine in the United States writes to me, declaring, *apropos* of this and other matters, that if ever England and the United States should be so unfortunate as to quarrel, the blame will lie more at the door of Mr. Smalley than any other man. It is a thousand pities that so prejudiced an observer should be the chief medium for communicating American news to the British public.

The
Plurality
for
McKinley.

The details of the voting of the Presidential election show that McKinley has been elected, but that his majority is by no means so large as was anticipated on the morning of the poll. Mr. Smalley, for instance, telegraphed that he would have a majority of one hundred and seventy in the Electoral College. In reality he will only have a majority of ninety-

seven. But far more significant than the votes of the States is the popular vote. Never before in an American election has the winning candidate polled a million more votes than his adversary. Sometimes, indeed, as in the case of Benjamin Harrison, the winning candidate polled fewer votes than his opponent, but as the majority in the Electoral College voted for Harrison, the majority of the mass vote did not count. This year the *plébiscite* and the majority in the Electoral College will be in accord, and Dr. Shaw, I see, regards the vote as final and conclusive. Mr. Bryan evidently does not think so, and the Free Silverites are putting about strange stories as to the way in which the unprecedented popular majority was obtained for McKinley. An American correspondent who has been in the thick of the fight sends me an extraordinary story about an alleged band of four hundred colonisers or repeaters who were sent down to Chicago on polling-day in order to vote at the election. Each of these colonisers had registered in 150 precincts or polling-stations, of which there are 900 in Chicago. By this means each of the 400 were able to vote 150 times, a practice which would account for 60,000 of the McKinley votes in Chicago. This story, which, frankly speaking, I totally disbelieve, is said to rest on the authority of one of the gallant 400 who revealed the secret, and maintained that he and his friends received £10 a day and their expenses. There is no doubt that money was spent like water by Mr. Hanna on behalf of Mr. McKinley, but that colonising on anything approaching such a colossal scale as this was carried on in Chicago, or anywhere else, is simply incredible. At the same time we may expect to hear some strange stories as to the way in which McKinley's majority was piled up. The net result of the election leaves the territorial distribution of parties much the same. The democrats have lost two of the Pacific States, and the fringe States of Kentucky, West Virginia, and Maryland. Everywhere else they hold their own, and so far as mere area of territory goes, without regard to the number of inhabitants, the United States are more for Bryan than for McKinley. When six millions of adult male citizens have recorded their votes for a candidate, who better than any other embodies their aspirations and their hopes, it is an indiscretion, perhaps even a blazing indiscretion, for the Prime Minister of another country to proclaim to the world that their victory would have wrecked the principles that lie at the base of human society.

**The
Next
Republican
Candidate.**

The House of Representatives is, of course, overwhelmingly Republican. The Senate will be very evenly balanced, and the best authorities show considerable reserve in making a calculation as to the ultimate balance of parties among the senators. One of the most interesting features of the November elections was the return of Mayor Pingree of Detroit at the head of the poll as Governor of the State of Michigan. Governor Pingree, as we must henceforth call him, is a Republican, who, so far as an outsider can see, of all Republicans will stand the best chance of being next President after McKinley. Mr. Pingree has long been far and away the most remarkable mayor in the United States, and he, more than any of the notable Republicans, is in sympathy with all that is good and true on the Bryanite platform. The election of Mr. McKinley by the combined forces of the party bosses and the great moneyed monopolists will inevitably produce a reaction; and if the Republican party has not to be swamped at the polls of 1900, it will have to put in the field a candidate who will be as different as possible from McKinley on the crucial question of subservience to the money power. Now, if all the United States were searched through, they would show no man who would more exactly meet the exigencies of such a position than Governor Pingree. It will be more than three years before the Republic Convention has to choose its candidate; but speaking, as I say, from the outsider's point of view, and only taking into account the great issues and the leading tendencies both political and personal, I see no man on the American horizon who is more likely to occupy the White House in succession to Mr. McKinley than Governor Pingree.

**Virements
in the
London County
Council.**

During the French Empire a practice became very popular in the great spending departments which was known by the convenient name of *Virements*. *Virements* was the term used to describe the transfer of money voted by one department for the expenditure of another. After the Empire fell, rigid Republican investigators discovered that the system had been carried to such an extent as to entirely destroy any financial check. Money that was voted for the fleet would be used for building a prefect's house, while moneys voted for buying powder and shot would be appropriated to decorating an Imperial pavilion. This last month the London County Council discovered among the officials of its Works Department the beginning of a system of *virement* which, if it had not been promptly checked, might

have had disastrous results. According to the finding of the Committee charged with the investigation, these officials were acquitted of having done anything corruptly, or with corrupt intent, but what they did do was to treat the Works Department as if it were a trading concern, and they manipulated accounts so as to put to the credit of a job which cost more than the estimate, the surplus accruing to a job which cost less than the estimate. According to the Report of the Committee, there has been practised since April, 1895, a system of accounting in which there have been—

"(1) Falsely signed and bogus transfers of materials from one job to another; (2) transfers of materials valued at altogether unwarranted prices; (3) incorrect appropriation of invoices to a job when the goods were not used; (4) materials sent from stock and not debited to the job; (5) the deliberate alteration up and down of the ascertained cost of a job for purposes of so-called departmental advantage." As one of the witnesses put it, "When we found we were going to have a loss, we took the profit from one job and gave it to another; it was a system of levelling up and down."

**The
Mistake
of the
Moderates.**

The officials have been dismissed and an inquiry has been ordered into the department where such a practice had originated. The rule of red tape, therefore, will be made more stringent, for although much abused, red tape is an absolutely indispensable element in managing the finance of public bodies. At the worst, the recalcitrant officials who have had their career cut short and are thrown loose on the world, are guilty of an error of judgment which has been speedily detected and severely punished; but to judge from the indecent exultation of the so-called Moderates, it would appear as if your true Unionist had an absolute delight in discovering, revealing, nay, in exaggerating, and monstrously exaggerating, any mistake made by his fellow-citizens if they should have the misfortune to be in the employment of the County Council. Our Unionist friends will no doubt scoff at the observation, but they are pursuing a very dangerous line in thus identifying their cause with the vilification of self-government in London. The County Council is the elect of London, and its members are discharging a great trust committed to them with an honesty, industry, and a public spirit which makes London the envy and despair of every great city in America. Nothing could be worse, either in taste or in policy, than to exult over every error that is committed in any of the details of London Administration. That is not the way in which to develop civic spirit, or to encourage the best class of citizens to devote themselves to the thankless task of the treadmill of administrative routine.

**Good Work
Done
in
Rhodesia.**

The *Daily Chronicle* is rightly indignant at the conduct of the Moderates on the London County Council, who display so base a joy in exposing the mistake of the Works Department. But our virtuous contemporary is guilty of just as shameful and ill-considered conduct in the treatment which it uniformly extends to those Englishmen who, at risk of health and life and all their worldly goods, have nobly toiled and greatly suffered for the cause of England in Rhodesia. We still seem to be a long way distant from the day when Englishmen who sacrifice time, labour, money, and life for the cause either of the good government of a city, or the colonisation of a province, may confidently count upon just, not to say generous, recogni-



From the *South African Review*.]

[October 9, 1896.]

THE TEN PLAGUES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

tion at the hands of their fellow-countrymen, whatever may be their party. Lord Grey's report upon the present condition of Charterland, dated Bulawayo, October 16, records an achievement which, if it had been performed by any other authority than the Chartered Company, would have commanded the enthusiastic eulogy of every one. As Lord Grey says, the British public finds it difficult to realise what the Chartered Company has done in carrying on a war for six months nearly 600 miles away from the nearest railway terminus, and keeping in a state of efficiency a fighting force of 3,000 men, 3,000 animals, and storing, in addition, sufficient supplies to feed 40,000 natives for three months. It is, as he says, more difficult than the task would be of keeping a big civil population in comfort and an army of 3,000 in a state of efficiency for six months at John o' Groat's House by means of supplies brought from Land's End, when there was not a cart-horse to

be obtained in the country, or a single feed of grain on the road for the mules which had to haul the supplies over territory without a single macadamised road.

Of the settlement which has been made, Lord Grey speaks hopefully. It amounts to the establishment of native Home Rule for Matabeleland. Lobengula's indunas are to have £60 a year and a horse each, and are to govern their own people in their own way, subject to the authority of a Native Commissioner, who is to act as general peacemaker and nexus between the chiefs and the Chartered Company. Lord Grey hopes that by a system of industrial and agricultural shows the Matabele will learn to accommodate themselves to a system of regular labour. Until January, however, they will have to be fed from hand to mouth to keep them alive. Owing to the ravages of the rinderpest and the havoc made by war, some forty thousand natives will have to be fed on daily rations for three months. Lord Grey speaks in the highest terms of the many services rendered by Mr. Rhodes, of whom he says:—

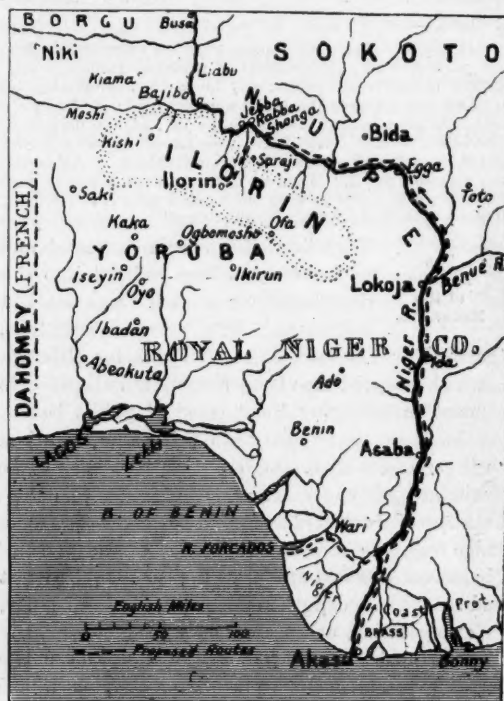
With infinite patience and characteristic tenacity of purpose he has sat down at the base of the Matoppos in a camp unprotected by a single bayonet, which could have been perfectly well rushed any night during the last six weeks by the rebels with absolute safety to themselves. It was entirely due to the confidence which this action on his part inspired in the minds of the rebels, who were very suspicious and alarmed as to the treatment they would receive if they surrendered, that they were at length induced to go out from the hills on to the flats.

Next year will probably be one of privation and high prices, but nothing seems to abate the absolute confidence which the Rhodesians have in Rhodesia, and the capacity of exciting that confidence is no mean asset in the personal resources of Mr. Rhodes.

The Indian Famine.

While the Chartered Company is preparing to feed forty thousand Africans for the next three months, the Indian Government is already feeding two hundred and fifty thousand Asiatics, and is making preparations to feed many more. Fortunately last month brought welcome showers of rain, which have done something to prevent the famine which already threatens to develop into an absolutely devastating scourge next year. The Indian Government is exerting itself to meet the threatened disaster with adequate resources, but it is to be feared that no expenditure of time or money will be able to prevent the mowing down of many thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, of our fellow-subjects in India. The population has

increased so rapidly under the pacific rule of the Queen that there are millions, possibly scores of millions, in India, who are, so to speak, living below the high-water mark of periodic famines which constantly occur in that country. If there were fewer of them, they might live and thrive above high-water mark; as it is, the selavage of the population that is habitually underfed perishes whenever there is too little rain or too much. It may, of course, be argued that there would always be this margin of



THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

[Dotted line shows the proposed route of the expedition.]

hungry millions even if the population were not so dense on the soil, and that, no doubt, is true. Probably there is less starvation in the United States to-day with its seventy million population than there was when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, when the inhabitants, all told, did not exceed a million at the outside.

It is probable that this Christmas another Chartered Company, that which governs the Niger and the valley of that great river, will have put its fortunes to the touch to win or lose its all. The object of the expedition which Sir Taubman Goldie,

The Niger Company and its Little War.

with the aid of a score of British officers and some thousands of trained native troops, is about to undertake in West Africa, is part of a great design which has been carefully matured for the last ten years. Sir Taubman Goldie is a remarkable man, who has set his mind upon exterminating the slave trade in a district inhabited by forty millions of persons. In the Upper Niger, which lies nominally in the territories of the Company, but over which they have hitherto exercised no direct authority, prevails the worst system of slave-trading in the world. It is from the valley of the Upper Niger that slaves are taken every year for export to all parts of northern Africa, to Constantinople, and to Arabia. Slaves indeed are the currency of the country; cowries are but as their pennies, for gold and silver coinage they use slaves. The value of a slave rises in proportion to the distance from his native village, hence the remoteness of the human mine that is worked by the Arab slave miners on the Niger. A slave from the Niger has no chance of getting back to the West Coast from Egypt or Africa.

Indeed, according to the interesting calculation of Sir Taubman Goldie, a slave never reaches his maximum value until he is about one thousand miles away from his native land. Within fifty miles of his village a slave is not worth more than a fowl. At two or three hundred miles distance he is worth a sheep; but when you get him one thousand miles away he is worth half a horse, for the human currency appreciates according to the increase of the difficulty of his using his legs to run away. The object of the expedition now on foot in the Niger territories is to demonetise human beings as currency, and to introduce silver money in place of slaves. It would be rather odd if an expedition of the Niger Chartered Company should lead to an appreciation of the value of silver, which Mr. Bryan's candidature sought to effect and signally failed to accomplish. Not even the Niger Company ventures to abolish slavery or interfere with what may be called the circulation of human currency within areas over which it can prevent the debasement or general ill usage of these human coins of the realm. But slave-raiding is an institution which is bound up with the very existence of the States which owe allegiance

to the Sultan of Sokoto. It is quite on the cards that there may be an alliance on the part of several of these tribes against the white man with his heretical notions about the demonetisation of human currency. If so, Sir Taubman Goldie will probably perish at the head of his men, and the Niger Company will go up the spout. If so, there will be no appeal made by the Niger Company to Downing Street to help it out of its difficulties; but in the interests of the Empire, which cannot allow the whole of the Niger Valley to pass under the tricolour, the British Government will be compelled to take over what would then be the wreck of the Niger Company's Protectorate. I hope, however, that fortune will smile upon brave Sir Taubman and his gallant men, and that an enterprise which ought to command the hearty sympathy of every humane man will be crowned with success.

One very curious and significant fact is noted by Mr. Garrett. Cecil Rhodes, when Prime Minister, voted with the Protectionists, but so great is his

popularity in Cape Town that at the vast meeting summoned to demand the repeal of these taxes, Cecil Rhodes's name was used as Mr. Gladstone's once was in England, as an infallible specific for evoking loud and prolonged cheering with cries of "Good old Cecil." Mr. Garrett quotes in the *Cape Times* the following extract from a letter received from a correspondent:—

"We want a man of action, a leader in whom we have confidence; one who sympathises and has always sympathised with the people. . . . There is but one man—C. J. Rhodes. He never lived on the lifeblood of his fellow-creatures, nor pandered to anything which he ever thought would injure the people."

Mr. Garrett adds:—

Used in the sense and context in which this correspondent used them, these words are a signal example of the short memory and general state of muddle which prevail in our politics.

It would be nearer the truth to say that in South Africa Cecil Rhodes has already achieved a position which Oliver Cromwell has established in this country. It has often been noted as a most extraordinary fact that whenever a crisis arises in which the national feeling is deeply stirred, the cry is always raised, "Would to God Oliver Cromwell were here!" even although those who raise it are directly opposing all the principles which Cromwell held dear.



DIARY FOR NOVEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- Nov. 2. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Creighton appointed Bishop of London.
Royal Institute of British Architects opened by Professor Aitchison.
3. Major William McKinley elected President of the United States.
The Rev. the Hon. Edward Carr Glyn appointed Bishop of Peterborough.
Large purchases of arms ordered by the Sultan.
Chinese Government contracted for four German torpedo-boats and two Armstrong cruisers.
Japanese Ultimatum regarding the conclusion of the Treaty of Commerce reported accepted by China.



THE REV. THE HON. E. CARR GLYN.
Appointed Bishop of Peterborough.
(Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.)

4. Mr. E. J. Poynter, Director of the National Gallery, elected President of the Royal Academy.
A Deputation from the National Sea Fisheries' Protection Association called upon Mr. Ritchie at the Board of Trade to urge the passing of the Fisheries Acts Amendment Bill.
The Cripplegate Institute opened by the Lord Mayor.
5. Relief for Voluntary Schools discussed by both Houses of Convocation at Westminster.
The Technical School and Library presented by Colonel Gamble to St. Helen's opened by Lord Derby.
School of Arts and Crafts opened in Regent Street by the London County Council.
Marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Austria took place in Vienna.
The Greek Chamber opened in Athens.
Ex-Queen Lilinokalani completely pardoned by the Hawaiian Government.
6. Several Rebel Cuban bands defeated by General Gonzales Munoz reported.
7. Lord Balfour elected Lord Rector of the Edinburgh University.
Mr. Alderman Faudel-Phillips admitted to Office at the Guildhall as Lord Mayor.

8. The Chilian Cabinet resigned.
Major Von Wissmann unanimously elected President of the Berlin Geographical Society.
9. Lord Salisbury discussed the Venezuelan situation at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.
Sir H. H. Kitchener arrived in London.
Mayors for Boroughs were elected throughout England and Wales.
Reported Massacre of one hundred Armenians at Erevak confirmed.
10. The American Venezuelan Commission determined to make no decision touching affairs subject to its examination.
The German Reichstag resumed its sittings.
Commercial Treaty between Switzerland and Japan signed in Berne.
At the Guildhall, Cambridge, a resolution was passed to establish a Mission House in South London.
13. Publication of Mgr. Macaire's Report to the Pope of his mission to Abyssinia.
14. Deputation from the Society of Friends waited upon Mr. Curzon to urge the Abolition of Slavery in Zanzibar.
Lord Huntly elected Rector of Aberdeen University.
Viceroy of India reported 120,100 persons on relief.
Basis of the settlement of the Manitoba Schools Question published.
Motor vehicles, under the Motor-Car Club, travelled from Hôtel Métropole to Brighton.
15. International Ship, Dock, and River Workers held demonstrations in Victoria and South-west Park.
Treaty of Peace signed on October 26th by Italy and Abyssinia reported at Rome.
16. Interpellation as to the "Bismarckian Revelations" opened in the Reichstag.
Electric power works set in motion at Niagara Falls.
Public subscription to the New Spanish Internal Loan opened.
17. National Union of Conservative Associations met at Rochdale.
London County Council discussed the accounts of the Works Department.
Resolution touching increased grants for elementary schools passed by the National Education Emergency Committee.
Mr. Ritchie received a deputation of Trades Unionists.

- The hearing of the appeal against the decision of the Mixed Tribunal at Cairo opened at Alexandria.
Duelling discussed in the Reichstag.
18. Sir M. W. Ridley received a deputation supporting resolutions passed by the September Trading Unions Congress.
Mgr. Ormanian elected Patriarch by the General Armenian Assembly.
Publication in Constantinople of subscriptions towards military equipment.
Ontario Law Society passed rules making women eligible to the Bar.
19. Inauguration of the University of Paris.
Fatal colliery accident at Recklinghausen, Westphalia.
Debate in the Reichstag on duelling concluded.
French torpedo boat sunk off Cape de la Chèvre.
20. Ulster Convention League assembled at Belfast.
Edward Ivory, alias Bell, committed for trial in connection with the alleged dynamite plot.
Twentyeth Annual Stanley Cycle Show opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall.
21. Yao Chief Katuru, north of Mogocho, British Central Africa, reported captured by Lieut. Alston.
2,500 Hamburg and Altona dock labourers went out on strike.

21. Several British officers sailed from Liverpool to join the Niger expedition.
24. Motion to appoint Committee to inquire into Management of Works Department made in London County Council by Lord Onslow.
Estimated that 7,000 men were on strike at Hamburg.
25. Publication of a Roman Catholic Appeal on Education by Cardinal Vaughan and the Bishop of Westminster.
Sick List in Havana exceeded 16,000 men.
25. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Temple, Bishop of London, elected Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England.
Deputation urging legislation for Technical and Secondary Education, waited on the Duke of Devonshire.
General Medical Council resumed its Session in London.
26. Coventry Patmore, poet, died at Lymington.
Hungarian Reichsrath opened.
President Crespo of Venezuela telegraphed his satisfaction with the Settlement effected in Washington.
Thanksgiving Day celebrated at Hotel Cecil by the American Society in London.
27. Ambassadors presented a Note regarding Crete to the Sultan.
Mr. Tom Mann arrested in Hamburg.
Proclamation issued for the re-assembling of Parliament on January 19th.
Resolutions approving of several University Endowments in Memory of Sir John Pender passed by the International Submarine Telegraph Committee.
Many lives lost through a Storm in Greece.
Sir Alexander Mackenzie laid the First Stone of the Drainage Extension Works in Calcutta.
28. Publication of Lord Grey's Letter on Rhodesia.
The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha presided at a Meeting of the Special Appeal Committee of the Charing Cross Hospital.
Lord Savile died at Rufford Abbey.
New Form of Electric Railway opened at Brighton.
29. Mgr. Ormanian's election confirmed by the Sultan.
30. Sir Joseph Lister presided at the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society at Burlington House.
The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants made demands on behalf of the Draymen and Carmen.
Hamburg Strikers numbered 13,000 men.
Privileged Cab Strikers condemned by a Meeting of London Cab Drivers' Trade Union.

BY-ELECTION.

Nov. 10.—Bradford (East Division):—

Capt. the Hon. R. H. F. Greville (C)	4,921
Mr. A. Billson (L)	4,526
Mr. J. Keir Hardie (Ind. Lab.)	1,953

Majority (C) 395

1895:—

H. Byron-Reid (C)	5,943
W. S. Caine (L)	5,139

Majority (C) 704

SPEECHES.

3. Mr. Wolfe Barry, before the Institute of Civil Engineers, on Engineering Progress during the Present Reign.
M. Hanotaux, in the French Chamber, on the Concert of Europe and the Sultan.
Cardinal Vaughan, at Westminster, on Anglican Orders.
Mr. John Dillon, at Toomebridge, on the Report of the Recess Committee.
Lord George Hamilton, at Stepney Green, on the Schools and Rate Aid.
4. Mr. Walter Long, at Wantage, on the Agricultural Rating Bill.
Cardinal Vaughan, at the Hotel Cecil, on Commercial Education.
5. The Archbishop-Designate, the Bishops of York, Rochester, and Manchester, and others, in the Church House, on Further Relief for the Schools.

5. Prof. Herkomer, at Liverpool, on English Art.
6. John Morley, M.P., at Glasgow, on Home Rule and British Foreign Policy.
- The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, at Belfast, on the Cause of the Irish Agricultural Depression.
- Lord Selborne, at Edinburgh, on British Foreign Policy.
7. Mr. Cripps, Q.C., M.P., at Stroud, on the Education Question.
- Professor Courthope, at Oxford, on Poetical Expression.



ALDERMAN GEORGE FAUDEL PHILLIPS.
The New Lord Mayor of London.

(Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.)

8. Mr. Frederic Harrison, at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, on Great Britain and the Armenians.
9. Lord Salisbury on the Policy of the Present Government, Lord Wolseley and Mr. Goschen on the Army and Navy, and Mr. Bayard on International Dependence, at the Guildhall Banquet.
10. Mr. John Morley, at Montrose, on Domestic Affairs and English Foreign Policy.
- Mr. Montefiore Brice, before the Royal Geographical Society, on the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.
- Lord Spencer, at Gloucester, on the Government and the Armenians.
- Sir Joshua Fitch, at Hampstead, on the Educational Value of the National Portrait Gallery.
- Sir Charles Dilke, at Enfield Highway, on the Eastern Situation.
- Mr. Balfour, at Cambridge, on a "Cambridge House" for South London.
11. Mr. E. H. Lecky, M.P., at Dublin, on President Kruger.
- Mr. John Morley, at Brechin, on the Government during the last Session.
- Mr. Asquith, at Oswaldtwistle, on American and other Foreign Affairs.
- Lord Reay, at Edinburgh, on Great Britain and Continental Powers.
- Sir John Lubbock, at the Central Foundation Schools, on Science in the Universities.
- Lord G. Hamilton, at Acton, on the Impending Indian Famine.
12. Sir John Gorst, at the Constitutional Club, on the Education Question.
- Mr. G. Dixon, at Birmingham, on the Proposals of the recent Conference at the Church-house.
- Sir Joshua Fitch, at Skinners' Hall, on University Extension Work in London.
13. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, at Bristol, on Parliamentary Reform.
- Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham, on British Foreign Trade.
14. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, at Bristol, on All for Voluntary Schools.
- The Duke of Cambridge, at St. James's Hall, on Military Discipline.
15. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Dunfermlie, on British Public Opinion and Armenia.

16. Professor Crookes, at the Imperial Institute, on the Diamond Mines of Kimberley.
17. Mr. Arthur Balfour, at Rochdale, on the Position of Political Parties.
- Lord George Hamilton, at Chiswick, on the Indian Famine.
19. Mr. Arthur Balfour, at Sheffield, on British Manufactures; and at Edinburgh, on Athletics in Education.
- Lord Dudley, at Birmingham, on the Education Bill.
- Mr. G. W. Russell, at Manchester, on Armenia.
20. Mr. Bayard, at Burnley, on the Bonds of Union between Great Britain and the United States.
- Lord Cranborne, before the United Club, on the Education Question.
21. Lord Carrington, at Southport, on the Proceedings of the Welsh Land Commission.
23. The Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury, at Bethnal Green, on Church Reforms.
- Dr. Creighton, Bishop-Designate of London, at Kettering, on Religious Instruction.
- Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Sheffield, on the Present Government.
- Lord Peel, at Leamington, on Progress in Educational Methods.
- Lieutenant Vandeleur, in Burlington Gardens, on Explorations in Uganda and Uyooro.
- J. W. Judd, C.B., F.R.S., at the Imperial Institute, on Rubies in the British Empire.
21. Mr. Asquith, at Leicester, on the Liberal Programme.
- Lord Farrer, before the Cobden Club, on Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech.
- Sir E. Clarke, at Accrington, on the Venezuelan Settlement, and on the Education Question.
- Colonel E. T. Hutton, at Aldershot, on the Military Forces of the British Colonies.
- Mr. Bayard, at Hanley, on Josiah Wedgwood.
- Mr. Johnson-Ferguson, at Shepshed, in defence of his Position as to Excisable Liquors.
25. Mr. Ritchie, at Croydon, on Our External Trade.
- Mr. Alfred Austin, at Ashford, on Patriotism.
- The Lord Chancellor, at Westminster, on the Work of the Government.
26. Lord Rosebery, at Edinburgh, on Parliamentary Oratory.
- Sir M. W. Ridley, at Perth, on Domestic Affairs.
- Sir John Gorst, at Oxford, on the Unemployed.
27. Mr. Walter Long, at Chippenham, on the Upward Tendency of Agriculture.
- President Kruger, at Pretoria, on the Indemnity Claim.
30. Mr. Ritchie, at Croydon, on the Armenian and Venezuelan Questions.
- Sir Joseph Lister, the American Ambassador, Lord Rayleigh and others at the Royal Society banquet at Hôtel Métropole.

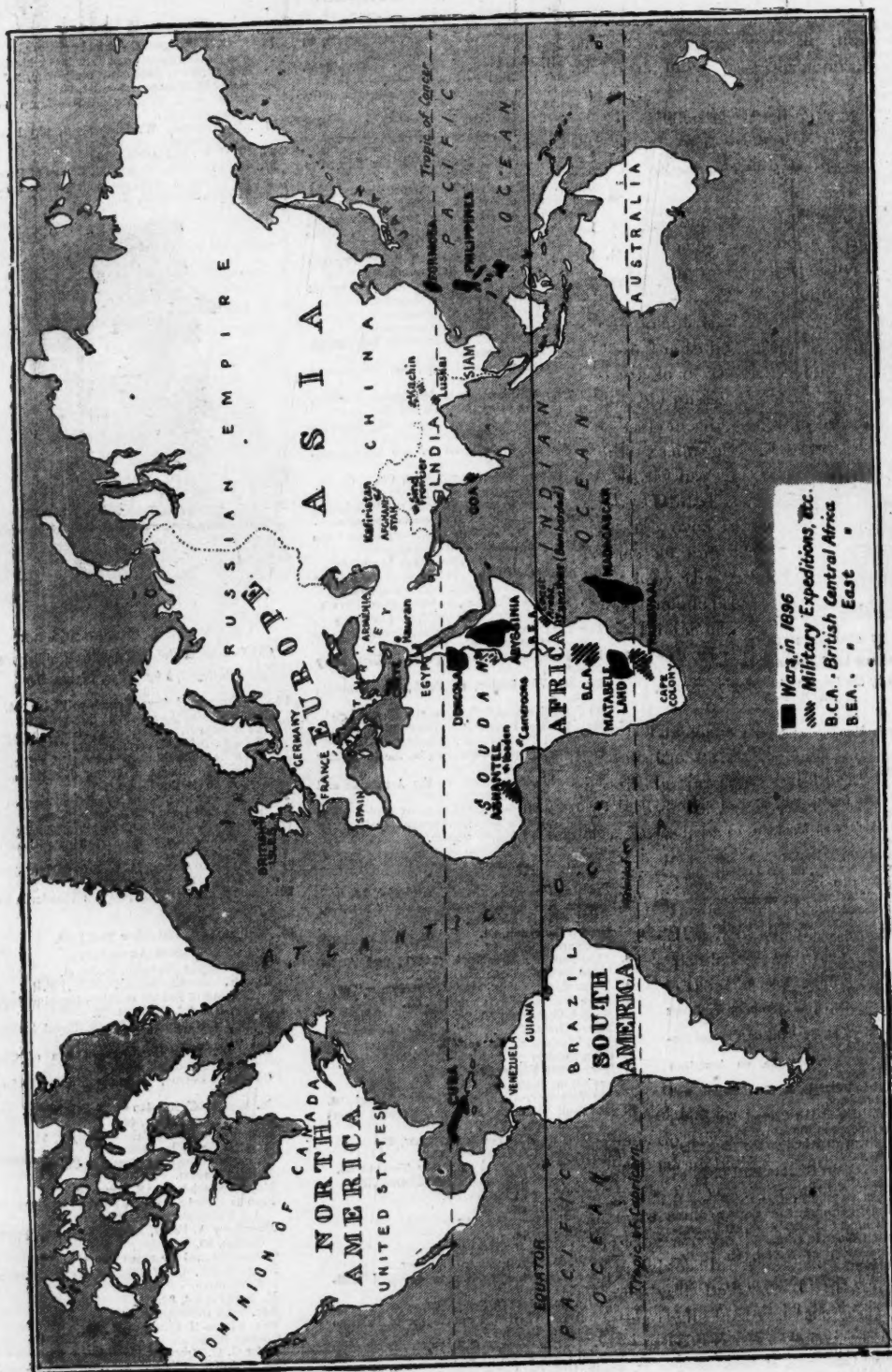
OBITUARY.

1. Professor George Lawin, dermatologist, 76.
2. The Rt. Rev. F. R. Wynne, Bishop of Killaloe, 69; and also his wife.
- George Lane-Fox, 80.
- Sir Charles Booth, 84.
3. The Ven. H. Maundrell, C.M.S., first Archdeacon of Southern Japan, 57.
4. Lieut. E. D. Young, author of "Nyassa," 65.
5. Duke William of Wurtemberg, 68.
- Rachel, Countess d'Avigdor, 80.
6. Mgr. d'Hulst, 55.
- Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt.
7. Felix Delauy.
8. Rev. Josiah Viney, 80.
- Rev. Wm. Drake, 83.
- The Very Rev. Alex. Orme, Dean of Ardagh, 83.
9. Dr. Emil Wilhelm Frommel, German Court Chaplain, 68.
- Professor Hugo Gylden, astronomer, 55.
- Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Fremre, 65.
11. W. S. Mackie, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, 54.
- Brigade-Surgeon Valeusius S. Gouldsbury, 59.
12. Surgeon-Major F. Foaker, 86.
13. Major-Gen. George Meln.
- Richard Beards, painter, 72.
14. Roger Eykyn, 68.
- Admiral Sir G. H. Richards, 75.
- Rev. W. H. Sewell, Vicar of Yapley.
15. John Noble, General Manager Midland Railway, 68.
- General Sir Robert O. Bright, 73.
16. General von Wittenbach, defender of Palermo against Garibaldi, 85.
- Rev. William Gorer, F.G.S., 78.
- General Percy F. Gardiner, 75.
17. Fredk. Hill, Ex-Assistant Secretary, P. O., 94.
- Sir Edmund G. Hornby, 71.
18. Chas. J. Wilmot, theatrical manager.
19. Surgeon-Major-General Edward C. Markey, 59.
- Prince Otto of Stolberg-Wernigerode, 59.
20. David Robertson, naturalist, 90.
- Lieut. S. E. Shilling, Aid-de-Camp to Lord Rosemead, 27.
21. Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, physician and author, 68.
22. Sir C. W. D. Staveley, 79.
24. Rev. Dr. Wm. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, 76.
- Rev. Chas. A. Row, prebendary of St. Paul's, 90.
- William Williams, M.A.
- COMMANDER LIONEL WELLS, R.N.
Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.
(Photograph by Hodge, Plymouth.)
26. M. Emmanuel Argo, French politician, 84.
- Coventry Patmore, poet and essayist, 73.
- Lady Jane H. Swinburne, mother of the poet, 87.
- John L. Baldwin, cricketer, 87.
- Miss Mathilde Blind, poet, novelist, critic, 49.
- Sir F. N. Broome, Governor of Trinidad and Tobago (in London), 54.
27. T. Ballan Sead, Secretary of the Foresters.
- Prince Karl Egon of Fürstenburg, 44.
- William F. Alnsworth, surgeon and geologist, 99.
- Manuel J. Novella, British Pro-Consul at Tangier.
- Rev. John Morris, D.D., Principal of Brecon College, 83.
28. Count Moltke Hvitfeldt, Danish Minister in Paris, 68.
- Lord Savile, 78.
30. William Steinway (New York), 60.

DEATHS ANNOUNCED.

- Lieut.-Colonel Frederick H. Rivel.
- Dr. H. Newell Martin, M.D., F.R.S., ex-Professor of Biology at Johns Hopkins University, U.S.A. 'Died Oct. 27.
- Major-General John L. Bolton, Royal Artillery, 70.
- Rev. Dr. Wm. Henderson, Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, 62.
- Columbus Delano, Secretary of the Interior in 1870, 87.
- M. Bogoinoff, Russian Court Painter, 72.
- Frank Carnac Barnes, 46.
- Monomohun Ghose, Calcutta lawyer, 52.
- Admiral Henry D. Grant, 62.
- M. Eugene Simon, ex-Consul to China.
- M. Paul Masson.
- Major Frederick Carr S. Dyer, 59.
- Francis Alfred Skidmore, Founder of Skidmore's Art Manufacturers Company, 80.
- Miss Mary A. Parry, Lady Resident of Queen's College, 83.
- Colonel Edward Swatman Reynolds, 58.
- Heer Obreen, Chief Director Ryks Museum, Amsterdam.
- M. Noel Parfait, 82.
- Rev. John Iod-Smith, 82.
- Rev. Alonso H. Quint, D.D., 69.
- General Riva Palacio.
- Major G. K. Moore, at Hong Kong, 33.
- Marshal Nurett Pasha, Aide-de-Camp General to the Sultan.
- Rev. Dr. William W. Gill, New South Wales, 68.





CHARACTER SKETCH.

ANNUS DOMINI 1896.

IN the Gallery of Character Sketches, which have from the first been one of the leading features of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I have for the most part chosen individuals as my subjects. Of the series, of which this is the eighty-fourth, at least eighty have been personages of the day—most of them men. But there were one or two exceptions. There was a Character Sketch of the *Times*, and another of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. On another occasion the Liberal Cabinet formed the subject of the Character Sketch. It is therefore no great departure from use and wont if I improve a little upon precedents, and take as my subject this month the Old Year, which will in a fortnight be with us no more.

It will be rather an interesting exercise to individualise the Old Year—to consider him as a person, and to judge him from the standpoint of charitable optimism. There is at least one advantage in such a subject. When William Morris's death was announced on the contents-bills of the evening papers, I overheard one small boy who was selling the papers ask in a tone of blank bewilderment of another of the craft, "William Morris? Who is William Morris?" No one will need to ask who is the Old Year. He is the personal acquaintance of each of us—has been, indeed, in a very real fashion, a segment of each of our individual existences. He is not exactly an old acquaintance, but he has never left us since he met us, and he will remain with us till the end. We are therefore all in a position to criticise him, each from his own standpoint. To each one of us he has been something different; into that personal particularity, of course, I cannot enter. My task is to endeavour to form some judgment upon the Old Year, and the influence which he has exerted upon the progress of the world.

It would be easy to construct a slashing review of the year which began with war and is ending in famine, and whose conspicuous achievement was at home to demonstrate the paralysis of Parliament, and abroad to prove the impotence of Europe to handcuff the Assassin. But that would be false to the principles of this Gallery; and it would, moreover, be a shortsighted, superficial judgment. We may not bow with such devotion as Rudyard Kipling before the God of the Things That Are, preferring to reserve our worship, not for the god of this world, but the God of the world which is to come—a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. But as the two are one, and the Present is the antechamber of the Future, we may do well to make the best of the worst of things, for the best that we can imagine is not so good as the good of the Divine intent. Cromwell's great saying can never too often be in our minds, especially at times of suffering and loss: "Call not your burden sad or heavy, for if your Heavenly Father sent it, He intended it for neither." And, however painful may be the privation or the pressure of the present, they are but as the frost of winter preparing the soil for the birth of spring and the harvest of autumn.

We assuredly need all this philosophy in contemplating the great and marked mercies—if misfortunes may be so described, since devils are said to be angels with masks—which the world owes to the Old Year. In the sudden and rapid increase in the price of bread which has taken place all over the world this autumn, the English house-

holder has been subjected to an impost considerably greater and more immediately felt than the taxation that would be imposed to meet the expenditure of a war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer deals chiefly with the rich; the baker has the poorest by the throat. The tax-gatherer levies on the principle that the poor because of their poverty must be exempt. The increase in the price of bread hits the poorest more severely than an income tax of a shilling in the pound. Compared with this sudden rise in the price of the staff of life, all the



From the *Hindi Punch*.

[October 25, 1896.]

THE TWO DESTROYING DEMONS OF INDIA.

changes of budgets are trifles, at any rate to the immense majority of our people. But this burden, irksome though it may be, is but as the mere shadow cast afar off by the famine which broods over unhappy India.

For the third year in succession the crops have failed, and experienced observers declare that the dearth will be the worst India has suffered for fifty years. The *Times* correspondent gives the following account of the position in the North-West Provinces and Oudh:—

The first area, where the greatest failure of crops has occurred, covers 25,000 square miles, with a population of 13,000,000. Here the famine may be acute. The second area, where there has been severe failure, covers 30,000 square miles, with a population of 14,000,000. The third area, where there has been considerable failure, covers 25,000 square miles, with a population of 12,500,000. The divisions worst off are Allahabad, Lucknow, and Faizabad, with the portion of Agra which is not protected by irrigation.

As for the prospects, 1½ inches of rain over the provinces within the next fortnight would reduce the difficulties by a half to three-quarters. With no rain until Christmas, but a favourable fall at the usual period towards the end of the year,

it is calculated that relief would have been given to 8 or 10 per cent. of the population in the area worst affected, and to 3 or 4 per cent. in the less-distressed area. In the event of the failure of the Christmas rains the percentage would be doubled, or even higher than this. Prices would in the event of drought up to the monsoon period in June, rise enormously high, but the Lieutenant-Governor does not apprehend a complete failure of supplies next summer, as local stocks will be supplemented by importations. A significant sign that famine conditions are beginning to prevail in certain areas is that the prices of fine and coarse grains are closely approximating.

At the present moment 250,000 persons are being employed on relief works. In the Punjab, 9,200; North-West Provinces, 130,100; Central India, 17,300; Rajputana, 26,000; Bengal, 3,400; Burma, 16,600; Bombay, 11,600; Madras, 36,500.

If Asia has been scourged by the land refusing to yield a harvest owing to the heavens denying the fruitful showers, without which the most fertile loam is as barren as alkali, her sister continent has this year suffered from a disaster hardly less appalling. The rinderpest, said to have been introduced into Abyssinia by plague-smitten cattle sent to supply the Italian army with food, found Africa as virgin soil for its ravages. From the mountains of Rasselas it

They numbered their cattle at one million. When the rinderpest left them, 800,000 beasts lay dead on the veldt, and Khama rejoiced that the percentage of mortality was, comparatively speaking, so low. From Bechuanaland the deadly scourge is travelling to Cape Colony, where it is expected it will eat up the cattle down to the sea. So terrible a visitation, extending over so wide an area, is almost unknown in the annals of Africa. The grievous murrain that smote the herds of Pharaoh was but a parochial epidemic compared with this continental catastrophe.

The year of the Famine in India and Rinderpest in Africa is thus a year of very masked mercy for a very large section of the human race.

But now, turning from these immense disasters which appal the imagination of man, it will be a pleasanter spectacle to contemplate that which has been accomplished by the Old Year in spheres more directly amenable to the action of men.

I.—THE SOUTH AFRICA TOCSIN.

1893 has in many respects been a good friend to the world and to the men who live therein. If he has played havoc with rinderpest and smitten us with famine, he has afforded more than one signal illustration of the way in which apparent evils can be overruled for good, and that now, as of old, He maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him.

When 1896 began to live, his advent was hailed with a salvo of rifle, Maxim, and artillery, which heralded the outbreak of the fighting between Dr. Jameson and the Boers. It was but a few hours before midnight that the first shot of the Raid was fired and the rifles went sputtering their leaden death for several hours into the New Year's morn, nor did they cease firing until the New Year was two days old. 1896 might indeed be saluted in Walt Whitman's familiar verse, which he originally addressed to the year 1861:—

Year that suddenly sang by the mouths of the "round-lipp'd cannon
I repeat you, hurrying, crashing, sad, distracted year."

Yet the Jameson Raid was but as the percussion cap to the cartridge which it exploded. Intrinsically nothing could be less important than the ride of a handful of men across the undefended border of a sparsely peopled territory such as the Transvaal. It was a mistake, no doubt, but it was only one of a long series of similar mistakes which make up most of the history of the Transvaal. The only difference between it and its predecessors was the fact that in all previous cases the Boers had been the raiders, whereas, on this occasion only, the familiar rôle of Paul Kruger and his men was taken by Dr. Jameson. But the Boers did not like to be fed with the same sauce they had so often served to their neighbours, and as very many of our people persisted in applying to the judgment of frontier raids in South Africa the standard governing long settled countries in Europe, an altogether exaggerated degree of importance has been attached to Dr. Jameson's exploit. It was well meant, and if it had succeeded it would have been condoned even by those who are now loudest in its condemnation; but in itself it would never have received attention or deserved prominent mention in a survey of the Year's history but for its effect on forces lying beyond South Africa. Yet of all the New Year's gifts which 1896 brought in its hand, there is probably none for which we have so much cause to be grateful as this same Jameson Raid. In making it,



KILLING INFECTED CATTLE.

began its march southward, eating up as it went nine-tenths of the hoofed beasts, wild and tame, of the African Continent. The herds upon which the natives of the interior depend so largely for their sustenance were mown down as the meadow-grass falls before the scythe, only the fringes being spared. Nor does the rinderpest discriminate between the domesticated and the wild cattle. The savage buffalo wallowing in the marsh found no method of escape from the invisible Death. Nor were swift-footed antelope able to elude the swifter darts of the deadly archer. Three out of five species of antelope died like rotten sheep. The others, for some cause not yet discovered, seem to be immune. For some time it was hoped that the broad waters of the Zambesi would offer an insuperable barrier to the southerly-marching rinderpest. But the subtle contagion leapt the mighty river and began its ravages in Rhodesia. It is the fashion to speak of war as the sum of all evils. The war in Matabeleland was a picnic to the horror of the cattle plague. It is computed that out of 200,000 cattle in Rhodesia it has not left 15,000 alive. The milk, the beef, the leather, and the transport of the country were all destroyed. Faring southward, the rinderpest struck Khama's country, a land which is far richer in beeves than Rhodesia. The Bechuanas and Bamangwato were mighty herd-men.

Dr. Jameson and his friends in Africa and London builded more wisely than they knew. The moment Dr. Jameson crossed the frontier he forced the hand of the Boers, who by their instant appeal to Germany for assistance unmasked a conspiracy which had been diligently promoted for years past.

The German Emperor's telegram, which in itself might have been ignored, was as the torch thrust into the pile of fagots which in olden times was prepared on every beacon hill to warn the nation of the approach of the foe. Now, as in olden times, the war-flame spread from peak to peak until the alarm reached the capital, when

With one start and with one cry, the royal city woke.

So England roused herself in the early days of the New Year, when from Berlin came that unlooked-for challenge of our right to pre-eminent domain in South Africa. War is so hateful, that even the contemplation of its possibility is painful to any humane mind; but nothing for many years in our recent history added so much to our national consciousness, not only of our Imperial strength, but of our unanimous resolve to exert



From Moonshine.]

[January 18, 1896.

"WHO SAID GERMANY?"

all our strength in defence of challenged rights, than the outburst of indignation which followed the revelation of the German complot in the Transvaal. Once for all, it was made manifest throughout the length and breadth, not only of the continent of Africa, but of all the continents, that Britain was Britain still, and that in the defence of her Imperial position she would no longer stand alone. European allies she might have none, but from the East and the West, from the North and the South, wherever men of English speech had founded commonwealths which enjoyed British freedom under British law, there came forth warm-hearted words of sympathy and unsolicited offers of succour, until the Mother Isle was seen to be surrounded and defended by the stalwart progeny with which she had peopled the waste places of the world. For that great moment of inspiration, for that apocalyptic vision of the new English-speaking world which had been created by our hundred years of colonising labour, it were well worth while to pay the price of a dozen Jameson raids. For long years the Genius of England had appeared to many of the most patriotic amongst us to have been somewhat, to borrow Milton's metaphor, like an eagle in the moult. But no sooner did the call to arms by the "bugle's note and cannon's roar" fall upon our ears, than once more, like Milton's eagle, she

renewed her mighty youth, and asserted what every Englishman at heart believes to be her natural and destined place in the community of nations. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and in the attempt to oust us from the suzerainty over the Transvaal—the only thing which we had retained for ourselves when we surrendered all other sovereignty over that State—we were freed from any misgivings if, which God forbid, we had been forced to defend our right by the mailed might of our own right hand. There were some bitter moments, no doubt, but as colony after colony sent in its messages of cheer and promises of support, men did not need to have much imagination or feeling to see in the strangely altered scene something like the political realisation of Lowell's magnificent image, when speaking, not of the national embodiment of the cause of Liberty and Right, he said:—

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Memories of that great national awakening, that Imperial rally, when it seemed really as if once more, as in the brave days of old "none was for a party and all were for the State," enabled us to regard with composure the mean and ignoble episodes which followed. The secret of the almost kaleidoscopic revolution in public opinion was not difficult to explain. As against German aggression in South Africa, the nation and empire felt themselves on firm ground, and did not fear any appeal that might be challenged in defence of their rights. But in relation to the immediate details of the petty, parochial, and somewhat squalid dispute which occupied the boards when the actors who played the Imperial rôle retired from the scene, we felt ourselves in a much less satisfactory position. We were technically in the wrong, and had to get out of the situation into which some zealous and too sanguine spirits had blundered. We had to deal moreover with an adversary who was extremely keen and not over scrupulous, who pressed to the uttermost the advantage ground which Dr. Jameson's move had given him. In the Transvaal we have been bested at every turn. We were too backward when we should have played forward, too forward when we should have played backward. We had no one capable of adequately representing England at the capital of the Boers, while at Cape Town we had but the shadow of a great reputation, in the shape of a veteran whose failing health and weakened heart ill qualified him for coping with the exigencies of a difficult crisis.

In the chaos and confusion which reigned in English councils in South Africa there was fortunately one bright spot. When Mr. Garrett went to Cape Town in February, 1895, I ventured to remark that his appointment might possibly prove even more important for the destinies of South Africa than the choice of a Governor of the Cape Colony. No one who has followed the course of South African politics since 1895 will fail to recognise that England has had no one in South Africa better qualified than he to speak on her behalf with enemies within and without the gates, to keep watch and ward over her interests, and to see that, whatever happened, the Empire should suffer no hurt. Mr. Garrett had a great opportunity, and he has greatly used it. Journalism is quite as important a field of Imperial service as the army or the navy, and in that department England has reason to be proud of her brilliant son, who in the course of less than two years has made the *Cape Times* the most potent factor for good that exists in South Africa.

II.—THE CRUCIBLE OF REPUTATIONS.

1896 has been a year testing and trying the reputations of men, and although this process may be occasionally disagreeable to individuals, it is one of the most useful forms of national and imperial stocktaking. After all,

From *Uk.*

[November 20, 1896.]

THE INK-BESPAITERED BISMARCK.

the strength of nations lies, not merely in the character of their ordinary men, but also in the greatness of their great ones. A nation which has lost the capacity of begetting great men is a nation in its decadence. But to know the greatness of the truly great it is necessary to pass them time and again through the ordeal of adverse circumstance, to smelt away their dross in the crucible of trial and temptation. It is only after a long-continued series of these processes, which indeed never cease while life lasts, that mankind is able to ascertain beyond all doubt who are really worthy of supreme homage as the heroes of the race. 1896 has not been devoid of the tests supplied by trial and temptation to the great ones of the earth. Bismarck, for instance, who for many years towered like some magnificent column above the waste of European diplomacy, has afforded only too painful demonstration of the faults and failings which assail the statesman in retreat. But despite the revelations, which seem to be prompted more by impatience of the dull obscurity of Friedrichsruh than by any consuming desire to promote the interests either of his country or of European peace, he remains one of those whose greatness has been best ascertained and best proved. On the fallen pillar the lichen may grow, and here and there its marble may be flawed and stained; but it is a pillar still. Not even Prince

Bismarck himself, with the Hamburg newspaper as the Mephistopheles continually at his side, can destroy, or even appreciably impair, the reputation of the maker of modern Germany.

Another of our greatest, perhaps one who in his own way is as great as Prince Bismarck, has this year been tested and tried, and found not wanting in the qualities which made him great. Mr. Gladstone has continued to manifest that marvellous vivacity of boyhood which he has carried into extreme old age, and he has also shown that not even the snows of eighty winters can chill the ardour of his aspiration for liberty, and the passionate vehemence of his recoil against cruelty and wrong. But 1896 has also revealed Mr. Gladstone as one who, if he has not worsened in his best qualities, has not improved in those which have always been the despair of his friends. Mr. Gladstone, who in 1876 sent around the fiery cross on behalf of Bulgaria and the Southern Slavs, whose cause Russia had made her own, was also the Mr. Gladstone who, in 1885, came perilously near going to war with Russia in one of the worst causes that any nation could have made its own. In 1896 we see the same two currents of good and evil blended. There is the same enthusiasm against the atrocities of the Turk, but there is also the same unsympathetic incapacity to recognise the difficulties of Russia's position which in 1885 so nearly brought the two Empires into collision. Mr. Gladstone has never quite learnt that without Russia England can do no good in the East, and his apparent advocacy of the adoption of an isolated policy that would have brought us into antagonism with Russia is a curious instance of the survival of the instinct which made him approve of the Crimean War and threaten to fight over the Afghan boundary.

Among the great established reputations to which 1896 applied the touchstone of life, that of the Pope must be numbered as those which have survived. Leo XIII. has continued to maintain the prestige which has compelled even the non-Catholic world to hail him as one of the greatest of pontiffs. This year he showed that his passion for Christian unity and his desire to include all mankind

From *Picture Politics.*

[November-December.]

A "PERSON POLITICALLY DEAD."

"As a person politically dead."—Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Billson, Liberal Candidate for East Bradford.

within the fold of what he regards as the Catholic faith, did not lure him into taking any liberties with what he considered the well-established boundaries of his Church. His decision concerning Anglican Orders, although it has been somewhat fiercely resented by those who had deluded themselves into the belief that the Pope would try to convert the steel wire of the Roman fold into an elastic band, was only one more proof that the Pope is too logical, consistent and veracious to snatch at an apparent advantage by any straining of the well-established law of the communion over which he presides. His intervention on behalf of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia showed his desire to play the part of general mediator and intercessor, even on behalf of those whom he believes have usurped his patrimony and despoiled the inheritance of the Church. And his utterances on behalf of International Arbitration have shown once more how keenly alive he is to the movements which tend towards the realisation of the Christian ideal.

After the Pope there is probably one man who might exercise as much influence for good or evil upon the welfare of human segments large enough to include hundreds of millions of units. The Chinese Empire presented in 1896 a spectacle of singular interest. To our Western eye that huge yellow ant-heap is almost as unknown as if its denizens were a colony of termites. In the midst of that bewildering and multitudinous expanse of undistinguishable human cheese mites, there stood out in 1896 one man—and one only. Li Hung Chang's journey through Europe and America has familiarised the Western world with the personality of the only Chinese mandarin who may possibly be able to do anything in China. Yet Li Hung Chang's past career does not justify any very sanguine confidence as to his capacity to do much. When Gulliver visited the king of Lilliput, he tells us that the king exceeded his subjects in stature by about the sixteenth of an inch, a circumstance which of itself was sufficient to strike awe into the beholder. But the mass of Chinese humanity is too immense for it to be impressed by Li Hung Chang. His genius for statecraft and his talent for the governing of men may exceed that of all other Chinamen by much more than one-sixteenth of an inch, but it is insufficient to give him power to mould the destinies of that ancient empire. One thing only appears certain, viz., that despite what are apparently the earthquake shocks of military and of naval defeats, or of domestic revolutions, the tough old Middle Kingdom which existed in splendour long before our ancestors had even been visited by the Romans, and which had laws, civilisation, and science before Moses was discovered among the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter, will continue to exist as an integer in the world's affairs. The Yellow Kingdom is like yellow clay: you can mould a bit of it for a time, you can punch holes in it, but you can't get rid of it, and although you may make bricks out of bits of it with which you can build houses, you cannot shape the great mass into any image of your own choosing.

Returning to our own Empire, there confronts us the figure of a man whose proportions have long loomed so large before mankind that he may be for the present spoken of almost as if he were a monarch in eclipse. Cecil Rhodes is the one great man whom the Colonies have produced who has played a leading part in Imperial policy. Until the beginning of this year his career had been almost without a reverse. From the position of a consumptive undergraduate to that of the foremost man in Greater Britain, he had mounted step by step almost without stumble. Difficulties he had

had, but he surmounted them. Of enemies there was no lack, but he had either bought them off or defeated them in fair fight. From victory unto victory he plodded on, until there was no man in all the English-speaking world in whom foreign nations learnt to recognise more completely and conspicuously the Imperial spirit of our Imperial race. He was the man who in an age when the nations were smitten with a lust for territorial extension had extended his empire more widely than any king or emperor, and extended it too over richer territory, and, at the same time, with less loss of life and treasure. We are too near the African Colossus



From Cape Times.]

[July 15, 1896.]

JOHN BULL: "Play out the game, your credit's good."

adequately to realise how his imposing figure impresses the imagination of outsiders. To Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, and also to our own Colonists, Cecil Rhodes is British South Africa, and British South Africa is Cecil Rhodes.

At the beginning of this year the failure of the Johannesburg insurrection, accentuated by the unfortunate effort of Dr. Jameson to force the hatching of an addled egg, by bringing his high pressure incubator to bear from the outside, administered the first check to a career hitherto unprecedentedly prosperous. Probably the very uninterrupted continuity of previous success unfitted him for dealing promptly and successfully with the different situation which then confronted him. It is one

thing to play a great and Imperial rôle, it is another thing to readjust yourself promptly to circumstances when the Imperial statesman finds himself detected in a conspiracy which has failed. Many Imperial statesmen have taken part in conspiracies a thousandfold less defensible than the very innocent one on which Mr. Rhodes embarked when he endeavoured to secure the federal union of South Africa by financing a Reform movement and promoting an insurrection in Johannesburg. That Johannesburg ought to rebel as soon as it had a fair chance is an axiom which no Englishman or American can for a moment dispute; but what communities ought to do, and what they actually will do, are two very different things. Mr. Rhodes' reputation at the present moment suffers chiefly because on this occasion he did not know his facts. It was right and proper for him as a Johannesburg capitalist to support with his purse and with his counsels the movement for reform which would in the natural course of things culminate in revolution. It was quite inevitable under the circumstances that he should have believed that his country would forgive him, if, having a somewhat superannuated High Commissioner at his side, he had exercised and even delegated to another the attributes of sovereignty which are constitutionally vested in the High Commissioner. But whether he was right or wrong in coming to this conclusion does not affect the judgment which men will pronounce upon his greatness. Wherein he appears to have failed has been in under-estimating the resistance which had to be overcome, and in over-estimating the value of the material with which he had to work. The reputation of Cecil Rhodes throughout the world to-day is not in the least impaired by the fact that he entered into a conspiracy to bring the Transvaal into federal union with the other South African States. It is affected somewhat by the fact that having decided to play the revolutionary rôle, he failed to provide adequately the revolutionary means, and that when the conspiracy had failed, he did not discern with sufficient promptitude the necessity for readjusting his position to the necessities of the constitution. When a Privy Councillor and the occupant of a high office is revealed as having promoted a revolutionary conspiracy which has failed, the laws of the game necessitate an immediate abandonment of his constitutional position. This Mr. Rhodes recognised in surrendering the Cape Premiership; but although he admitted the same thing in relation to the Managing Directorship and Privy Councillorship, he left the application of the principle to his friends. A frank acknowledgment in public of the extent to which the Johannesburg movement was his own handiwork, although it would have had immediate risks, might have obviated most of the disadvantages which have accrued from the gradual unfolding of the ramifications of the conspiracy. It must be admitted that Mr. Rhodes, so far as he was personally concerned, made no secret of his share in the matter. To the pressure brought to bear on him from influential quarters to make him conceal the truth, he replied with dogged persistency, "I am not going to tell any lies about it. I have not broken into a church," which was his way of phrasing the wide distinction which exists between a revolutionary conspiracy and felonious criminality. But the general public had no opportunity of hearing Mr. Rhodes's private conversation.

Since his return to Africa Mr. Rhodes has done much to vindicate his prestige. Hastening at once to the heart of the empire which he had founded, he found himself almost immediately confronted by a formidable native

rising. The Matabele had only been partially disarmed, and the majority of the nation had never actually confronted their conquerors in open battle. It was inevitable, therefore, that when an opportunity arose they would try to throw off the yoke of the white man. This they did after Dr. Jameson and his police were shipped off to England. In the long and trying campaign which ensued, Mr. Rhodes bore the hardships of the war with equanimity and good humour. Those who saw most of him have come home full of admiration over the imperturbable good temper and the cheery composure with which he made the best of things. There never was any danger which he did not confront,



From the Cape Times.]

[May 10, 1896.]

there never was any misfortune which he did not endeavour to mitigate. As a result, although his resignation was accepted and he was only a simple citizen in the midst of other citizens, his personal ascendancy gained ground daily, until when the war came to a close the natives refused to recognise any one but Mr. Rhodes himself as the Chief of the Whites. His action in venturing unarmed into the camp of enemies who might easily have made him a captive, or used him as a hostage, was but the most conspicuous of many acts of bravery and of wisdom which have convinced his fellow-countrymen that he of all others is the man for South Africa. When Mr. Rhodes returns, as he is expected to do next month, in order to give evidence before the Select Committee, he will come as the representative of all British South Africa, which, having seen him under fire and

in adversity, is more enthusiastically devoted to him to-day than it was in the zenith of his prosperity.

It has hardly fared so well with another conspicuous figure in the British arena. 1896, which brought to Mr. Rhodes in January humiliation and defeat, but which before it closed has almost re-established him in popularity and power, has reversed the order of its gifts to the British statesman who is most closely associated with Mr. Rhodes. January saw Mr. Chamberlain at the very summit of popularity and prestige. Never before had "Pushful Joe" shown such resource, alertness, vigor, and audacity as he displayed in dealing with Dr. Jameson and the German conspiracy which Dr. Jameson's raid unmasked. It is true he displayed the faults of his qualities. Some of his references to Germany were hardly those of a prudent and tactful statesman; but on the whole, the cheers which greeted Mr. Chamberlain wherever he showed himself in public testified to a popular appreciation of his qualities which for some time past has been perceptibly on the wane. His method of dealing with the Boers can hardly be characterised as happy. He began with winking at, if not actually approving of, the conspiracy carried on for the purpose of securing the success of an insurrectionary movement in Johannesburg. The moment that the movement miscarried, he won quite an unexpected amount of *kudos* by jumping upon Dr. Jameson. Then after a time he endeavoured to secure from the Boers concessions which would give us tolerable security for a settled state of things in the Transvaal. His despatches show that when he telegraphed to the High Commissioner to use vigorous language in support of the Uitlanders' demands, he appeared to be heading straight for war. The High Commissioner, however, was not in a warlike mood, and instead of applying any pressure whatever, he returned to Cape Town and reported nothing could be done. Thereupon began the final stage of Mr. Chamberlain's evolution, which, although it may have been inevitable, can hardly be regarded as heroic or even satisfactory. Two Englishmen who refused to sign the petition to President Kruger offering to sacrifice their civil rights, are still in prison at Pretoria, and none of the others were allowed to escape until they had been severally mulcted of a heavy money fine. But all that Mr. Chamberlain has lost in popularity and power may be recovered if before the Select Committee he is able to prove that he has acted with the straightforwardness of a British statesman. That he had full cognisance of much of the conspiracy which he afterwards condemned is probably true; nor will any one blame him for sympathising heartily with any effort to assist a population which is struggling, and rightly struggling, to be free from the oppressive and corrupt government which denied it representation, and saddled it with fifteen-sixteenths of the whole taxation of the State. But the public will be slow to forget, and will never forgive, any attempt to deceive it by a resort to subterfuges, the object of which would be to deny the facts and to throw the whole of the responsibility upon the shoulders of others. If Mr. Chamberlain had guilty fore-knowledge of the preparations to aid and abet the insurrection at Johannesburg, if he had given Mr. Rhodes reason to believe he heartily approved of and sympathised with the attempts being made to bring the Transvaal into line, all would be forgiven him if it were frankly owned and manfully defended. Of course, it would entail, as in the case of Mr. Rhodes, the loss for a time of his Ministerial portfolio. That, however, is a bagatelle compared with the doom that would overwhelm him if, should he have

had such knowledge, he endeavoured to conceal the fact by any shirking before the Committee, either on his own part or on that of those who might be wanted for the purpose. But in the case of Mr. Chamberlain and in that of Mr. Rhodes, 1896 leaves the final verdict to 1897. If they stand together in truth, they may stand altogether. If, however, either of them should allow his steps to stray in such devious ways as the tempting suggestion that the revolutionary conspiracy of 1895 was no more than a continuation of the policy of Lord Loeb, then they will not stand, but fall. One or the other or both, whichever flinches from the ordeal.

So far then as the survey of the great personages of the world is concerned, the passing year cannot be said to have made any great reputations. It has impaired one or two, others have remained stationary, while others again are still undergoing a period of probation which is not yet ended.

III.—THE TESTING OF INSTITUTIONS.

With respect to institutions, the gifts of 1896 have been of the same undecided character. The year has established and confirmed the power still possessed in this democratic age by the autocratic principle. At this moment France is but a prefecture of St. Petersburg, and the whole of Europe is practically powerless before the Assassin who reigns in Turkey. On the other hand, in the United States of America there has been a very remarkable vindication of the principle of democratic Government by the vote of the masses of the people, and in the visit of the Tsar to Paris we have a not less significant recognition of



From Der Wahre Jacob.]

[August 3, 1896.]

A SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.

the stability of a Republican Government. The third French Republic has lasted now for twenty-five years, but it was not until 1896 that any crowned head deigned to recognise the Government which the French nation set up. The contrast between the length of time that elapsed before an Emperor paid a friendly call upon the Republic contrasts in a very marked fashion with the rapidity with

which all crowned heads, our own included, hastened to hob-nob with Napoleon III. when he mounted the Imperial throne over the corpse of a murdered Republic. From the herd of mediocrities who scramble for portfolios in Paris with much the same zest and motive that gutter-snipes scramble for halfpence in our streets, no great man has emerged. But it has been sufficiently demonstrated that the scrambles for office which now pre-occupy the attention of French politicians can be carried on without disturbing the stability of the State. Russia long looked askance at the Republic, fearing that in the perpetual procession of Ministers which file and defile, form and reform on the French stage, materials were not afforded of sufficient stability on which to base even a working understanding. At last the experience of a quarter of a century sufficed, and the visit of Nicholas II. to President Faure may be regarded as the formal proclamation to the world that autocracy finds



From *Neue Glöckcher*.]

[September 17, 1896.

THE INVERTED RÔLES.

Formerly the bear danced to the sound of the flute played by civilised man. In Europe to-day mankind dances to the music of the bear.

the French Republic a workable, practicable system of Government, which Emperors may find it well not only to tolerate, but to utilise.

On the other hand, the position of Russia is a not less striking demonstration of the stability of an autocracy. The establishment and consolidation of Russian ascendancy, both in Europe and northern Asia, has been not by any means the least conspicuous achievement of 1896. It is more remarkable that this work, which found appropriate symbolic representation in the magnificent ceremonial of the coronation at Moscow, has not been interrupted or endangered by the disappearance of the only man who contributed anything of a personal element to the enthronement of Russia. Prince Lobanoff has passed away, leaving no one in his place but a young Emperor whose character is still an unknown quantity, and who so far has manifested no qualities except caution and an anxious desire to abide by the traditions of his father's reign, modified by the best advice which he can obtain among the advisers who surround his throne. He supported Prince Lobanoff, he supports

De Witte, but favourites outside his own family he has none. He is feeling his way, but although the Autocrat is as yet like a political *x*, the value of which is unknown, Russia is the overlord of Europe beyond the utmost ambitions even of Nicholas I. It is a curious comment upon all the imaginings of the fervent Republicans and humanitarians of the last half century, that 1896 should have enthroned the youngest descendant of the Romanoffs, not merely as Sovereign Lord of an Empire stretching from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea, but made him virtual suzerain of two continents. Mankind will not, however, grudge the survival, or even revival, of autocracy if the one-man power is used to prevent the millions from cutting each others' throats. It is notable that the dominance of Russia in the councils of Europe is based upon the universal conviction that Russian policy has the maintenance of peace as its first object. Even the Russo-French Alliance, of which so much is talked, is recognised as an understanding entered into by Russia for the purpose of guaranteeing the good behaviour of France, and of averting the danger of war which arose from the mortified *amour propre* of the French people. It is somewhat paradoxical, but not less indisputable, that Europe by covering herself with armour and providing her whole population with instruments of slaughter, has so enormously increased the perils of war as to make the preserving of peace the most passionate pre-occupation of all the sovereigns of Europe. Who can say how many wars we should have had since the Emperor Frederick died, if the young War-Lord at Berlin, instead of having to put an armed nation in motion, had found ready to his hand a compact efficient army of, say, 100,000 fighting men, who could be launched, east, west, north, or south without dislocating the whole framework of society throughout his empire?

The believer in popular representative Government with its formula of government of the people by the people for the people, turns with a sigh of relief to the imposing spectacle that was presented last November, when the American nation mustered its millions of adult males at the polling booth, and decided one of the most complex and difficult of economic and moral problems by the mass vote of its whole population. The election of Mr. McKinley as President was the result achieved after months of political education in which the whole continent was the school-house, and seventy millions of people the scholars. To fight out the issue of gold versus silver on such a battlefield is in itself so gigantic an undertaking as to throw into the shade all previous attempts in the way of the political education of the masses. Cobden did something of the same kind when he fought and won the battle of Free Trade by appealing to the English middle class; but the English electorate of 1846, compared with the American electorate of 1896, is very much as the falls of Lodore are to the falls of Niagara. The issue is by no means so simple as it seemed to Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall Banquet. It is characteristic of Conservatives to regard a Liberal as the exponent of all villainies and an incarnate breach of the Decalogue; but there was quite enough of the evil element on the side of McKinley to justify many honest men in supporting any opponent on any platform which would enable them to assert the rights of the people against the monopolists. The American presidential election remains on record as one of the best things of the year 1896. It was

vehemently contested, but it was a contest of reason and of argument. The whole nation was polled out with less display of physical force than used to be seen in a single rotten borough in England in the old times. The result, no doubt, was a very bitter disappointment to many persons who had buoyed themselves up with the belief that they were about to inaugurate the millennium by electing Mr. Bryan. But when the people saw the result of the poll, it was as with Satan contending with Gabriel in the Garden of Eden, who read his lot in the celestial sign—

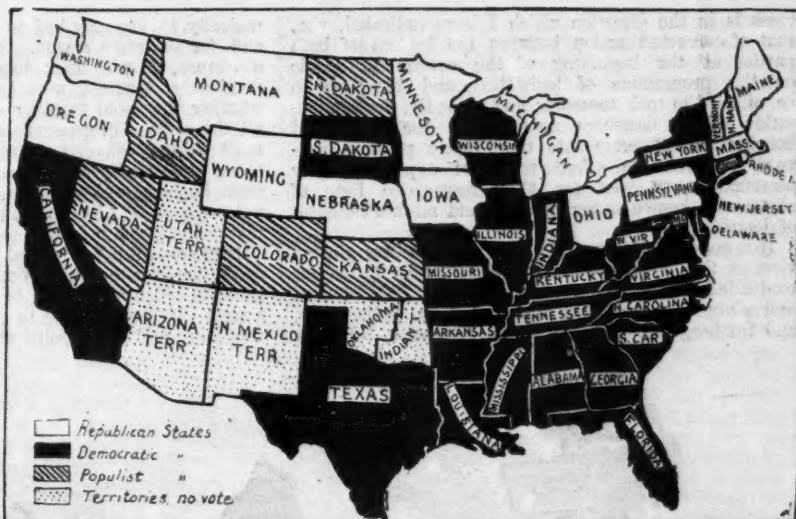
The fiend looked up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled,
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

In like manner it would seem that the shades of industrial depression have vanished and the whole of the federated States are humming with the welcome sound of reviving trade.

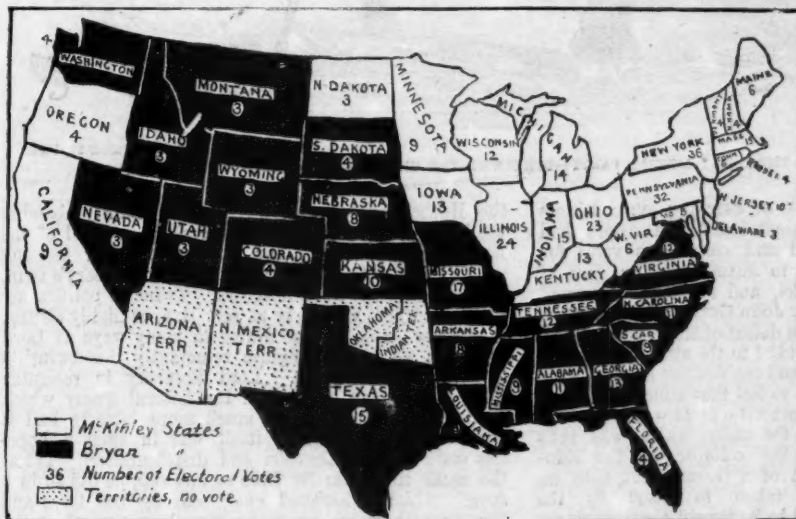
At home 1896 has not done much for the nation which was the foremost pioneer in the development of Parliamentary Government. It may be that things must be worse before they get better, and from that point of view, no doubt, 1896 has led us somewhat further into the morass in which we welter owing to the break-down

of Parliamentary Government. The experience of last session convinced Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons, that it is impossible under the new conditions for Ministers to carry any lengthy bill through Parliament if it be pertinaciously opposed. In this melancholy estimate it is understood Sir William Harcourt entirely concurs. The result is that men of both sides are beginning to recognise that the ordinary methods of legislation must be reconsidered. From this point of view 1896 has tended to ripen public opinion by the very evidence it afforded of the paralysis of the existing system. Party Government in the old sense seems to be becoming more and more impossible,

and if there is to be any legislation at all, it will have to be carried on by agreement between the two front benches, while only a certain percentage of the days of the session will be left open for party fighting. When contentious bills are introduced they will be fined down to an irreducible minimum of clauses, and one of those clauses will delegate to a Government department the right to frame such provisions as are necessary for giving effect to the will of Parliament. We are in a process of evolution, and 1896 has not afforded very clear light as to whither we are going. But so far as we can see, our pro-



PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1892.



PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1896.

gress is in the direction which I have indicated, viz., that of concerted action between the leaders of both parties at the beginning of the session to decide on the programme of legislation and the time to be allotted to each measure; and secondly, the condensation of all measures upon which the two front benches cannot agree into the briefest possible compass, in order to afford the least opportunity for obstruction, or even for that respectable form of obstruction known as pertinacious and minute criticism of details.

It is possible, of course, to take a much less gloomy view of the lessons of the session of 1896. It may be contended with reason that a majority of one hundred and sixty is a standing temptation to indiscipline, and further, that the fate of the Education Bill only

majority, it is equally bad to be in too great a minority, and for the same reason. If a minority thinks it has a chance, it will stick together. If the struggle is manifestly hopeless, men say it makes no difference whether they hold together or not, they will be beaten all the same. Propagandists of thrift always find the most willing converts amongst those who have something to save; it is your extremely poor man who is most hopelessly improvident. At the same time it does not seem as if Liberals had shown any indication of taking the lesson to heart.

1896 brought to the Liberal Party a very unpleasant gift in the shape of the resignation of its leader, and that upon grounds which can hardly be stated without a smile or a sigh. If it is essential to Lord Rosebery's leadership that he should find a political twin to represent him in



From Moonshine.]

THE GREAT LIBERAL PARTY—OTHERWISE THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

[November 21, 1896.]

illustrates the impossibility of carrying on business with a house divided against itself. Ministers had a majority of two hundred and sixty-seven votes for their bill, and then had to abandon it in face of mutiny in their own ranks, and the lack of accord between Mr. Balfour and Sir John Gorst. Be that as it may, the general effect of the defeat of the bill was good, in that it administered a cordial to the almost perishing spirit of the Liberal Party, and enabled the outnumbered and demoralised Opposition to feel that after all victories can be achieved even by minorities. It would be well if the lesson of the need for unity, which was thus strikingly illustrated by the collapse of the Education Bill and the defeat of a Government with an immense majority, were taken to heart by the Liberals. They indeed need to be taught the importance of discipline and of unanimity much more than the Conservatives. If it is bad to be in too great a

the House of Commons, we must reluctantly abandon the hope of the return of Lord Rosebery as head of the British Government. For nature from her teeming womb omitted to furnish us with Lord Rosebery's twin. There is only one Lord Rosebery. Twins in politics are rare, and when a man is as sensitive, as highly strung, as reserved, and as inscrutable in many ways as Lord Rosebery, we must recognise reluctantly that twinship is out of the question. Lord Rosebery in resigning inflicted a heavy blow upon the Liberal Party which would have been resented much more bitterly had it not been that the party itself was in such a hopeless state of demoralisation and disintegration. Yet at the same time that he bade us farewell, he did so in a speech which astonished every one by the force and fervour with which he spoke, the eloquence which he had at his command, and the power with which he asserted his individual judgment when freed from what

he regarded as the trammels of association with his colleagues. It is said that some people have not strength to stand alone. Lord Rosebery is one of those men who have not strength enough to stand unless they are alone. It seems as if the strain of asserting his own individual opinion so far exhausts his initial energy and personal vitality as to leave him nothing over to give effect to the conviction which he has formed.

Sir William Harcourt, on the other hand, has improved his position, and, but for his age and manifold infirmities, both of temper and temperament, would have an unchallenged right to the leadership of the party, should unforeseen circumstances open the way to office. But of that at present there seems to be no hope.

Every year brings with it a crop of problems to be solved, and in this 1896 was in no way behind his predecessors. His particular crux has been the Education Question, which caused the temporary discomfiture of one of the strongest Ministries England has had for many years. In the Dominion of Canada the same question has come to the front in a more sharply defined denominational aspect. The quarrel over the position of the French and the Catholics in the common schools of Manitoba first precipitated the struggle between the Provinces and the Parliament of the Dominion, which being transferred to the electorate, resulted in the return, for the first time for many years, of a Liberal majority, and for the first time in Canadian history a French Catholic was installed in power. The new Ministry's first act has been to arrange a settlement by which it is hoped the education difficulty may be settled in Manitoba. The education in the common schools is to be secular, but for the last half-hour religious education may be given by the priests or ministers of the denomination to which the scholars belong. Against this the Catholic hierarchy are already protesting as a refusal of their demands. So 1896 closes with its problem still unsolved, although no doubt by the election of a Liberal majority under Mr. Laurier there is better hope of securing a settlement than would have been possible if the old administration had remained in office.

IV.—THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

The struggle for existence takes many forms—from the mild emulation which leads children to do their best to please their parents, to the war of extermination which is waged endlessly between the carnivores and the creatures upon whom they dine. There must be in Africa at this moment an indefinite number of millions of hyenas, to speak of no other beast of prey, every one of which must every twenty-four hours obtain a full meal by the slaughter of some innocent creature which, when the sun rose, was enjoying his brief span of existence all unthinking of his approaching doom. It is only in this way, naturalists tell us, that the gazelle maintains its swiftness and symmetry, while the moment the sharp edge of the struggle for existence is dulled, your graceful carrier pigeon develops into the unwieldy Dodo. There seems little prospect at present of evolution. Dodowards in a world in which the population daily becomes thicker upon the ground. England for so long has been such an easy first in the field of industry and commerce, that John Bull has been somewhat surly when roused this year to recognise the fact that unless he pulls himself together, there is every likelihood that he will be beaten even in his own markets by the foreigner. The discussion raised by Mr. Williams' book, entitled "Made in Germany," is a prominent

sign of the fact that the menace of foreign competition has at least been taken to heart by Great Britain, and as one result we are told that Ministers will not, as was considered probable, abandon the Secondary Education Bill next session. Germany is by no means our only, or even our most formidable, competitor. The Japanese are already threatening to invade the markets of the world, and the yellow man with the white money is confidently calculating upon his ability to transfer the cotton industry of Lancashire to the shores of the Pacific. American competition has also made itself felt considerably this year in the cycle trade, which is but one among the many warnings that it will not do for the hare to go to sleep, for when it does even the tortoise can beat it.

Another phase of the same question, but one that is also fraught with elements of good hope for the few, has been the somewhat tardy discovery by those representing our rural districts, that there is no reason why we should continue to sit supine while the foreign agriculturist destroys, one after another in grim succession, the staple branches of our farming industry. One of the signs of the times which 1896 has brought with it, has been the report of the Recess Committee in Ireland, which calls attention in detail to the various measures which are necessary for the purpose of enabling us to regain our lost ground. We English are slow people, but perhaps before the end of the century it may be possible for us, with the best grazing ground in the world, to beat the Dane, the Belgian, and the Dutch out of our own market, from which at present they are steadily excluding us.

The combat of nations in Europe has fortunately been confined to industrial warfare. No sword has been drawn by one civilised state against another through the whole of 1896, but the gates of the Temple of Janus have by no means been shut. The map which is the frontispiece to this article shows in how many places the Year has brought, not peace, but war. By far the most blood-stained portion of the world's surface, so far as 1896 is concerned, is the Ottoman Empire. There has been actual fighting in Crete, while the tale of massacres of Armenians in all parts of the Empire is still far from complete. "The Shadow of God" in Constantinople is haunted by a perpetual fear, and imagines, like most men in panic, that he can best secure his own safety by striking terror. This terrorism of massacre is resorted to as the antidote for the fear which haunts the Palace. There is no way of regarding Abdul Hamid as a gift from the gods excepting in so far as he may be welcome as embodying in his reign, and in the massacres by which its closing days are being marked, a great object lesson as to the real nature of Turkish rule. Without some such demonstration it would have been impossible for us to conceive the popular enthusiasm which launched armed Europe on the series of enterprises which we call Crusades. There are many persons to-day who would be very glad to see a new crusade preached for the extermination of the Infidel, not because he is an infidel, but because he has established assassination as an instrument of government, and replied by massacre to the protests of the conscience of Europe and America. The chief gain of Abdul Hamid's devilry is that it has compelled every one to recognise the indispensable necessity of strengthening the European concert. In the European concert we have the germ of the United States of Europe; but so great are the rivalries and antagonisms of the various Powers, that nothing but hell broken loose on their frontiers will suffice to keep

them together even in a nominal alliance. We shall have to wait until the Sultan massacres an ambassador before we see the concert roused to action; but who knows but that even that may be in store for us among the New Year's gifts of 1897.

Casting a rapid glance over the world, it is curious to note how much of the fighting has gone on in the islands. On the continents there has been little or no war, but man has faced man in deadly wrath in Crete, in Cuba, in Madagascar, and in the Philippine Islands. In fact, with the exception of the continent of Africa, and certain of these islands, 1896 has been a year of peace. There are no doubt, however, considerable exceptions, and neither in Cuba nor the Philippines did 1896 bring any prospect

of the Soudan. The Anglo-Egyptian force under the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, achieved an almost bloodless success when it marched southward along the Nile valley, and cleared the soldiers of the Madhi out of the fertile provinces of Dongola. It is understood that next year, when the Nile is high, Dongola will be used as a base for the reconquest of Khartoum. But for the unfortunate issue of Jameson's raid, Cecil Rhodes would probably have realised his ideal of joining the Cape to Cairo before the end of the century.

Matabeland has risen in revolt and has been reconquered. The Transvaal has been the scene of fighting which could hardly be dignified by the title of a war. On the other side the Ashanti power has been broken by



MAP OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

[The figures are those given in the Consular reports as the number of Armenians killed.]

of peace. In both, Spain and its subjects worry at each other somewhat as a dog worries a badger. The struggle on both sides is marked by atrocities of which the civilised world hears but dimly, if at all. In Madagascar, a French expedition to Antananarivo has placed the French in nominal possession of the island. It is only nominal, for outside the capital the French appear to be obeyed only so far as their guns will carry, and until such time as their guns are removed. In the African Continent there has been more serious fighting. Italy suffered a great defeat in Abyssinia, which, however, has been a blessing in disguise, in that it has led to the abandonment of the ambitious scheme of establishing an Ethiopian Empire raised upon the colony of Erythraea. The defeat in Africa shook down the Crispi ministry, and crippled Italy in the estimation of Europe. It was also the means of launching the long-expected expedition for the recovery

of an English expedition, which has opened up one of the dark places of the world, full of frightful cruelty, to the milder influences of commerce and civilisation. As the year closes, Sir George Taubman Goldie is departing for the Niger in order to strike a blow at one of the slave-trading tribes, which still live and thrive under the nominal protectorate of the Niger Company. Of all the enterprises now on foot, that of the Niger Company is the most critical. Sir George Taubman Goldie stakes his all upon this venture, and if he fails, it is possible his charter may go with him. I hope he will not fail, but still supposing he does, what will become of the Niger? It is a question which Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Wolseley will do well to think over this Christmas time.

Peace, however, has its triumphs not less than war, and the great achievement of the year with which this

survey of 1896 properly comes to its close, is the conclusion of a treaty with the United States for the arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute. The year opened gloomily indeed, and to none more gloomily than to those of us who have always refused to consider the English-speaking race as other than a unit. To see this English-speaking family suddenly threatened with civil war because of a ridiculous quarrel about some trumpety swamps in South America, the location of which was unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine English-speaking men out of a thousand, was one of those fantastic nightmares of the devil which can only be conceived because they have actually existed. No mere artificer of works of imagination could have conceived anything more criminal and insane than the war to which the two foremost nations of the world were even passionately

whether as a sign for good or evil, that neither Parliament nor Congress either promoted or retarded this *rapprochement* of the peoples. The mobilisation of the peace forces of each country was effected by extra-parliamentary action, but however they were put in motion, the mere appearance of these battalions was sufficient to convince the rulers that as the nations would not fight, some settlement must be arrived at. That which has been come to is a very satisfactory first step towards the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration. The United States have been gratified by our unreserved acceptance of arbitration, while we on our part have obtained all that we needed and more than we ventured to expect. In the treaty we have succeeded in saddling the United States with the logical corollary of the Monroe doctrine, which has always been talked about in



THE CHARGE OF THE EGYPTIAN LANCERS AT FIKKET.

invited by many men holding pens and having access to public newspapers in the United States. The question at issue was one that helped us, by its very insignificance, to measure the danger which we incurred by allowing the English-speaking race to continue any longer without a permanent apparatus, in the shape of a Court of Arbitration, for the purpose of settling its disputes. But if this was one gain, another which was hardly less important was the demonstration which the year afforded us that the forces making for peace are capable of mobilisation almost as rapidly as those making for war. In both countries, as soon as the peril was perceived, the sober second thoughts of the peaceful, sensible, religious community asserted themselves. Committees were formed in both countries to which the representatives of all that is best and most influential in the social and religious life of the land gave in their adherence. It is notable,

the States but seldom acted upon. Uncle Sam will settle his difficulties with John Bull, but John Bull will expect Uncle Sam to foot the bill and collect any award that may be given. This is very good news for John Bull, but Uncle Sam will probably find that the bargain of which he is so proud may be very inconvenient. That is the first gain. There is another almost as important. The Americans have denounced the doctrine of what they call "squatter sovereignty," by which it was contended that it was possible to establish political rights over any territory by the simple process of going and living in it and recognising a different political control from that of the State within whose boundaries you have established yourself. This doctrine has now found its way into international law, or at any rate, Anglo-American law, for by the treaty which closes this controversy, fifty years of uninterrupted occupancy gives a proscriptive right to the territory in the districts

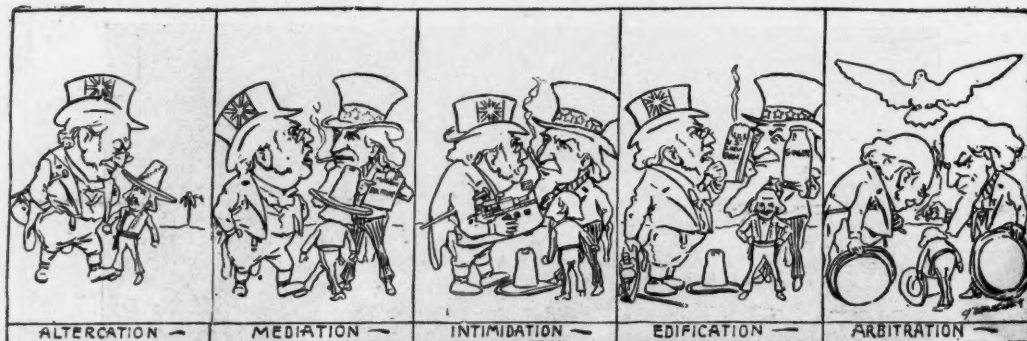
ST. LOUIS
READING ROOM
Library

in dispute. If British subjects have occupied the land for fifty years without recognising the Venezuelan Government, or being in any way molested by the actual exercise of its sovereignty, that territory upon which they live will not be submitted to arbitration, but will be regarded as part and parcel of the British Empire. The recognition of the principle of fifty years' prescription is a gain, the importance of which can only be appreciated, by those who have been familiar with the difficulties confronting those who have urged that all disputes should be referred to arbitration.

Thus 1896 has brought us good things. It has been a year that began with war and has seen much fighting; but, substantially, it has advanced us far on the road towards an Anglo-American Union and the proba-

still remains a magnet to lure the adventurous explorers of all nations into the jaws of death and into the mouth of a hell whose heat burns froze.

At home the removal of the legislative restrictions which have heretofore barred the introduction of motor carriages on public highways has encouraged expectations and stimulated invention, for the fruit of which we shall have to wait until 1897. The passage of the Light Railways Act, which was one of the legislative fruits of a somewhat barren session, also indicates a belief that the facilitation of intercourse will tend to the multiplication of business. Towards the close of the year the heart of the British farmer was cheered by the sudden rise in the price of wheat, though the increased charge this rise entailed in the bakers' bills of the nation far exceeded



From the Chicago Times-Herald.]

THE HISTORY OF THE VENEZUELAN DISPUTE.

bility of federated action, not only among English-speaking peoples, but even in the United States of Europe.

In literature, 1896 will not rank among the great years of history. In popular science it is chiefly famous on account of the discovery of the X rays. Professor Röntgen may or may not have laid the foundation for a revolution in surgical practice, but he has certainly rendered yeoman service in familiarising the public mind with the idea which all previous teaching had failed to do, that there is no reason in the nature of things why we should not be able to see through opaque substances. The X ray has not merely revealed the bones of the hand, it has rendered thinkable to many persons much that has hitherto been regarded as the wild fantasies of occultists.

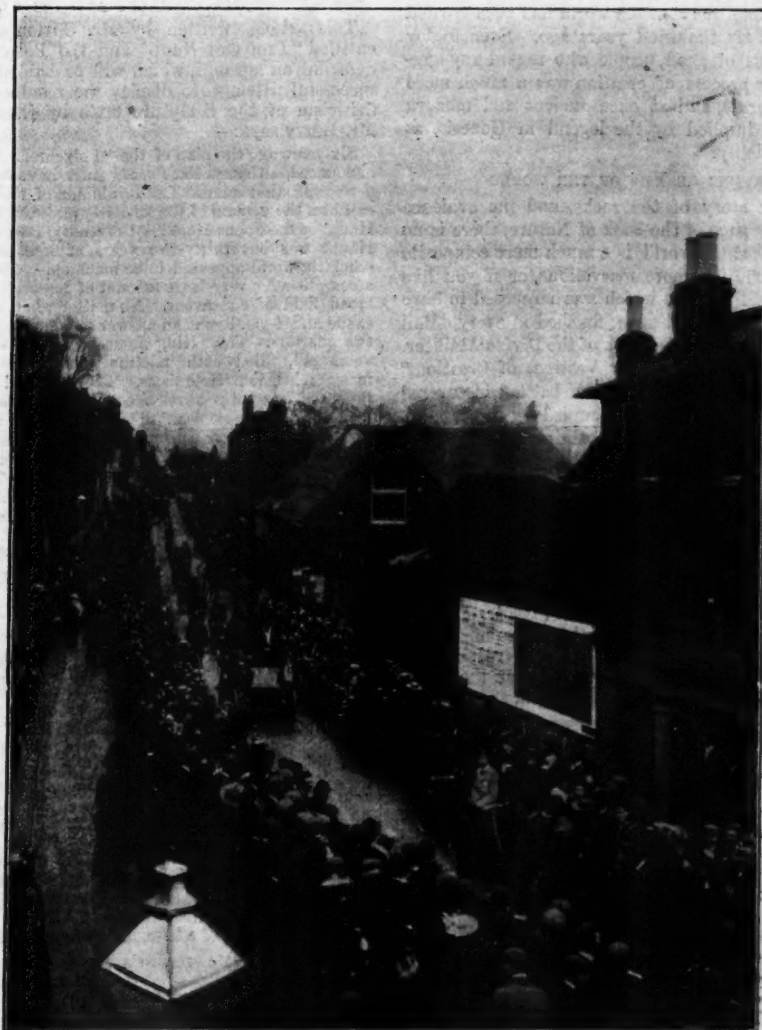
In travel the honour of the year belongs to Dr. Nansen, who, with his little ship, the *Fram*, has come nearer reaching the North Pole than any person before him. But he failed in achieving his great quest, so that the Polo

the benefit which accrued to the farmer, for only a fractional part of our daily bread is produced at home.

The obituary of the year has contained some notable names. The sudden demise of the Archbishop of Canterbury has removed one who has long been one of the most familiar figures, and generally one of the most respected Churchmen of our time. 1896 has been a sore year for the Academy, for it is without precedent that the same twelve months should see the death of two presidents in such quick succession. Lord Leighton was succeeded by Sir John Millais, who in his turn made way for Sir E. Poynter before he had even an opportunity of officiating at the annual function of the body over which he had been called to preside.

In literature we have lost two poets, Mr. William Morris and Mr. Coventry Patmore. In fiction Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who had long since ceased to write, has gone, leaving her sister as the only survivor of a very celebrated family.





THE ARRIVAL OF THE MOTOR CARS AT REIGATE.

(From a photograph by S. B. Bolas and Co.)



LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

A NEW BIBLE FOR THE PEOPLE; OR, THE HIGHER CRITICISM IN POLYCHROME.

FIFTY years ago the ordinary belief of the ordinary man in Christendom was that the world had been created in six days about six thousand years ago. Even to-day there are millions of good people who regard any suggestion that the process of creation was a much more continuous, elaborate, and at once ancient and modern affair than was implied by the legend in Genesis, as savouring of infidelity.

THE SCIENTIFIC GENESIS OF THE WORLD.

In face of the story of the rocks, and the evidence afforded on every page of the book of Nature, there is no room for doubt that the world is a much more composite affair, and one infinitely more marvellous, or if you like miraculous, than the globe which was supposed to have been turned out spick and span, finished in every detail as the result of six days' handiwork of the Divine Artificer. Between the publication of the "Vestiges of Creation" and the present day there lies a great battlefield covered with indefensible positions once occupied by the retreating force of the champions of verbal inspiration, out of which they have been turned, not so much by any direct attack as by the gradual increase of our knowledge of the world. This increase, day by day, has rendered the stronghold, so passionately defended by good men and better women in the last fifty years, as untenable as the tide renders the sand castles of our childhood. The dismayed and discomfited defenders, driven back before the flowing tide, find to their amazement that, after all, their faith in the living God and in the divine mission of Christ survives the loss of all the outworks which they at one time believed to be indispensable for the maintenance of faith in the invisible and eternal.

—AND OF GENESIS ITSELF.

For some time past, the educated world has been passing through a similar period of trial in relation to the Bible itself. That battle which is usually described as raging around the results of the Higher Criticism of the Biblical text is now pretty well fought out with the same result as that of its predecessor. The learned world has come to the same conclusion about the Bible as the geologist fifty years ago arrived at about the world. Instead of the Bible being divinely inspired in every detail and the finished work of Infinite Wisdom, as it has been held to be by many preceding generations, it is now declared that the Bible itself, as we have it, is as much a growth as the world which it interprets. As there is evidence of a long series of periods during which the world was slowly being fashioned into a place fit for the habitation of man, so the variety of texts in the Sacred Writings show a not less stratified formation which can be distinctly perceived by modern scholarship. Hitherto, however, the knowledge of this discovery has been confined to the cultured few. The great masses of the millions of mankind, who attend church on Sunday have never appreciated the extent, much less the significance, of this discovery. But that period of ignorance is about to pass, and the Book which will act as a revelation of the new basis on which the theory of inspiration must rest is

the "Polychrome Bible," a most interesting account of which is published in the *American Review of Reviews* for December.

PROFESSOR HAUPT AND HIS WORK.

This article, written by Mr. Clifton Harby Leavy, entitled "Professor Haupt and the Polychrome Bible," describes an attempt, which will probably be a brilliantly successful attempt, to display the results of the Higher Criticism of the Scripture texts by the aid of colour. Mr. Leavy says:—

Six years ago the plan of the "Polychrome" Bible was first announced, although some years must have been consumed in perfecting that plan. The originator of the idea, we might call him the general of the scholarly forces, was Professor Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Professor Haupt was but thirty-two years of age then, but to the scholarly world appeared to be much older, for he had already accomplished a very large amount of research covering a very broad field of endeavour. No matter when the thought took shape and form, it was an answer to a crying necessity felt in two quarters. The "King James' Version" is three hundred years old, filled with mistranslations, obsolete words and incomprehensible Hebraisms. The "Revised Version" lately produced, has not removed these obstacles, controlled as it was by English conservatism. The cry has gone up from all sides for a "Bible that we can understand" without dictionary and glossary. The new version was designed, primarily, to meet this reasonable demand.

There was another cry, equally insistent, if not so general, for an understanding of the critical theories about the Bible: "What are the critics trying to do?" And the "Polychrome Bible" seeks to answer this question fully and fairly.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF A NEW TEXT.

Believing that the Bible is the greatest and grandest literature known to man, they feel that it should all the more be cleared of all stupid accretions and presented in its pristine clearness and beauty. We have happily passed that age in which it was believed that good will alone was sufficient for interpreting the Bible. . . . The general editor wished to present this summary in such a shape that "he who runs may read." It would be invaluable to the scholar, but it must also be intelligible to the ordinary reader of but little culture. To this end he devised a special plan of publication, remarkable for simplicity and effectiveness. Since the time and conditions of composition bear so important a relation to these writings, forming their actual background, he determined to indicate the various periods and authors by printing the text and the translation upon backgrounds of different colours. Hence the name Polychrome, many coloured. As his coadjutors, Professor Haupt selected the leading scholars of the world, many of whom had devoted their lives to the special study of certain books, which were, of course, assigned to them.

DR. HAUPT'S COADJUTORS.

Among Professor Haupt's coadjutors in England are Canon Driver, Dr. George A. Smith, Dr. Paterson, the Rev. C. J. Ball, Professor Cheyne, and others. Mr. Leavy then gives the following account of the way in which the Polychrome Bible will be printed:—

The entire work will probably be completed within two or three years, affording much food for thought and broadening our conception of the Bible not a little. Each book is separate and distinct, accompanied by all needed explanations of colours and text, so that each may be read leisurely as it is issued. The historical and literary introductions prefaced to each book form a most valuable aid to its comprehension.

HOW THE COLOURS ARE USED.

A cursory glance at the parts issued will afford us some idea

of the mode of presentation. The dates are, of course, before the present era, and the colours in brackets indicate the colour of the background, as explained: In *Genesis* the most ancient document is the "Prophetic Narrative" [purple, 640], made up of the Judaic document composed [850] in the Southern Kingdom, and the Ephraimitic [650] composed in the Northern Kingdom. The older strata of the Judaic [dark red], the later strata [light red], and the Ephraimitic [blue] form the greater part of the text. These are supplemented by the expansions of the writer of Deuteronomy [green, 560-540], with the Priestly Code [plain, 500], its later additions [brown] and extracts from a still later Midrash, or popular expansion [orange]. So, seven different elements are found in the first book of the Bible, not to mention glosses (relegated to the foot-notes) and editorial additions.

In *Leviticus* we find only the Priestly Code [plain] as the basis, with some later strata [brown] and the Book of Holiness [yellow, 570], so called from its care for ceremonialism.

Joshua is considered as belonging to the Pentateuch, thus giving us a Hexateuch, or six books compiled from the same documents. The same colours appear as in *Genesis*.

In *Samuel* the primary document is the old Judaic [plain], with later additions [light red], as well as the old Ephraimitic [dark blue, 750] and its later accretions [light blue]. These were combined by some editor [650], who made certain additions [light purple]. There are also traces of the Deuteronomist [light green], and still later additions by a second editor [444, yellow]. Extracts from a late Midrash [orange] and the songs [light orange] complete its various elements.

The work of the "Chronicle" appears uncoloured in *Chronicles*, but he utilises some ancient sources not extant in the Old Testament [dark red], together with parts of the Old Testament [light red]. Later additions appear [dark blue], together with the latest sections [light blue].

The "Chronicle," too, has given us much of *Ezra-Nehemiah* [plain, 300], to which earlier [dark green] and later [light green] additions have been made. The bases of the book are the "Memoirs of Ezra" [dark blue, 425] with some modifications [light blue], and the "Memoirs of Nehemiah" [dark red, 425] with certain modifications [light red]. Other documents of their time [dark purple, 430-410] have also been utilized, together with some later additions, as well as an Aramaic document [yellow, 450].

In *Daniel* the background is left plain, the Hebrew portions being printed in black ink, the Aramaic in red.

In *Psalms* the headings are in red ink, and the text in black.

In *Job* the device of coloured backgrounds is again necessary. The genuine utterances of Job form the greater part of the text, but parallel compositions [blue] are found, besides some polemical interpolations [green] directed against the tendency of the poem, and other interpolations [red] conforming Job's doctrines to the orthodox idea of retribution. The speeches of Elihu (Ch. 32-37) appear as an appendix to the book.

Jeremiah realizes in its arrangement, the dream of many Bible students who have hoped for a proper arrangement of that Prophet's discourses in chronological order. For no greater havoc has ever been made of sense and consistency than the jumble of the prophetic speeches as set down in the accepted versions. The book is divided into three sections, the first containing Jeremiah's discourses delivered during a ministry of twenty-three years. The second comprises a collection of the biographical chapters concerning Jeremiah's life. Finally, some sections written by neither Jeremiah nor his biographer. Read in this order the personality and power of the Prophet come to us almost like a new revelation.

But it is in the *Book of Isaiah* (advance sheets of which have been kindly submitted) that we appreciate fully the importance and utility of this critical edition. It may be said to be the crowning work of Professor Cheyne's life-long devotion to the study of this single great book. For the last thirty years he has been studying *Isaiah*, and has published three exhaustive books upon the subject. It may be stated, without exaggeration, that it would be impossible to find any other man so well fitted as he for this task, and the result proves it. For it is discriminating, careful, exact and

scholarly, throwing new light upon much that was hitherto obscure. Each speech or poem has an appropriate heading and the date of its composition, as nearly as can be determined. It is indeed a masterpiece.

WHY FRANCE DWINDLES.

PERHAPS the most valuable paper in the *Westminster Review*, for December, is Mr. Stoddard Dewey's on the depopulation of France. He reviews M. Edmond Deschaumes' "Bankruptcy of Love." M. Yves Guyot "estimates roughly that one-fifth of the families of France have no children, and that this state of things is regularly against the will of the parties concerned"; but the writer approves M. Deschaumes' conviction that the gradual depopulation of their country is due to the deliberate refusal of French men and women to become parents. Among causes leading to this unwillingness are mentioned (1.) the legal difficulties in the way of marriage which are so numerous in France; (2.) the social tradition which makes a dowry necessary to a daughter's marriage, and gives preference to a son's career over a daughter's dowry; (3.) the barrack life, during the natural pairing-time, which teaches the soldier to do without a wife, and to practise nameless vices, whence sterility ensues; (4.) corsets and want of exercise which make maternity fearfully dangerous; and (5.) the sense of duty which makes provision for a child for life an obligation. Where this is not seen to be possible, children are not born. Increase of taxation has made this possibility more remote. What is wanted is a change in the laws, fiscal, military, and civil, which will check the voluntary diminution of the number of births.

The spectacle of an entire nation, by collective legislation and individual volition, deliberately resolving to dwindle away is one of the tragic paradoxes of modern times. Yet if the decay be still under control of the individual and collective will, there is hope of a change; and Mr. Dewey concludes with a strange speculation as to the salvation which the working classes may yet bring to France:—

Much that has been said applies only to the middle classes. The census already shows that it is mainly the working men—the labourers for days' wages—who are propagating the French race. Here is a new problem in Democracy. The French working man is least affected by bourgeois traditions; yet, as by sheer force of multiplication he pushes his way up, he becomes middle-class himself—*il s'embourgeoise*. Will Democracy, then, by breaking down the traditions which are striking at the race's life, bring a remedy to this curious national disease? If the working classes, as the fittest to survive, finally transform France, it is possible that the natural struggle for national existence has still undreamed-of solutions to our political problems.

It may be added, that when vice and selfishness and artificial life refuse to propagate their species, and parentage is only assumed by the morally fit, the perfectibility of the race will soon pass out of the region of conjecture into that of ascertained fact.

"SOME Natural Artillery" is the title of a pleasant little study by Rev. Theo. Wood in the *Sunday Magazine*. The Japanese fish known as the beaked Chaetodon shoots drops of water on insects out of reach, and so brings them into the water, where they form an easy prey. The Archer-fish similarly projects its watery missile at an object three or four feet distant. The bombardier beetle discharges from the rear a puff of bluish-white smoke, a spray of pungent and acrid liquid, accompanied with a detonation.

THE HERO OF DUTCH AFRICA.

STORIES ABOUT PAUL KRUGER.

MR. BIGELOW contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for December an extremely interesting although somewhat fanciful picture of President Kruger. He tells us that Oom Paul resembles a cow when in repose, but a lion when he is roused. If you wish to know what he is like we have to make a composite portrait of Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Cromwell with a fragment of John Bright about the eyes, and Benjamin Franklin's mouth. Then Mr. Bigelow proceeds to spin many interesting yarns concerning the prowess of Paul Kruger in his early days. He says he has received them partly from Paul Kruger himself, partly from Dr. Leyds, and very largely from intimates who were authorised to tell what they knew. Kruger, it seems, has rather a small head and high shoulders, but he stands six foot high, and has remarkably long legs, which he used to be able to use better than any other man of his time.

HOW KRUGER RACED HORSES AND KAFFIRS.

For instance, here is the story I have from an eye-witness, just as he told it: "It is also a fact that the President could run as fast as a horse. I remember once that he had a dispute with his friend Jacobs, owing to the President stating that he could run as fast as a horse. The result was that the President ran against a horse, with a rider on it, for a length of seven or eight hundred yards, and actually outran the horse." This would seem incredible had I not heard the tale confirmed by Kruger himself, who is most reluctant to speak of his own doings. He must have been about eighteen years old at that time.

On another occasion he ran a foot-race against the pick of the Kaffir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—amongst others his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry at him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder.

HOW HE FACED A LION—

He saw through the tall grass a patch of colour, which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking his ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope, there bounded up a huge lion, who had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second, and then a third. But the lion followed every movement of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly so as night was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion, and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp.

He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder, until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

Kruger joyfully resumed his race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs.

—AND DROWNED A BUFFALO.

Kruger was also famous for his skill with the rifle. Indeed, he would have challenged the best of Buffalo Bill's outfit and given a good account of himself. An old friend of Kruger told me, of his own knowledge, that Kruger was once on horseback and chased by an infuriated buffalo. His horse was a good one, but on this occasion had become rather fatigued, and the buffalo commenced to gain. The unequal chase promised to end disastrously for the horse and its rider, for the buffalo kept gaining, and would soon have his horns in action. Then Kruger performed a feat which his old friend recalled to me with great pride. He turned in his saddle, raised his rifle, took deliberate aim while his own horse was in full gallop, fired, and the buffalo fell, shot straight through the forehead.

But Kruger himself never lets one suspect that he has done these things; and to look at him in church one would think that he had been trained for the post of deacon or churchwarden.

Another story equally strange was told me by the same friend. It happened on the same day on which the previous adventure occurred. He had been chasing another buffalo, and his horse had brought him close up to his victim. Suddenly the huge beast put his foot into a hole, and fell head over heels into a wallow. Kruger was on top of it in a moment, horse and rider and buffalo rolling pell-mell in the same big puddle. But Kruger was the first to collect his wits. He sprang at the head of the buffalo, seized both its horns in his hands, and while the beast lay upon its side, twisted its neck so as to force its nose under water; and thus, after a struggle of sheer strength, Kruger killed the buffalo by drowning it. I had heard this story already in Cape Town, but would not believe it until I had the President's corroboration of this extraordinary feat.

Kruger, it seems, was also a famous elephant hunter in those early days, and his exploits, according to Mr. Bigelow, would have made him worthy to be ranked with the heroes of Fenimore Cooper.

THE DUKE AND THE CATTLE-HERDER.

The following story, if not true, is at least well invented:—

Sir James Sivewright, the Minister of Public Works in the Cape Colony, told me that he once called upon Kruger with a certain duke, who was by no means conceited, but was somewhat deficient in diplomatic address. The conversation, as I recall it, ran about as follows. Of course it was conducted by means of an interpreter.

Duke: "Tell the President that I am the Duke of —, and have come to pay my respects upon him."

Kruger gives a grunt, signifying welcome.

Duke, after a long pause: "Ah! tell him that I am a member of the English Parliament."

Kruger gives another grunt, and puffs his pipe.

Duke, after a still longer pause: "And—you might tell him that I am—er—a member of the House of Lords—a Lord—you know."

Kruger puffs as before, and nods his head, with another grunt.

Duke, after a still more awkward pause, during which his Grace appears to have entertained doubts as to whether he had as yet been sufficiently identified: "Er—it might interest the President to know that I was a Viceroy."

Kruger: "Eh! what's that—a Viceroy?"

Duke: "Oh, a Viceroy—that is a sort of a King, you know."

Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments, obviously weary of this form of conversation. Then, turning

to the interpreter, he said gruffly, "Tell the Englishman that I was a cattle-herder."

This closed the interview.

THE BOERS AND THE ENGLISH.

When Mr. Bigelow met Mr. Paul Kruger he says he embraced him in his great bovine gaze, and wrapped him in clouds of tobacco. His first words were not reassuring.—"Ask him," said Kruger, "if he is one of those Americans who runs to the English Queen when he gets into trouble." Mr. Bigelow says that the Boers have such an exaggerated impression of their prowess that they seriously believe that if America had gone to war with England, the United States would have done well to have invoked the protection of the Transvaal Republic. They no longer speak of making war with England. They refer to such an event as going out to shoot Englishmen as they might go out for antelope and other game. There is no life of President Kruger to be found in the Transvaal, and the President will no longer allow himself to be photographed. Dr. Leyds had in vain endeavoured to secure material for a biography, but to the amazement of every one Oom Paul consented to be "drawn," and the result we have in this paper, which is one of the most interesting in all the December magazines.

A SPORTSMAN FROM HIS YOUTH UP.

Little Paul was seven years old when he shot his first big game, and eleven years old when he killed his first lion. His first battle with human beings was waged when he was only thirteen. Kruger is descended, not from a Hollander, but from a German, and he spells his name, not Krüger (with two dots), but Kruger. The curious thing is that the English pronounce it rightly while all the Boers pronounce it as if it were written Krieger in German, with the pronunciation of the English "ee." His father fired the first shot at the English under Sir Harry Smith at Boomplaat in 1848. When a boy he was full of daring, and helped in building the first church at Rustenberg. He stood on his head at the highest point of the uppermost beam, to the alarm and scandal of the whole community. This, however, was but a small thing in his way, for an old friend declares that he had frequently seen him stand on his head in the saddle holding on to the stirrup-strap with his hands, while the horse was in full gallop. He is a man who writes with difficulty, and who reads very little excepting the Bible. He has a text for every trouble, and he says that no other book but the Bible has ever influenced him. In his own phrase he has no chance to read books. He was always campaigning or fighting lions. Mr. Bigelow asked which he preferred, African lions or British lions? "No choice," he said gravely; "they are both bad." In his seventeenth year he acted as a substitute for the magistrate known as a Field Cornet, and from that time onward he has steadily pressed upwards until he is now at the top of the tree.

HIS CONVERSION.

His conversion occurred when he was thirty-two years of age, and the story of it is thus described in the words of an intimate friend:—

"One time he [Kruger] had a struggle with religion, and became troubled in spirit. Of a night he gave his wife a few chapters to read in the Bible, and then went suddenly away for some days, never coming home. This was about 1857 (when Kruger was therefore thirty-two years old). Some men went out to look for him, and when in the mountains they heard somebody sing, but did not take any special

notice, and returned, telling that they had heard somebody sing.

"Then they came on the idea that it might have been the President, and they went out again, and found him almost dying of hunger and thirst; even to such an extent that they had to take the water away, lest he should kill himself by drinking too much at a time."

All this is narrated by the man who was then Kruger's intimate friend at Rustenberg. "When we took him with us," continued the old friend, "he was so weak with hunger, thirst, and fatigue that we could hardly keep him on his horse."

"Ever since then he showed a more special desire for the Bible and religion. He was a changed man altogether. He lived for religion, telling us that the Lord had opened his eyes and showed him everything. His enemies often talked about this sudden change, but he never took any notice. They often made fun of him, but he let everything pass in silence."

"This incident was the turning-point in his life."

HOW HE AMPUTATED HIS THUMB.

He is a strict member of the Independent Congregational Church. Mr. Bigelow tells many stories of him for which I have no room; but I must mention his account of the famous amputation of his thumb, which seems to have been a much more serious operation than is usually believed. Every one knows that he cut off his thumb, but it was generally believed he did it when he was left by himself on the veldt. The truth is different. When his thumb was shattered by the bursting of his gun, the flesh began to mortify, and the doctor who was called in insisted that it would be necessary to amputate his arm half-way up. To this Kruger objected, on the ground that if he lost his arm he would never be able to handle a gun again. "Then," said the doctor, "I must cut off your left hand." Kruger objected, whereupon the doctor departed in wrath, saying he would have nothing to do with the case. On hearing this, Kruger got his jack-knife, sharpened it carefully, so that it became as sharp as a razor, and then laid his thumb upon the stone, and cut it off himself at its extreme joint; but to his chagrin the flesh would not heal, so he again laid his hand upon the stone, and this time carefully cut away all the flesh about and above the second joint of the thumb, and this time the flesh healed, and his hand was spared. Much later in life, when he was in Lisbon, he was greatly troubled by an aching tooth. After bearing it for a time he took out his penknife and cut the tooth out of his jaw. Kruger is evidently very tough.

So Mr. Bigelow concludes his paper by comparing Kruger to Ulysses, and Field Marshal Blücher and Andreas Hofer. He alone, says Mr. Bigelow, is equal to the task of holding his singular country together in its present state.

CHRISTMAS would scarcely be Christmas to many people without Raphael Tuck and Sons' charming novelties for the season. It is truly a wonderful collection of new patterns which they have sent in for our inspection this year—a collection in the production of which a whole army of artists, engravers, printers, and packers must have been engaged. There are cards and calendars, boxed goods and booklets, toy books and texts, and in every series the same dainty and artistic display. The platino panels, the mezzotint and photogravure portfolios and the collotype leaflets will be amongst the most popular of the cards, but it is impossible to enumerate even the best. Every stationer's shop will be gay with them before these lines are printed.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF THE STATES.

OBSERVATIONS FROM MANY STANDPOINTS.

As might be expected the magazines are full of articles concerning the Presidential election. On the whole there is a tendency on the part of the writers in the periodical press to approve the choice of the American people.

1.—DR. ALBERT SHAW'S JUDGMENT.

I give the first place as usual to the judgment of Dr. Albert Shaw in the *American Review of Reviews* for December. He almost alone among American editors seems to have preserved the judicial balance. Dr. Shaw says:—

Whatever else was demonstrated by the course of the campaign and the result of the election, there was shown beyond all question the essential conservatism and sagacity of the American people. The pessimists who have been pronouncing universal suffrage a failure, and popular self-government a disappointing experiment, can find no confirmation of their views in any fair interpretation of this last election. Speaking broadly, the whole American people can be better trusted to govern the country honestly, wisely and with patient self-control, than any selected element or section of the people could be trusted.

Even if it were our opinion—which of course our readers know it is not—that a popular verdict in favour of the free coinage of silver would in fact have resulted advantageously for the country, we should nevertheless look upon the outcome of the election last month as a magnificent vindication of the capacity of the American people for self-government. No great popular verdict was ever given in a fashion more deliberate, intelligent and untrammelled. The American people simply declared at the polls that they could afford to keep on the hum-drum, safe side. The 7,000,000 men or more who voted for McKinley were not acting under any dictation or duress. Whatever moral coercion of employed men by employers may have been attempted, it could not have affected the result to any appreciable extent. Nor was this a vote-buying campaign on either side. Never since the war have the voters in so large proportion carried their honest manhood into the campaign, or based their action so wholly upon their sincere convictions. It does not follow in the least that the country is satisfied with all things as they are, or that public opinion would not favour many judicious reforms. But it is demonstrated, once and for all, that the country will not sanction economic experiments so fundamental in their nature as the free coinage of silver would be under existing circumstances. The verdict is conclusive.

If in view of facts now known the campaign were to be tried over again, it is not likely that the Southern vote which was cast for free silver on November 3rd could be polled again. In short, although Mr. Bryan carried a large number of States and will have a respectable vote in the Electoral College, the cause he advocated was one that in its very nature could not survive a defeat. Mr. Bryan seems not to have comprehended this fact, for he has announced his intention to devote the coming four years to the free-silver propaganda in preparation for the campaign of the year 1900. He will not find it so easy as he imagines to reassemble that army which had enlisted for ninety days only, and which was dispersed on November 3rd. He will find, for example, that Tammany, ardent as it was in the silver cause for a few brief weeks, can never be rallied again under that banner. It is a lost cause so far as practical politics is concerned, and the sooner Mr. Bryan discovers that fact the better it will be for his future career. His gifts and aptitudes are varied, and he may yet perform useful service and attain honours worthy of his ambition, if he does not allow a single idea—a fallacious one at that—to take complete possession of his mind.

2.—BY THE EDITOR OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

Mr. Maxse, the editor of the *National Review*, who crossed the Atlantic in order to be able to follow the fortunes of Mr. Bryan on the spot, sends to his Review

from Denver the following summary of the cause of the Republican victory:—

(1) The fear of anarchy; (2) The "honest" dollar; (3) The dread of a financial and commercial catastrophe; (4) The belief in approaching prosperity; (5) The enormous campaign fund expended by Mr. Hanna, the Republican manager, believed to amount to at least £2,000,000 (two millions); (6) The poverty of the Democratic Party exchequer, which from first to last expended about £100,000; (7) The wisdom of the Gold Democrats in throwing practically the whole of their votes for Major McKinley, and ignoring the rather futile candidature of their own nominee, General Palmer. This third Party played a most important part, and probably decided the issue in the critical States.

3.—GOOD FOR ENGLAND.

MR. F. H. HARDY writes on the "Lessons from the American Election" in the *Fortnightly Review* for December. The following are his conclusions:—

Three lessons of deep import and wide interest may be drawn from the recent contest.

First, the "masses" in both Europe and America are less poisoned with class hatred than the anarchist or socialist would have us believe.

Second, a great nation over sea has awakened to the fact that national independence must not blind them to the interdependence of nineteenth century commercial life; that they must realise that hurt to one member of the family of nations brings in time injury to all.

Third, that a vote is not prized by the class of citizen best fitted to exercise the franchise, and, as a necessary consequence, good citizens must be driven to the polls by a political "machine," controlled by "professional" politicians.

As touching exclusively the life of the Republic, I think the Election has done great good. It has startled the sluggish into a new conception of his duties as a citizen. There is another fruit of this campaign which works for better commercial relations between the two English-speaking nations. And it is simply this. We have found England right, ourselves wrong, on a great economic question. We now see that England's repeated warnings as to the result of currency tinkering had sound basis in truth. A very natural sequence of this common view on currency matters will be a new disposition to give careful, open-minded study to English views on Free Trade. The McKinley-Bryan campaign opened under the influence of a most bitter anti-English feeling, to which thousands surrendered their judgment. That campaign has closed, I firmly believe, with the American people entertaining a higher regard for English opinion than was ever entertained before; consequently there now exists a firmer basis for international friendship.

4.—A VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE.

The Honourable T. C. Platt wrote an article in the *North American Review* for November on the "Effect of Republican Victory" before the election, in which he says:—

The election of McKinley will settle many things. It will clear the air: it will be the beginning of a new era in the development of this country. The nightmare of Populism, Anarchy, and Socialism will have been banished, and will not return to trouble our sleep in the future.

The gem of the article, however, which would have delighted the heart of Matthew Arnold, is the following sentence:—

1 The country has passed through a fearful period during the past four years. It has been an experience to try the souls of men, and make one almost lose faith in the ever-watchful care of Divine Providence. Millions of dollars have been lost, and there has been almost a complete stagnation in every line of business.

It is indeed difficult to continue to believe in the ever-watchful care of a Divine Providence which allows

American citizens to lose so many million dollars. The true functions of Providence have seldom been more clearly defined from the point of view of the Almighty Dollar.

5.—THE ISSUE FOR 1900.

Mr. G. W. Stevens, writing in *Blackwood* on "the Presidential election as I saw it," explains the result by saying "Business spoke and the nation obeyed." He predicts that the battle will have to be fought over again in 1900. The economic issue will not change as a purely political one would. The campaign of 1900 will be a "war against the trusts." He advises the United States to cleanse itself from corruption and greed, and to cultivate a middle class. For, he concludes:—

If this memorable election means anything, it means the opening of the assault of poverty and discontent upon the dominion of riches. Masquerading to-day behind a vain and trivial irrelevancy, it yet shows its black and vengeful face under the mask. To-morrow it will rush to the onslaught stark and hideous and very wicked, but with much wickedness to avenge.

THE ELECTRIC EYE.

GOING ONE BETTER THAN RÖNTGEN.

Mrs. M. GRIFFITH heads her lively paper in *Pearson's* "an electric eye, the marvellous discovery of an Eastern professor which distances the Röntgen rays as they distance photography." The Eastern professor is Jagadis Chunder Bose, M.A. (Cantab.) and D.Sc. (London), professor at the Calcutta Presidency College, from whom these words are quoted:—

We hear little and see still less. Our range of perception of sound extends through only eleven octaves, there are many notes which we cannot hear. Our range of vision is still more limited, a single octave of ethereal note is all that is visible to us. The lights we see are few, but the invisible lights are many.

He has discovered that these invisible lights penetrate earth, wood, pitch, brick, granite, and still retain their active properties. These electric waves have different angles of refraction for different bodies; and by discerning their refractive angle, we have a test of the genuineness of the substance through which they pass:—

The great difficulty in these investigations was the detection of the invisible light. It was necessary to perfect an artificial "electric eye" that could see the invisible. The electrical eye is worked on somewhat similar principles to the real eye; there is a sensitive layer on which the invisible light falling gives rise to an electric impulse, which is carried by conducting wire and produces a twitching motion to a part corresponding to the brain. This movement is made manifest by the magnified motion of a spot of light reflected from the moving part. It is wonderful to watch the movement of this spot of light in response to the invisible light acting in the artificial eye.

This invention has, besides its critical value, a practical value of a wide range:—

Again, for signalling purposes at sea, these ether waves have a tremendous future before them. At present there is no light which is powerful enough to penetrate a thick fog on a stormy sea to any distance, but rig up an electric generator on the lighthouse which can flash the ether waves through the fog, as easily as the sun's rays can pierce a clear atmosphere, and we see the possibilities of electric waves.

Every ship must be provided with an electric eye, and as it comes within the sphere of influence of the ether waves from the electric lighthouse the "eye" will "see" the invisible light and the captain of the ship will realise his dangerous position.

Such a discovery seems to come fitly enough from the East and from the land of the Mahatmas.

THE MOTHER PAINTER OF MOTHERHOOD.

A ROMANCE IN ART.

PERHAPS the finest thing in the *Century* for December is Lee Bacon's account of Virginie Demont-Breton, "the strongest woman figure painter in France," and president of the union of women painters and sculptors. Her story is a prophetic suggestion of the enrichment of life we may hope to receive from opening all careers to female talent. The lady is a daughter of the eminent painter M. Jules Breton, and granddaughter of de Vigne, another noted artist. Her husband is also a painter. She fell in love with him at first sight, when she was fourteen, and he, a youth of nineteen, came to her father's studio. After two years had passed she saw him again. The third time he came he proposed to her, while she was sitting to him for her portrait. Their life-work is thus the same, and forms a romance in art. She is above all others the painter of motherhood—real mothers and real children, not idealised abstractions—as the beautiful reproductions in the *Century* attest.

Mme. Virginie Demont looks back to her earliest childhood to find the first traces of the maternal instinct, the power in almost all of her important pictures. She cannot remember a time when she did not think of children—of her own children that were to be. The children who now exist influenced her life long before they were born. When she became a mother the little ones resembled strongly the children she had depicted in her paintings years before. She has lately written: "Maternity is the most beautiful, the healthiest glory of woman; it is a love dream in palpable form, and comes smilingly to demand our tenderness and our kisses; it is the inexhaustible source whence feminine art draws its purest inspirations." Love is the inspiring motive of almost every one of her pictures.

When true mothers with hereditary genius for art turn painters, we may expect in time a portrayal of motherhood diviner than anything that even Raphael or Murillo has produced; and Madame Demont-Breton may be hailed as a welcome pioneer in this direction:—

The walls of the twin ateliers . . . attest to the industry of both husband and wife . . . Each studio is supplied with its upper and side lights; husband and wife work side by side.

In Madame Demont's studio the walls are covered with studies and pictures of children of all ages and conditions, from the infant in arms to older ones clinging about the mother's knee. Some are asleep, others taking first steps, others digging in the sand or dipping in the waves. Each figure of each picture is studied over and over, first in one attitude then in another, in one drapery, then in another, first in one combination of colours, then in another, until the general harmony is gained. The love of childhood in all its phases is depicted everywhere. The Virgin and Child is a frequent theme with Virginie Demont, and her career can scarce close before she gives to the world a Holy Family worthy to hang side by side with the best examples of the masters of Italian, Flemish, or Spanish art.

THE Warden of the Browning Hall, York Street, Walworth Settlement, sends me the following appeal:—"Christmas is here again. The shops are crowded with good things to make Christmas a glad time for young and old, and to the children of the rich Santa Claus will assuredly come bearing rich freight of gifts. But to many a home in Walworth Christmas means not a festival, but pinching times, for work is slack and money scarce, when food and fire and clothing are most needed. The readers of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* last year gave our big family of six hundred children a happy Christmas. This year the family is much larger, and needs everything for Christmas—toys, sweets, books, clothes, boots—or the wherewithal to supply them."

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY IN A DEMOCRACY.

A HINT FROM THE UNITED STATES.

MR. EDWARD PORRITT contributes to the *Leisure Hour* for December a paper full of information, but little known on this side of the Atlantic, as to the growth of hereditary aristocracy in the United States. It would seem that the celebration of the centenary of the Declaration of the Independence led to the founding of various societies such as the Sons of the Revolution, and Sons of the American Revolution, as well as the related society of Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Dames, all of which were founded for the purpose of marking off their members from the common herd, of marking off as it were, certain families belonging to a hereditary class, superior, at least, by ancestral achievement to the millions who have no ancestors. Mr. Porritt says of the Sons of the Revolution:—

The purposes of both societies are social, educational, and patriotic. Their aim is to perpetuate the memory of the men who, by military, naval, or civil services, achieved the independence of America, and to further the celebration of the anniversaries of such events as Washington's birthday, the Battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence, the capitulation of Saratoga and Yorktown, and the formal evacuation of New York by the British army on December 3, 1783.

To secure admission to the Sons of the Revolution, documentary proof must be forthcoming that the candidate is of Colonial ancestry, and that one of his ancestors served in the Revolution, either in the naval or military forces or in a civil capacity. Such services must have been rendered between April 1775 and April 1783, between the outbreak at Lexington and the end of the war.

Unlike the Society of the Cincinnati, membership in the newer societies of the Revolution is open to the descendants of men who were of the rank and file of the Colonial forces, and of men whose services to the Revolution were of a civil character. Up to the end of 1896 between thirteen and fourteen thousand members had been admitted to the two most important societies.

These societies have, Mr. Porritt thinks, not been without their uses. He says:—

They have given the Stars and Stripes a more prominent place in the daily life of the American people than ever before.

These are the public results of the new movement. On the members, the Revolutionary Societies have conferred a social distinction, somewhat difficult to make clear to people in an old and settled country like England, but one which is greatly prized in the United States, especially in the smaller and more provincial centres of population. Each of the societies publishes an annual. In this are the names and full pedigrees of the members, and among the members themselves the Revolutionary Society Annuals are prized in the way that Debrett and Burke are popularly supposed to be prized in England by the people whose names appear in those volumes.

To understand how eager people are to be of these societies, it is only necessary to pay a few visits to a public library. The librarians tell, with a little impatience at having to make the admission, that 75 per cent. of the people who use the reference library do so solely in order to make genealogical researches. Town histories, town records, which give the names of those who took part in the Indian wars, and the military lists of the Colonial period, are the volumes in demand. These books are hunted through with the greatest earnestness by people who are anxious to be of one or other of the Revolution Societies.

It would be an interesting inquiry to find out whether in this country it would be possible to establish a society, say, of the direct descendants of men who fought in the Civil Wars for the purpose of commemorating the great principles that were then contended for. It might be

necessary to have separate societies for Cavaliers and Puritans, but it would be just as well if something could be done in this country to give the ordinary common man, whose forefathers fought in the rank and file at Naseby and at Marston, some of the realising sense of their connection with the glories of our past that has always been enjoyed by the hereditary aristocracy. The Americans have given us in this matter a useful hint, and I should not be surprised if sooner or later we were to found in this country a society of "Sons of the Empire," or of "Men of the Commonwealth," or of some other title which would tend to link together men and women of all classes, who could trace their descent in direct line from men and women who played a part in the stirring scenes of our past history. The aristocracy and gentry have too much monopolised the benefit of tradition of ancestral valour; it is equally the inheritance of the whole people.

A CHILDREN'S PARADISE;

OR, A FAIRY TALE OF THE NEW EDUCATION.

In the *Forum* for November Miss Gertrude Buck, of the University of Michigan, contributes an article entitled "Another Phase of the New Education." The title is not very attractive, but the article is charming. It is the first popularly-written description that I have ever seen of the practical carrying out of the "culture epoch" theory of education. This theory is based on the principle that as every child repeats in his own development the history of the race, therefore his education should follow as closely as may be the lines of progress drawn by the civilisation of the race.

Miss Buck describes the working of the normal school at Detroit under Miss Scott. The general system she characterises as follows:—

A certain period in the history of world-civilisation, studied in all its aspects and relations, constitutes the central core or nucleus for the work of a given grade, from this differentiating all the various branches of study—the history (political, industrial, social, and religious), the literature and language, the art, the ethics, the natural science, the number or arithmetic, the drawing, and music.

All this sounds very ambitious. Perhaps it would be well to see what is actually done to this end in the Detroit school.

A CLASS OF HIAWATHAS.

And this is how it is done. In the first grade, children between five and six are introduced to the life of primitive men, the savage, the hunter, the nomad. Every day the teacher tells them a story about Hiawatha, only one incident being selected for each day, but everything is gone into with the greatest minuteness and detail. On the day of Miss Buck's visit the subject was the scene where, with his bow and arrow, Hiawatha went into the forest, and a rabbit leaped out of his pathway saying, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha." The children have to do everything as if they were little Hiawathas. They have bows and arrows, and dress their dolls in the exact costume described by Longfellow. Animal and Indian pictures cover the walls. They have to make models in clay of everything they describe, and, in short, they have to live as Hiawatha did as nearly as they can, the object being to stimulate their natural curiosity, to reproduce their observations truthfully, to be brave and uncomplaining, and to feel a kinship with all animal and plant life. In addition to this, of course, they learn both reading and writing, simple arithmetic, and a great deal of natural history, but it is all bound up in Hiawatha, who becomes the hero of the class, which lives his life and follows his example.

In the next room we pass from Hiawatha to the

boy Kahlú of the early Aryan period, and the school-room is, as far as possible, transformed into the likeness of a one-story log house built on the side of the walls, where the boy tended his sheep, and made fire by the rubbing of sticks, and counted his flocks and herds. This marks the next step in advance from that of the hunter. This is how the children are impregnated with something of the poetry and culture of ancient Greece:—

ACTING THE PART OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS.

In the next room the scene had shifted to Greece. About the walls hung representative specimens of Greek art, in photographs, bas-reliefs, and statuettes. The Apollo Belvedere, the Venus of Milo, Diana, Mercury, Hebe, the Sleeping Ariadne, Aurora, Clytie, Niobe, and many others embodied concretely the motto on the board, "The True, the Good, and the Beautiful." As I came in, a little boy, perhaps eight years old, was telling the story of Baucis and Philemon with exquisite clearness and precision of phrase, and then another related the story of Rhœcus, and the children "acted it out," a little girl taking the part of the dryad, a boy that of Rhœcus, another that of the bee, while three or four boys acted the rôle of the playmates of Rhœcus. This "acting out" I found to be a favourite means all through the school for representing the stories told. The children take any parts, inanimate and non-sentient as well as human. In fact, the nature-work is very commonly reproduced in this fashion. The Greek doll and Greek house, as well as a Greek temple, built by the children, represented some of the hand-work in this room. Greek words were written upon the blackboard (in Greek characters) to show how Cleon wrote; illustrations of scenes from the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," the characteristic Greek border, and sketches of the flowers, leaves, and insects especially beloved of the Greeks, also adorned the blackboard.

OLD ROME AND OLD ROMANCES.

There is a Roman room in which Horatius, the Roman boy, is the hero. Roman life is reproduced, and the military and patriotic spirit is cultivated, and the ethical principle of power through law forms the ethical order of the study. From Rome they pass to the country of old romance, where the children are modelling a relief map in clay representing the scene of King Arthur's death. Then an eight-year-old girl took Tennyson's "Mort d'Arthur," and read it aloud to the class, which it was noted always preferred to use the archaic rather than the modern prosaic terms. From the age of chivalry they pass to another room, to the Renaissance, with Columbus as its central figure. The first half-year of the fourth grade is devoted to the Puritans in England, Holland and America. Cromwell, Hampden, Milton, Bunyan, William of Orange, and Miles Standish are the heroes.

A study of sociology is pursued in the eighth grade. In the first half-year the state is the special subject for study, its ethical core being the idea of justice, as a necessary outgrowth of the intertwining of the individual with the co-operative social structure. The formal side of this study is commonly taught under the head of "Civil Government." The meaning of these forms becomes intelligible in connection with the generalisations previously made; and the thought of justice is elaborated in a somewhat detailed study of the "Divine Comedy." In the second half-year the central idea is love, instead of justice, and the social institution is the family, not, as before, the state. The family is studied as a co-operative unit, and the fact of love and family relationship is frankly recognised as the highest spiritual co-operation. Love-stories of the pure sort are read and told in class—"Paul and Virginia," for instance, "Evangeline," "The Tempest," and one or two others—with an attempt to preserve and even increase the sacredness of the family relation in the minds of the children.

Altogether it reads like a fairy story, but if so, it is a fairy story of real life, for the work is going on to-day.

"WAKE UP, JOHN BULL!"

EXAMPLES AND WARNINGS FROM ABROAD.

THERE seems to be good reason for believing that ministers have taken to heart the warning so clearly expressed by public opinion during the recess in favour of pressing forward a Secondary Education Bill next session. Whatever exaggerations there may be in Mr. Williams' book "Made in Germany," the substance of which is republished in the penny pamphlet "Wake Up, John Bull," issued from this office, there is no denying that Germany is forging ahead. The *Daily News*, Mr. Ritchie, and Sir Thomas Farrer have endeavoured to belittle the significance of the facts and figures brought together by Mr. Williams, but one and all have to admit that there is great need for action, and I am glad to see that a Secondary Education Bill is to be introduced next session. Three months ago at headquarters it was not expected that this would be done. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour have both borne strong testimony to the need for improving the method of training our people. According to the Duke of Devonshire, the Secondary Education Bill is to be one of the Ministerial proposals next year.

WHY GERMANY IS GAINING GROUND.

Dr. Dillon, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* on "German Policy" incidentally calls attention to the fact that Germany is undoubtedly beating us, not because German goods are cheap, but because German education is better than ours. In this country the great idea is to pay for passing examinations, whereas, says Dr. Dillon—

In Germany, love of knowledge for its own sake, apart from its practical and profitable utilisation, is studiously instilled and successfully communicated to the rising generation, and the result is writ large, among other things, in the vast strides made by German commerce throughout the world. Their country bristles with technical schools, with commercial training colleges, and with special educational institutions for every kind of theoretical learning and practical skill, from the method of dairy farming to the theory of transcendental aesthetics. Their best statesmen are practical psychologists: their average ambassadors not only know the language, history, and literature of the countries to which they are accredited, but likewise the commercial advantages which may be obtained for German merchants there. System, order, thoroughness, characterise everything they set their hands to, with the sole exception of colonial enterprise, which needs that clearness of eye and steadiness of hand that only actual experience can confer.

And the result, says Dr. Dillon, is that it is the bitter truth, however much it may be gainsaid by optimistic ministers, that our commercial defeat is the result of commercial inferiority.

THE YELLOW MAN WITH THE WHITE MONEY.

German competition, however, is the competition of the skilled, highly trained, and competent producer, and we can compete by making our people equally skilled and equally competent, but there is no such possibility of levelling up or levelling down with regard to the threatened competition of the Asiatics.

In the *North American Review* for November, the United States Minister of Siam, the Honourable John Barrett, sets forth what he considers to be the plain truth about Asiatic labour. He has studied the subject carefully for years. He is not an alarmist, for he devotes the first part of his paper to exposing the falsity of all of the alleged facts upon which much of the scare was based, but he is constrained to add his testimony to the reality of the dangers with which we are threatened by the competition of the Yellow Man with the White Money.

The cost of keeping a big healthy labourer, well fed, does not exceed 2½d. a day in China, and 5d. in Japan, and probably costs much less. Japan is subsidising steamships running to Australia, the United States, and South America. He believes that Shanghai is destined to be the New York of China, and Hankow its Chicago. The number and size of modern manufactories in Shanghai, he says, is surprising: There are six cotton mills, eight cotton gins, and twenty steam silk spinning mills, to say nothing of one paper mill. Nearly all these are founded with Chinese capital. The most interesting experiment that he reports from China he found—

in Wuchang, the capital of Hupoh Province, in the heart of China, the home of the celebrated Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, and opposite Hankow, on the Yangtse. Here is an immense establishment controlled by the Viceroy, employing 3,500 hands, running 40,000 spindles. It occupies four large buildings, with two more in course of construction, lighted by electricity and heated by steam, constructed of pressed brick, with corrugated-iron roofs, provided with machinery of the latest designs, and powerful engines.

Employees in such a factory in Massachusetts would earn \$1.25 to \$1, gold, per day. Employees in this factory in Hankow or Wuchang, to the number of 3,500, receive on an average 150 cash, or 15 cents, silver, per day; that is, only 8 cents, gold! And the Viceroy was thinking of reducing the wages because the mills were not profitable! The manager, an Englishman, stated that they did not pay.

Mr. Barrett does not think Japanese competition is likely to be so formidable in the long run although it may be more speedily felt:—

Japan in July boasted of sixty-five cotton-mills with approximately one million spindles. In 1893 there were forty; in 1890, thirty; in 1888, twenty. The highest wages paid to native employees in the cotton-mills are seventy-five cents, silver, per day; the lowest five cents (female labour); the average twenty-five cents for fairly-skilled male labour and eighteen cents for similar female labour. Large numbers of women and children earn only five to ten cents.

HOW THE AMERICANS BEAT US.

While these warnings abound with regard to foreign competition with the British manufactures, evidence is not wanting as to an increase in the severity of the competition which is choking the life out of British agriculture. This touches on the second section of the pamphlet "Wake up, John Bull," which embodies the finding of the Recess Committee in Dublin against which I am sorry to say Mr. John Dillon has lifted up his voice. In the *North American Review* for November, Mr. W. S. Harwood writes an article, "What the Country is Doing for the Farmer," from which it appears that severe as American competition in food supplies has been in the past it is likely to become much more severe in the future. Mr. Harwood gives a very interesting and substantial account of the efforts that have been made to give the American farmer a scientific education and to promote a scientific study of what may be called the latest possibilities of agriculture.

Connecticut established the first experiment station in the United States in 1875, and there are now forty-six stations in the United States, several of which have sub-stations for the carrying on of field experimental work. Each station receives the sum of 15,000 dolrs. per annum from the general government for its maintenance, and there are various bequests from private individuals and from individual States increasing this amount handsomely in some instances. It requires about eight hundred thousand dollars per year to pay the expenses of the stations.

Mr. Harwood mentions one very interesting statement which if it be verified, will show that money spent in experiment stations is about the most profitable investment which can be made. He says:—

The investigations have shown that it is wholly feasible to produce a type of wheat, absolutely original in nature,

which will increase the yield of wheat in this country, and perhaps in the rest of the world in similar latitudes, by an enormous percentage.

The work that has been done in these experiment stations is very varied, and covers every department of farm operations. He says:—

Thirty stations are studying problems relating to meteorology and climatic conditions. Forty-three stations are at work upon the soil, investigating its geology, physics, or chemistry, or conducting soil tests with fertilisers or in other ways. Twenty stations are studying questions relating to drainage or irrigation. Thirty-nine stations are making analyses of commercial and home-made fertilisers or are conducting field experiments with fertilisers. Forty-eight stations are studying the more important crops, either with regard to their composition, nutritive value, methods of manuring, and cultivation, and the best varieties adapted to individual localities, or with reference to systems of rotation. Thirty-five stations are investigating the composition of feeding stuffs and, in some instances, making digestion experiments. Twenty-five stations are dealing with questions relating to silos and silage. Thirty-seven stations are conducting feeding experiments for beef, milk, mutton, or pork, or are studying different methods of feeding. Thirty-two stations are investigating subjects relating to dairying, including the chemistry and bacteria of milk, creaming, butter-making, or the construction and management of creameries. Botanical studies occupy more or less of the attention of twenty-seven stations, including investigations in systematic and physiological botany, with a special reference to the diseases of plants, testing of seeds with reference to their vitality and purity, classification of weeds and methods for their eradication. Forty-three stations work to a greater or less extent in horticulture, testing varieties of vegetables and large and small fruits. Several stations have begun operations in forestry. Thirty-one stations investigate injurious insects with a view to their restriction or their destruction. Sixteen study and treat animal diseases or perform such operations as the de-horning of animals. At least seven stations are engaged in bee culture, and three in experiments with poultry. The influence of the graduates of these agricultural institutions upon the farmers in the vicinity to which they go after being graduated is very great.

At present there are nearly five thousand students in agricultural colleges:—

Nearly four thousand have been graduated since these institutions were established. Nearly eleven millions of acres of land have been granted to these institutions by the general government. The value of the buildings and grounds of the various institutions is about sixteen millions of dollars; of libraries, a little over one million of dollars; of scientific apparatus, two million five hundred thousand dollars; while the annual revenue amounts to over four millions of dollars.

THE SECRET OF GERMAN SUCCESS.

Mr. B. H. Thwaite, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* for December on the "Commercial War between Germany and England," gives many instances and illustrations of the way in which German science and German thoroughness have succeeded in beating the English out of the market. He says:—

The main secret of Germany's great industrial progress may be summed up in the words, polytechnic education and philosophic training.

The refined precision and the advanced scientific attainments of the controllers of German metallurgical processes have enabled the day-by-day production of finished metal in sheets, the thinness, pliability, and evenness of structure of which are admittedly impossible of attainment in Staffordshire. Our easy *laissez-faire* policy, and reliance on an assumed superiority—because our fathers succeeded we ought to succeed—will not do.

But Mr. Thwaite is no a'armist, and he concludes his article with words of encouragement.

ON THE UNEMPLOYED.

MR. W. R. BOUSFIELD, M.P., writing in the *Contemporary*, expresses a common feeling of disappointment over the Report of the Select Committee on the Unemployed. The Committee has, he holds, not grappled seriously with the problem; has not recognised the different kinds of persons unemployed; has shown no symptom of knowing there are such questions as these:—

How are we to deal with the lazy vagabonds who form the lowest substratum of the unemployed? Can anything, and if so what, be done for the man who has permanently lost his employment, and wants helping to a new trade? How can we help the man who, through misfortune, is rapidly becoming "unfit," and sinking into the lowest class of unemployed? Can agencies of this class do anything for those who become temporarily unemployed in the winter? Most of the "considerations" of the Committee regarded as having any bearing on these and similar questions are simply ludicrous. They go chiefly to show that schemes of this kind cost money—which we might perhaps have expected.

WHAT HOLBORN GUARDIANS DO.

Over against the Committee's objection to farm and labour colonies, the writer sets the successful working by the Holborn Guardians of Mitcham Workhouse, which is simply "a farm and labour colony manned by paupers." Not taking the cost of maintenance of paupers into account, the workhouse showed a profit for the year of £100. The whole of the produce of the farm, of the shoemaking and tailoring departments, was consumed in the Guardians' own establishments. Properly organised the produce of such labour should come into the open market only to a very small extent.

The writer finds that "the chief merit of the Report is that it recognises that the problem is one for practical experiment, and that it recommends the Local Government Board to encourage such experiments." An Elizabethan statute empowers guardians to "set the poor on work" and to defray the expenses thus incurred, among which, however, wages are not specified. This defect is partly made good by an Act of George III.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL NOW.

Without further legislative powers there is already room for a wide range of experiment:—

The essential condition for such progress at the present moment is ample freedom for the various authorities to work on their own lines. That we shall have foolish as well as wise attempts is certain, but the survival of the fittest schemes, and the extinction of the unfit, will result, and the evolution of successful methods of treatment is certain, if only there be a sufficient variety of schemes for natural selection to work upon. But it must be natural selection, and not merely the selective fancy of the officials of the Local Government Board.

The writer suggests that guardians with organisations of labour under them like that at Mitcham might admit to their workshops on wage-payment able-bodied applicants for outdoor relief, who were able and willing to work. The wages should be chiefly in kind; and if the plan succeeded, for these "first-class applicants" franchise disabilities might be abolished.

THE ALL-DEVOURING GRAVE

AND ITS ANNUAL BILL OF FARE.

MR. HOLT SCHOOLING finishes his series of pictorial statistics on "Hatches, Matches, and Despatches" in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December. His first point is to show a strange sort of gallantry on the part of the King of Terror, who all through allows to a woman a greater expectation of life than to a man.

At birth she has an advantage of three years and three months, and fifty years later the surviving woman is still a better life than the surviving man to the extent of one year and nine months. Even at the advanced age of ninety an old woman will, on the average, outlive an old man by three calendar months.

WHEN MOST PEOPLE DIE.

The people of England and Wales die, it appears, at the rate of over 1,500 a day, or 65 an hour, or more than one a minute. They die fastest under the age of five, and next fastest between 65 and 74.



WHITE: Death rate from 12.5 to 13.9.—(1) Rutland, (2) Middlesex (excluding London), (3) Surrey, (4) Bucks, (5) Sussex, (6) Westmoreland.
LIGHT GREY: Death rate from 14.0 to 14.9.—(7) Berkshire, (8) Oxon, (9) Essex, (10) Herts, (11) Kent, (12) Hants, (13) Hunts, (14) Dorset, (15) Beds, (16) Worcester.
MEDIUM GREY: Death rate from 15.0 to 15.9.—(17) Northants, (18) Derby, (19) Suffolk, (20) Wilts, (21) Cumberland, (22) Leicester, (23) N. Riding, Yorks, (24) Cambs, (25) Lincoln, (26) Somerset.
DARK GREY: Death rate from 16.0 to 16.9.—(27) Gloucester, (28) Notts, (29) Cheshire, (30) E. Riding, Yorks, (31) Salop, (32) W. Riding, Yorks, (33) Norfolk.
BLACK: Death rate from 17.0 to 18.9.—(34) Monmouth, (35) Northumberland, (36) Warwick, (37) London, (38) Devon, (39) Staffs, (40) S. Wales, (41) Cornwall, (42) Hereford, (43) Durham, (44) N. Wales, (45) Lancs.

Out of every hundred deaths that occur, there die:—

Under 5 years	37.4	45—54 years	8.1
5—9 "	2.9	55—64 "	9.8
10—14 "	1.6	65—74 "	11.8
15—19 "	2.3	75—84 "	8.5
20—24 "	2.7	85 years and upwards	2.1
25—34 "	5.8		
35—44 "	7.0	Total	100.0

OUR MOST FATAL FOES.

The ten most fatal classes of disease are, as arranged in order of destructiveness:—

1. Diseases of the respiratory system (bronchitis, pneumonia, etc.).
2. Diseases of the nervous system.
3. Diseases of the circulatory system (heart disease).
4. Phthisis or consumption.
5. Old age.
6. Diarrhoea and dysentery.
7. Cancer.
8. Accident, negligence, suicide.
9. Small-pox, scarlet fever, enteric fever, and diphtheria.
10. Diseases of liver, ascites.

These "enemies" are represented in Mr. Schooling's picturesque way as darts of different lengths, striking at a map of England. No. 1 is more than twice as deadly as any other class. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are nearly equal. There is a great drop to 5, then a smaller drop to 6, 7, 8, and 9, which are about the same; No. 10 again marks a drop of about one-half of 9.

REMARKABLE LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

The enormous saving of life due to sanitation appears in the last thirty years. The death rate per thousand, which was pretty much the same from 1838 to 1870, has dropped since the latter date from 22.4 to 18.7 in 1895, as may be seen from the following table for England and Wales:—

Period.	Deaths per 1000 living.	Period.	Deaths per 1000 living.
1838-40	22.4	1866-70	22.4
1841-45	21.4	1871-75	22.0
1846-50	23.3	1876-80	20.8
1851-55	22.7	1881-85	19.4
1856-60	21.8	1886-90	18.9
1861-65	22.6	1891-95	18.7

IS THE LIFE SAVED MOST OR LEAST PRODUCTIVE?

This means a saving of 120,000 lives a year, or 10,000 a calendar month. Nor is the saving merely in the unproductive years of life. Out of a gain of nearly a million and a half years to every million of males born, one-third of a million years are gained by men aged 25-34, and two-thirds by men between 25 and 64. The figures are:—

Age period.	Years of life gained.	Years of life lost.
0-14	255,340	—
15-24	281,872	—
25-34	344,906	—
35-44	310,746	—
45-54	211,040	—
55-64	86,920	—
65-74	—	10,464
75-84	—	27,770
85 and upwards	—	13,451
Total gain	1,490,824	51,685
Total loss	51,685	
Net gain	1,439,139 years per million males born.	

CRADLE VERSUS COFFIN.

The race between the cradle and the coffin is run with

varying success in different nations. The following table shows the results in the case of the six great Powers:—

Number of births to every hundred deaths.	
United Kingdom	171
German Empire	161
Italy	142
Russia	138
Austria Hungary	138
France	101
The six Powers combined	140

THE RACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It is interesting to observe that the United Kingdom, after peopling or appropriating one-third of the habitable globe, is still the most fruitful. The race between France and the British Isles in respect of home population, which began with France in a preponderance of two to one, is now decided in our favour:—

When this century opened France had a population of 27 to 28 millions; we, in 1801, were under eleven millions in England, Wales, and Scotland, with, say, four millions more in Ireland. In 1891 France's population was 39½ millions, and the population of the United Kingdom was also over 38 millions. In 1896—a census year for France—our population is from 39 to 40 millions, and the result of the French census for April, 1896, shows a population of only 38½ millions—so that during the course of the century, and before its close, this country has turned the 1801 home population [of about one-half of France's 1801 population] into an actual majority.

WOMAN'S PLEA FOR THE FRANCHISE.

HOW IT FARES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Bishop of Albany, Dr. Doane, contributes to the *North American Review* for November an article which he calls "Some Later Aspects of Woman Suffrage." There is very little in it to call for special attention, but the Bishop places upon a pinnacle a certain Mrs. W. Crannell, who appears to have attended both the Republican and Democratic Conventions of this year in order to speak against the plea put forward by other women for the franchise. Both Conventions refused to admit a plank in favour of women's suffrage into their programme. The Republicans put in a clause which meant nothing; the Democrats did not even do that. And why, asks Bishop Doane:—

Mrs. Crannell knows; for, under God, it was due to her quiet, clear, strong, dignified presentation of the argument against woman suffrage that the plank proposed by Mrs. Blake was not introduced into the Republican platform; and that the whole thing was treated, in the Democratic Convention, with "a silence that was almost contemptuous."

In the *Forum* for November, Dr. W. K. Brooks writes an article which he calls "Women from the Standpoint of a Naturalist." The only good thing about the article is the title. One does not need to be a naturalist in order to repeat such platitudes and fallacies of the dominant male as these:—

If one who is not an expert in social science may be permitted to have an opinion, it seems clear to a zoologist that the only plea for female suffrage which can be admitted is the claim that it would benefit the community as a whole by strengthening democratic constitutional government.

Many thoughtful persons are convinced that the average woman is far more likely than the average man of the same condition in life to act upon some other motive than mature disinterested judgment, and that the enfranchisement of women might add to the number of voters, already far too numerous in our country, who are led by tradition or self-interest or emotion, rather than by intelligent zeal for the welfare of the whole nation.

IS MANKIND PROGRESSING?

This large question is investigated by Elisée Reclus in the long and thoughtful paper which opens this month's *Contemporary*. The writer begins by defining what he means by progress:—

Whether progress brings happiness or not, it ought above all to be understood as a complete development of the individual, comprehending the improvement of the physical being in strength, beauty, grace, longevity, material enrichment, and increase of knowledge—in fine, the perfecting of character, the becoming more noble, more generous, and more devoted. So considered, the progress of the individual is identified with that of society, united more and more intimately in a powerful solidarity.

THE BLISS OF THE SAVAGE.

He next considers the condition of primitive or savage peoples, and compares it with that of civilised nations. He points out that the former is simple and consequently readily coherent and conformable to its ideal; while the latter is, though immense in range and infinitely superior in the forces at work, yet incoherent and inconsistent. Thus the simple Negritos are superior to us in goodness, justice, reverence, truth, and are absolutely devoted to the common interest. The Aleutians are much more highly civilised, with knowledge of art and science, yet show similar innocence, remaining in "a state of peace and perfect social equilibrium":—

It is, then, established by the observation of facts and the study of history that many tribes, so far as the material satisfactions of life go, arrive at a state of perfect solidarity, both by the common enjoyment of the products of the earth, and by an equitable distribution of resources in case of dearth. . . . Community of work and of life carries with it a sense of distributive justice, perfect mutual respect, a wonderful delicacy of feeling, a refined politeness in words and in acts, a practice of hospitality which goes as far as the complete abnegation of self and the abandonment of personal property. . . . The man in a state more nearly approaching nature than the civilised man also possesses another immense advantage. He is more intimately acquainted with the animals and the plants, with the powerful scent of the earth, and the gentle or terrible phenomena of the elements. . . . He feels in perfect unity with all that which surrounds him, and of which, in his way, he comprehends the life as if all things moved with a rhythm which he himself obeyed.

THE WOES OF THE CIVILISED.

The advance towards civilisation involves the destruction of the isolation which makes this social and natural unity easily possible, and the integration of smaller into larger groups. But "no union, pacific or forced, of two ethnical groups, can be accomplished without progress being accompanied by at least a partial regress." The centre of gravity is displaced; a new organism replaces the old; industries and habits are altered, and the evolution of structure must recommence. Hence worse incidents appear in our own civilisation than are found in the savage state.

FOUR IMMENSE GAINS.

These, then, are the losses of the human movement hitherto. What are the gains? M. Reclus answers, Firstly, humanity has arrived at self-consciousness: The habitable and navigable surface of the earth is completely explored. Travel, colonisation, and trade have "made man the citizen of the planet." The whole world watches the human drama as its centre shifts year by year or period by period. Secondly, as geography conquers space, history has conquered time. The race is unifying itself in point of duration as of extension. Thirdly, we have the prodigious development of modern industry due

to science and invention; and fourthly, there is the intellectual advance seen in our analysis and synthesis of nature and mind; "psychology has become an exact science."

APPROACHING THE CAPITAL PROBLEM.

M. Reclus now moves to his main question:—

Thus admirably furnished with tools by its progress in the knowledge of space and of time, of the intimate nature of things and of man himself, is mankind at the present time prepared to approach the capital problem of its existence, the realisation of a collective ideal? Certainly. The work, if not of assimilation, at least of appropriation of the earth, is nearly terminated, to the profit of the nations called civilised, who have become by this very fact the nurses and educators of the world; there are no longer any barbarians to conquer; and consequently the directing classes will soon be without the resource of employing abroad their surplus national energy.

THE TWO FIRST DUTIES.

The internal problems will come to the front. The first is that of bread for all: the second is education for all, or bread for the mind. These once solved, not in the present beggarly manner, "the sense of justice being satisfied by the participation of all in the material and intellectual possessions of humanity, there would come to every man a singular lightening of conscience," the sense of cruel inequality being a poison in the cup of all human joy.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY.

If ever—and it appears to lie in the path of evolution—if ever the great organism of mankind learns to do what social organisms of not very large dimensions did and are doing—that is to say, if it complies with these two duties, not to let any one die of hunger or stagnate in ignorance—it will then be possible to attempt the realisation of another ideal, which also is already pursued by an ever-increasing number of individuals—the ideal of reconquering from the past all that we have lost, and becoming again equal in force, in agility, in skill, in health, and in beauty with the finest, strongest and most skilful men who have ever lived before us."

M. Reclus observes that "those of our young people who are brought under very good hygienic conditions and undergo physical training, grow in form and strength equalling the most handsome savages," while far surpassing them in intelligence; and concludes that man need not become "only an enormous brain swathed in wraps to keep him from taking cold."

A NEW "RETURN TO NATURE."

The modern man may also reconquer the real intimate comprehension of nature which the savage enjoys; he can re-enter the primitive cradle, relishing more keenly the return to the kindly maternal earth because of the light shed over it by science.

Complete union of Man with Nature can only be effected by the destruction of the frontiers between castes as well as between peoples. Forsaking old conventions, it is necessary that every individual should be able, in all brotherliness, to address himself to any one of his equals, and to talk freely of all that interests him.

Has humanity made real progress in this way? It would be absurd to deny it. That which one calls "the democratic tide" is nothing else but this growing sentiment of equality between the representatives of the different castes, until recently hostile one to the other. Under a thousand apparent changes in the surface, the work is being accomplished in the depths of the nations.

So M. Reclus answers his question with a comprehensive affirmative, "Humanity has really progressed from crisis to crisis and from relapse to relapse, since the beginning of those millions of years which constitute the short conscious period of our life."

SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

A GREAT theme nobly handled is brought before the readers of this month's *Contemporary Review*. One of the most thoughtful of living minds gives his idea of what is specially distinctive of our greatest dramatist. Professor Edward Caird begins his account of "Some Characteristics of Shakespeare" by emphasising the extreme difficulty of his task. He finds no other way of discovering Shakespeare's limits than by considering what he has *not* spoken of or laid stress on; and thus comes to note "the somewhat aristocratic limitations of his political sympathies" and "the want of any indication of insight into the secrets of the religious life."

HIS ENVIRONMENT.

But from his environment and actual lifework is to be drawn a positive estimate:—

Shakespeare was, in a sense, the highest flower of the movement to which we give the name of the Renaissance, the most perfect outcome of the new birth of human life and thought in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Now, what did this new birth consist in? It was a movement by which insurgent humanity threw off the external yoke of the Latin Church, with its dualistic morality, its transcendent theology, and its philosophy of foregone conclusions, and returned upon itself to enjoy the riches and fulness of its own natural life, and to discover in that life all that had hitherto been sought, as it were, in the clouds.

Politically, the time was one of national rather than of democratic freedom: Shakespeare's ideal was "an England gathered into an army against its foes, around a heroic king like Henry V." Both in religion and politics the period was one of emancipation without being one of internal conflict; and consequently "a great age for poetry."

HIS TWO CHIEF GIFTS.

Passing from the age to the man, Dr. Caird asks:—

When we say that Shakespeare was the greatest dramatic genius which the world has ever seen, what exactly does this imply? It implies, I answer, an extraordinary measure of two characteristic gifts: on the one hand, that gift of sympathetic insight by which the individual escapes from himself into another individuality, so as for the moment to see the world with that other's eyes; and, on the other hand, the gift of rising above all special interests of individuals to a central point of view, and so of realising how in the drama of life those individualities play upon each other, and by their action and reaction bring about the crisis which manifests their nature and decides their fate. Each of these gifts is closely connected with the other.

If we divide great men into men of action and men of thought or universal receptivity, Shakespeare belongs to the latter class, "perhaps we may say that Shakespeare is nearer to Hamlet than to any other of his characters." He suggests a man likely to become passion's slave, finally saved from moral shipwreck not through preventive prudence, but through the self-despair and self-disgust which followed as "inevitable recoil" on self-indulgence.

HIS "ULTIMATE SECRET."

Just this universality of his sympathies leads him to evolve the catastrophe from within, as the rebound of the deed upon the doer, "the outward play of accident" being almost exclusively "the opportunity to let character display itself and work itself out":—

He is active, we might say, by excess of passivity. He so lives in each of his characters that nothing external, nothing unmotivated by their own feeling and thought, seems to happen to any one of them. . . . The presentment of the issues is so natural and complete that they become all but transparent. . . .

And this, perhaps, is the ultimate secret of great dramatic work and the reason why, in spite of the fearful catastrophe, a tragedy of Shakespeare sends us away, not with a mere feeling of horror and dismay, but with a sense of reconciliation. In the tragic crisis the movement of life has brought about a full statement of its problem; and fully to state the problem of life is almost to solve it.

STRONG BY VIRTUE OF "HIS WEAKNESS."

These two notes, of an "all but unlimited passivity of sympathy" and a consciousness of the law of life immanent in every character, are characteristic of the genius essentially dramatic:—

And Shakespeare was the ideal dramatic poet, just because his all-tolerant soul set up no barriers between him and other men. We are, therefore, I think, entitled to say that he was the very reverse of a man of action, that he was one whose strength grew out of what might be called his weakness and impersonality of nature. For sympathies so open and impartial could not fail in the end to become just, and so to liberate him from the toils in which they seemed to ensnare him.

HIS PERIOD OF "CURSING AND BITTERNESS."

Dr. Caird considers this picture to be confirmed by all that we know of his life. The joy of living appears unchecked in his earlier plays. But about 1600 begins his period of disillusionment:—

If it be true of Shakespeare, as it was of Goethe, that he sought in art deliverance from thoughts and feelings which were overburdening his soul and poisoning his life, assuredly the author of "Lear," and "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," and "Timon" had some "perilous stuff" weighing upon his heart at this time. Out of these plays one might collect a richer vocabulary of cursing and bitterness, the materials for a more emphatic commination service against man and nature, a more complete exposure of the seamy side of life, and a more fierce arraignment of the whole scheme of earthly things than, perhaps, is to be found in all literature besides.

HIS EMERGENCE INTO JUSTER VIEWS.

We find him "continually recurring to the idea of suicide." But—

Art had given Shakespeare the power to say, and to say out, what he suffered, to console himself by the supreme consolation of consummate expression. In such expression he rose above his sorrow, and said, or at least felt, what he makes us feel, that there is a harmony which includes the discords of existence. By the very depth of his sympathy Shakespeare becomes just and recognises a justice in the world.

Of his profession Shakespeare seemed often to cherish a low and resentful estimate; but while fretting under its Bohemianism, he felt its advantages.

WAS HE AN AGNOSTIC?

Of his specifically religious attitude, Dr. Caird's closing sentences bear weighty witness:—

Shakespeare is no dogmatist or theorist; he certainly tells us nothing of his views as to the ordinary religious creed of his day, and some have even called him an Agnostic. But, in any deeper sense, it would be altogether untrue to call him so. For, even in his darkest tragedy, it is a moral principle which rules the evolution of events and brings on the tragic crisis. Shakespeare, as we have seen, is throughout faithful to the principle of Heraclitus; it is a man's character that is his fate. And it would be the reverse of the truth to assert that, in its ultimate result and outcome, his view of life is sceptical or despairing. On the contrary, we are able to say that the man who most profoundly measured all the heights and depths of human nature, and saw most fully all the humour and pathos, all the comedy and tragedy of the lot of man upon earth, was not embittered or hopelessly saddened by his knowledge, but brought out of it all in the end a serene and charitable view of existence, a free sympathy with every joy and sorrow of humanity, and a conviction that good is stronger than ill and that the "great soul of the world is just."

CATERERS FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"ROUND the London Restaurants" is the title of an interesting paper by Mr. W. J. Wintle in the November *Windsor*. The writer tells of visits paid, but perhaps the interest centres in his interview with Mr. John Pearce, the managing director of "Pearce and Benty" and the British Tea Table Company.

FROM "GUTTER HOTEL" TO THE B. T. T.

This is Mr. Pearce's account of his career:—

You see, he said, I went to work when I was nine years old, through the loss of both my parents, and I have had to work hard all my life. In 1866 I started with a coffee-stall at the corner of East Road and the City Road, and for thirteen years I was there every week-day morning at four o'clock. I always had a notion of trying to attract the working classes, so I called my stall "The Gutter Hotel," and the name caught on famously. You see I keep a drawing of the concern hung up in my office to remind me of the pit from whence I was digged. Well, by being very careful I managed to save a little money, and in 1879 I opened a shop in Aldersgate Street, but moved in 1882 to Farringdon Street, where I started the big place with the two bent mirrors in front, to show the public how they looked before and after trying my beef-steak puddings.

I ran this place myself for four years, and supplied 6000 meals a day, so I fancy I know a little about how the working-classes feed. But in 1886 a few wealthy gentlemen, who were interested in the experiment, formed a company, and now we have twenty-two houses, while the British Tea-Table Company, which is an outgrowth of Pearce's Refreshment Rooms, Limited, and is under the same management, has twenty-four houses, making a total of forty-six establishments. Fourteen of these have temperance hotels connected with them. In Pearce's refreshment rooms we supply 50,000 persons every day, consisting almost entirely of workmen.

WEEKLY WAGE AND WEEKLY FORESIGHT.

An instructive induction made by him about the working-men is worth remembering:—

My experience proves that they live up to their income. Here is a curious fact. If you show me our takings for any day, I can at once tell the day of the week. On Monday we get plenty of large silver, but it gradually dwindles from day to day, until on Friday we take more halfpence than anything else. Monday is our worst day, because so many of the men bring cold meat with them to their work, but the next worst day is Friday, when we find a great demand for haddocks and eggs. I used to put this down to religion, for many of our customers are Irish Catholics, until I noticed that the men who have such a light dinner on Friday often come back in the evening after paytime and indulge in a good square meal. So it is evidently more poverty than piety.

METEOROLOGY AND MEAT.

Another fact appears which the sociologist will care to note, as to the influence of temperature on appetite. Mr. Pearce says:—

The weather makes a great difference in such a business as ours. A fall in the temperature means a rise of 25 per cent. in the sale of bread and butter. So much is this the case that we take careful note of the temperature every morning, and regulate our supplies accordingly.

ANNUAL HECATOMBS TO THE DINNER-GOD.

Of the annual output—would not "input" be a better term?—the following figures are given:—

The weight of beef, mutton, pork and veal consumed during the course of the year would equal the weights of a drove of oxen numbering 993, a flock of sheep numbering 1002, a herd of pigs numbering 1415, and 121 calves. Here are some more startling figures for the year. We consume 990 tons of potatoes and 902 tons of flour. The eggs total up to 1,870,000, and as we sell them slightly under cost price, taking the year as a whole, this represents a very considerable loss in our annual accounts. We use 99,000 gallons of milk,

13½ tons of cocoa, 58,300 pounds of tea, and 385,000 pounds of sugar, while we get through 110 tons of jam, 2½ tons of pepper, 4½ tons of mustard, and 2640 gallons of vinegar. As a small offset against the profit of all this I may mention that we break 30,067 cups, 27,432 plates, and 12,648 saucers every year. You will bear in mind that these figures refer to Pearce's Refreshment Rooms only, and do not include the British Tea-Table establishments.

It is pleasant to know that with a total staff under him of eight hundred persons, this director finds the chief reason of domestic servants going to ruin in that their lives are spent in practical slavery. "If they had more time for themselves, they would devote far more energy to their employer's service." The annual trip of his employees to Ramsgate is paid for by the sale of their kitchen refuse, grease, bones, and the rest.

There are, it appears, some thirty vegetarian restaurants in London, supplying twenty thousand luncheons daily, and the first was opened only fifteen years ago. But twelve out of the thirty have rooms for flesh-eaters, where they can gratify their carnal preferences. Vegetarian restaurants are said to clear one hundred per cent. profit.

MEMORIES OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MISS GRACE GILCHRIST contributes to *Good Words* a paper full of pleasant reminiscences of Christina Rossetti, who used to be a frequent guest at Mrs. Gilchrist's. She recalls the "first memorable visit" of the poetess to the home of the Gilchrists among the Surrey hills:—

She was then a dark-eyed slender lady in the plenitude of her poetic powers, having already written some of her most perfect poems. To my child's eyes she appeared like some fairy princess who had come from the sunny south to play with me. In appearance she was Italian, with olive complexion and deep hazel eyes. She possessed, too, the beautiful Italian voice all the Rossettis were gifted with—a voice made up of strange sweet inflections, which rippled into silvery modulation in sustained conversation, making ordinary English words and phrases fall upon the ear with a soft, foreign, musical intonation, though she pronounced the words themselves with the purest of English accents. Most of all I used to wonder at and admire the way in which she would take up, and hold in the hollow of her hand, cold little frogs and clammy toads, or furry many-legged caterpillars, with a fearless love that we country children could never emulate. Even to the individual whisk of one squirrel's tail from another's, or the furtive scuttle of a rabbit across a field or common, nothing escaped her nature-loving ken: yet her excursions into the country were as angels' visits, "few and far between;" but when there, how much she noted of flower and tree, beast and bird!

Miss Rossetti, it appears, was extremely shy. On the first visit she was too timid to venture down from her room, and Mr. Gilchrist had to go and bring her down. This, says Miss Gilchrist, was significant of "the sweet modest nature, from which all her growing fame could not detract an iota of that shy girlish humility which clung to her through life":—

The great charm of her personality was an unaffected simplicity which, wedded to her rare gifts, was irresistibly winning. This sweet simplicity of nature lent its charm to her treatment of children, for she read the heart of a child unerringly.

Miss Gilchrist concludes:—

The enduring charm of Miss Rossetti's poetry will rest in its entire spontaneity; for sure'y no poet since William Blake has sung with less premeditated art than Christina Rossetti. And her pure, fragrant life fulfilled her poems; for its serene and tender humanity fitly enfolded the immortal heart of purest song.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE VENEZUELA DISPUTE.

DR. ALBERT SHAW, discussing the Treaty of Arbitration for the settlement of the Venezuelan frontier, raises the question whether the Venezuelans have not reason to complain, owing to the fact that they are not directly represented in the Transvaal. England has two arbitrators, while Venezuela has none, for Dr. Shaw continues to write as if the Americans had occupied an impartial position, whereas we have throughout treated the Government of Washington as the advocate for their clients, the Venezuelans. With two American arbitrators on the Board, the Venezuelans themselves do not seem to feel that there is any danger of their interests being overlooked. This confusion, however, is natural at the beginning of the new rôle of the American Government. President Cleveland and the Venezuelans have shown true appreciation of the true position of the United States in all such controversies.

FROM THE AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Dr. Shaw says:—

Everybody has good reason to be satisfied. Out of the controversy which for a few weeks was thought by many people on both sides of the ocean to endanger the good relations between England and the United States, there has come a better understanding than ever existed before, and a great enhancement of mutual respect. Americans know better than they did before that English public opinion desires just dealing, and that the real English feeling towards America is one of great friendliness and good-will. Englishmen, on the other hand, understand better than they did before that public opinion in the United States must be reckoned with, and that America has the courage of its convictions. There is good reason to believe that the happy settlement of the Venezuelan controversy is to be speedily followed by a general arbitration treaty between England and the United States, which will stand as a great testimony to the determination of both these nations that no future page of history shall be stained with the record of so monstrous a crime against civilisation as a war between the two halves of the English-speaking world. Such progress in the path of international righteousness is,—when also coupled with the testimony to national character, sanity and stability furnished by the presidential election,—news enough for one month, certainly. The two events, viewed together, may well give heart and courage to those who believe that it is worth while to keep on fighting the great battles of civilisation.

FROM THE ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. S. Sidney Low contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* for December an article, in which he states the English point of view of the significance of the Anglo-American treaty providing for the arbitration of the Venezuela question. This treaty he regards as the most pregnant event of all this *annus mirabilis* 1896. It is true its importance and interest are much more for the people of the United States than for Englishmen, though the latter too are very closely concerned in it. It is an admission of the political hegemony of the United States in the two Americas. The precedent has been established which it is the chief object of the Olney doctrine to set up. A novel attempt has been made to define the attitude of the United States towards the other Governments of the two Americas. A fresh article has been added to the code which regulates the relations of the civilised Powers to one another. How far the new system extends, and what its precise meaning and validity may be, are questions which the recent transactions have left in much uncertainty.

But whatever answer there may be to those questions there is no doubt about one thing, namely, that—

The United States has saddled itself with a vast addition to

its burdens and its duties. It has asserted—successfully asserted—for itself a claim to be the general protector and arbiter of the American continent. The responsibility thus assumed is a heavy one. Nothing like it has existed in the world since the downfall of the Roman Empire. The United States is practically bound to intervene as protector, champion, and judge in equity whenever territorial changes on the American continent are contemplated, or the rights of an American State are menaced; to intervene by diplomacy if that will suffice, by fleets and armies if it will not.

Mr. Low points out how easily a difficulty might arise which would compel the United States to face the alternative of tearing up the Olney doctrine, or going to war. South America is most sparsely peopled, and both Germany and Italy are pouring thousands of emigrants into the country:—

Let us suppose—not an extravagant supposition—that some time in the early part of the next century a couple of millions of Germans find themselves living in Southern Brazil, and that they also find the government of a gang of half-caste attorneys and political adventurers at Rio Janeiro no longer tolerable. The Uitlanders revolt and are beaten; they appeal to their own Government for protection and annexation.

What would Germany do? It is hardly in human nature to think that the German Government would not try to take a hand in such a very promising dispute. If Germany did, what would the United States do? It would either have to fight or buck down.

Whichever alternative is taken the result would involve an addition to the external responsibilities, and an increase of the warlike resources, of the United States. This last result seems to be inevitable. No nation can expect to take over the political control of an entire continent, to make itself answerable for permanently maintaining the existing geographical divisions of a group of States so large and (in some cases) so distant as those of the two Americas, and to secure the integrity against colonisation, annexation, or other forcible intrusion, of territories at once so tempting, so weak, and in such a condition of economic and industrial infancy, without being in a position to give effect to its wishes. If the scramble for South America once begins, neither the latent resources nor the moral influence of the United States will avail to protect its clients without the display of effective material strength.

The old Monroe doctrine was one of self-centred isolation. A country, which aimed as far as possible at having no political relations with foreign States, could almost dispense with the luxury of fleets and armies. But the new Monroe doctrine (which in some respects is rather the antithesis than the legitimate development of its predecessor) cannot assuredly be maintained unless the citizens of the Republic are prepared to endure burdens and incur obligations from which hitherto they have been envially free.

Two hitherto unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott are treasures any magazine might be proud of, all the more when the letters are of the fine self-revealing order. The *Girl's Own Paper* for November is to be congratulated on beginning its new volume with this distinction. The first letter, dated January 3rd, 1824, was a request to his son's superior officer begging him to extend his leave of absence on the ground of "important family affairs." These, as it proved, were no other than a love-match between the said son and a wealthy young lady, Miss Jane Jobson, then staying at Abbotsford. The truth comes out in the second letter—of date January 13th—again to the superior officer; and the genial way in which the old fatherly heart discloses itself, with many a gleam of humour and many a tinge of pathos, makes the great poet and novelist dearer than ever to the world that loves him. Much of the second letter is reproduced in autograph.

WANTED—A NEW ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

A PLEA FOR THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. JOHN.

MR. W. K. STRIDE contributes to the *Forum* for November a remarkable paper, in which he suggests that as national action is forbidden in Armenia, and international action seems to be impossible, it would be well for individuals to band themselves together after the manner of the Old Knights Templars, to create an Order at first directed to the performance of simple acts of charity, such as nursing the sick and feeding the starving in desolated regions of the Christian East:—

National action may be impossible just because it is national. But action of some kind must be undertaken unless the Armenian massacres are to be repeated at the first unlucky opportunity. National and international action having failed, there remains voluntary action, and for voluntary action to be effectual, it is not in this case necessary that it should be initiated by national or international intervention. That weapon would be in the background, and could be employed with far more force on the occasion of the very first dispute.

BROTHERS OF ST. JOHN.

It may seem that the mission of this "Brotherhood of St. John"—if I may so style this suggested society—would be in the nature of a forlorn hope, and that the society would be offering itself as a *corpus vile* for a risky though perhaps interesting experiment. If this were so, I do not think it would tell very strongly against the proposal: there are always volunteers in plenty for the forlornest and most dangerous of enterprises. But in truth it would not be so. It is not to be supposed that a few enthusiasts would recklessly scatter themselves over the provinces of Asiatic Turkey, and proceed to defend the oppressed and defy the oppressor on every possible occasion. The course of action would probably be of a very different kind.

HOW TO BEGIN.

Starting with two or three seaport towns as their base, where they could purchase or construct buildings in strong positions, and where they could act in conjunction with, and as supplementary to, the European consulates, they might gradually extend their influence into the interior as their resources of men and money permitted, till a line of posts was established from sea to sea, with branches diverging laterally into the remote valleys of the interior. Each station would possess its own force of militia or police, and some sort of fortress capable of affording at any rate a temporary protection to fugitives as well as to the members of the Brotherhood; and at longer intervals there might be depôts of more considerable size capable of holding out almost indefinitely against the attacks of any save regular troops.

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

There would thus be existing, in the very heart of the now disturbed districts, cities of refuge, so to speak, which would not only be effectual sanctuaries in case of sudden local outbreaks, but would be capable of arresting in some degree the torrent of anarchy which will be let loose in Asia Minor when that country falls or is forced from the grasp of the Turk. These stations would also become in the interval centres of trade and industry, and by being the pioneers of commercial and agricultural development would be the first to profit by every fresh extension of their sphere of influence; while, as they would not be working for their own enrichment,—and the appropriation to local improvements of all profits above a low fixed rate of interest must be one of the first of their rules,—they would be free from the temptations to which the promoters of less disinterested enterprises are prone.

A REVERSION TO THE ORIGINAL TYPE.

For such a task the descendants of one of the proudest Orders of chivalry may seem but little fitted; but, in truth, the undertaking would hardly differ more from the ordinary conception of their work and constitution than their own ideal differed from itself at various periods of their history. The

world may not be about to see another Crusade—though that is by no means certain—but the Brotherhood of St. John has reverted to its original character. If any human institution is capable of dealing with the perplexing and threatening condition of affairs in the East, it is probably an Order which has behind it so noble a history, and has so often proved at once its pliancy and its toughness.

Mr. Stride's suggestion is one which might be carried into effect, for at present nothing can be done to secure the administration of relief in Armenia owing to the certainty that those who administer it would be plundered and possibly massacred themselves. If, however, Mr. Stride's proposals were carried out the work of relief could be carried on under the protection of a recognised Order, the creation of which would be a very brilliant and practical testimony of the reality of the Christian and Humanitarian enthusiasm of our time. There must be at least a dozen millionaires in London who could endow such an Order with a million as a nest egg. It is a kind of work which Baron Hirsch would have delighted in if the Armenians had been Jews; but all millionaires surely are not of the Jewish persuasion. Besides, there are a hundred men in the United States alone who could equip such an Order complete in every detail without being conscious of having depleted their bank account by a penny piece.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY;

OR, WORK AS THE SOURCE OF MORALITY.

IN the *Forum* for November there is a very interesting article by William Ferrero, under the title "Work and Morality," the point of which is that all our morality results from the habit of work, and that is the curse which has counteracted the effect of the Fall. Speaking of the evolution of civilisation and morality, he says:—

We are, in short, as compared with our ancestors, what a tamed dog is, as compared with a wild dog; for civilisation is to man what taming is to animals. Hence there arises the problem, How and by what means has this taming process ensued, and why have so many millions of men thus radically changed their character?

The majority of men nowadays possess a peaceable character because they are accustomed to perform a certain amount of work daily in a methodical manner: the habit of regular and methodical work has destroyed the violent impulsiveness of man's primitive character. When man, as is the case to-day, has succeeded in subduing his natural propensity toward a life of idleness and pleasure, and in transforming himself into a living machine which continues day after day to perform the same work, the character becomes milder, less violent, and more controllable.

It will appear strange that methodical work should be thus able to admirably subdue the innate violence of human nature; but the phenomenon is easily explained when one considers that the primitive violent impulsiveness is the effect of an excess of unemployed mental energy which methodical work helps to use up.

A certain degree of self-control is the first condition of all morality; for of what avail are moral precepts when the character is the slave of passion and acts upon the spur of the moment? Therefore, the habit of methodical work is the basis of all ethics. There is so much truth in this, that, by one of the most wonderful phenomena of atavism, the incapacity for work reappears in criminals and is perhaps one of the chief characteristics of their psychology.

The capacity for methodical work is in short the very essence of morality, the quality upon which all others depend. Those who do not possess it may be able to partially make up for this defect by brilliant intellectual qualities, but they will always remain fundamentally imperfect individuals; those who possess this quality and do not endeavour to develop it by practice are dissipating the most precious treasure.

TWO PICTURES OF MODERN SOCIETY.

1.—THE WHITE SLAVES OF BRADFORD.

THE activity of the Independent Labour party in Bradford, East and West, will become less puzzling to Liberals who read Mr. R. H. Sherard's "White Slaves of England" in this month's *Pearson's*. He describes the lot of the wool-combers of Bradford, and it is a gruesome story he has to tell. "Their pallor," he says, "their great weariness, stamp them with an appearance almost ethereal or wraithlike." He had several of them weighed, and tall men among them, but "not in one single instance did the machine register a heavier weight than 10 stone." This maximum weight had gained 21 lbs. in ten weeks in another employment, but on resuming the combing, he lost 9 lbs. in a fortnight. The average weight of the men was below 9 stone. At one of the worst "rushing shops" in the town the men were pale, haggard, puny—more like spectres than men. One of them, an old man, said he had not averaged twelve shillings a week during all the years he had worked. Mr. Sherard was nearly overpowered by the stench which came into the street from the wool-sorting rooms, heated and oily; yet the men must work in the rooms themselves from sixty-one to sixty-four hours a week, with Saturday afternoons often thrown in in addition. At other times the work is painfully intermittent; yet the men are never told when the factories are going to stop; they have to trudge in all weathers to the mill

only to be told there is no work for them. The average number of weeks which a wool-comber can hope to work during the year is only twenty-five.

The wages are very low. Even when working full time, a man has difficulty in earning 20s. a week. Mr. Shaftoe puts the average wage for the men at 14s. all the year round. . . . At the factories where work is assured all the year round, the average wage for the men is 18s. a week.

And be it remembered this is night work, paid at the rate of 3½d. an hour. The day work is done by women, who are paid 2½d. an hour. In hundreds of families the husband works by night and the wife by day. "No better device for the separation of the sexes could have been invented." What the home-life can be may be fancied.

The heat in the wool-combing rooms is at times so extreme that poor men, and women, too, return to the simplicities

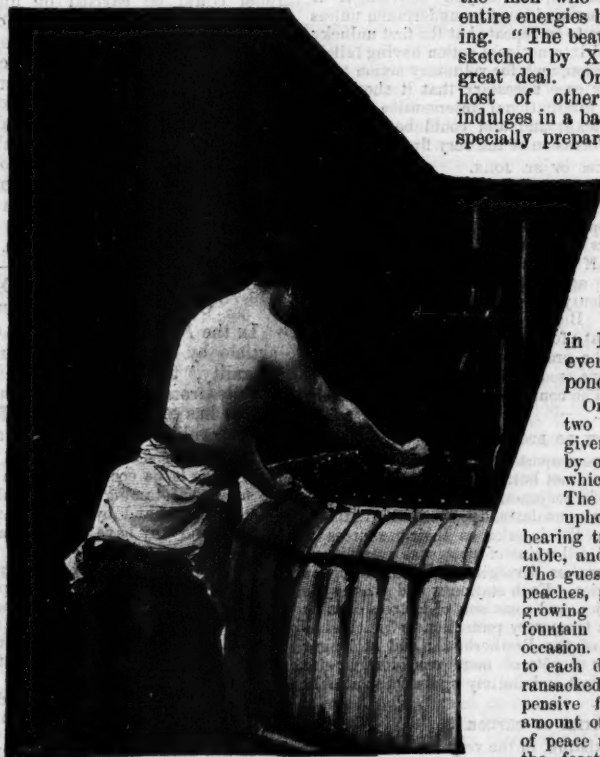
of tropical climates. . . . The noise is deafening—a grinding, screeching noise; the whole place vibrates. The heat is very great, and the air is full of a yellow, noisome dust.

In the daytime there is a woman at each machine, and these are women of every age, from bent old grandams of seventy down to mere children, the rest, for the most part, wearing the *passée* look of middle age. "Girls of twenty look forty," said one to me.

2.—THE GILDED YOUTH OF THE SAVOY.

So fare the men and women who make solid contribution, at least, to the production of our wealth. Now take this picture from the *English Illustrated* of some of the men who produce nothing, their entire energies being exhausted in spending. "The beau of modern Babylon," as sketched by X., contrives to spend a great deal. One "Johnnie," among a host of other luxuries, occasionally indulges in a bath of hot milk, in a tank specially prepared and fitted up in his bathroom. Two sovereigns is his usual payment for lunch. £10 per head is not an unusual sum for dinner. Massage takes the place of exercise. But this is the picture which wool-combers in Bradford and politicians everywhere will do well to ponder:—

One winter evening, about two years ago, a dinner was given at the Savoy Restaurant by one of those wealthy lads which cost an enormous sum. The dining-room was specially upholstered in red. Fruit-bearing trees were placed upon the table, and ranged round the room. The guests plucked ruddy cherries, peaches, grapes, oranges, from the growing branches. A perfumed fountain was improvised for the occasion. Costly presents were given to each diner. The markets were ransacked for sumptuous and expensive food and drink, and the amount of the bill conferred a sense of peace upon those who partook of the feast but did not have to pay. Music of the best qualified the sensuality of this Gargantuan exploit.



A WHITE SLAVE AT WORK.

McClure's Magazine.

McClure's for December contains a series of views of Bethlehem, which Mr. S. S. McClure has been visiting. There are two stories by Rudyard Kipling, and one by Ian Maclaren; and there is the inevitable Nansen sketch. Other features of the month are directed to the due cultivation of American hero worship—"the earliest known portrait" of Grant, taken when he was twenty-one; Hamlin Garland's sketch of his early life, and an unpublished portrait of Washington.

SARAH TOOLEY's account of Christmas with the Royal Family, and a sketch of Lady Jeune and her daughters are among the principal features of the *Temple Magazine* for December.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF FASHION.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. WORTH.

ONE of the most interesting papers in the December number of the *Lady's Realm* is Miss Belloc's account of her conversation with the famous man-milliner of Paris. The article is copiously illustrated with pictures showing M. Worth's artistic handiwork, for the essence of M. Worth's success lies in the fact that he has endeavoured to make a picture of each costume, adapting it to the figure and complexion of the wearer. M. Worth says:—

We often send photographs of some of our newest creations to all parts of the world. Of late years the lay figure has been brought to an extraordinary state of perfection, and in many cases, we have *mannequins* exactly reproducing our foreign customers' peculiarities of form, etc. Indeed, this system of fitting has many advantages, especially when, as not unfrequently happens, a client requires twenty to thirty dresses to be made for her at one time. The most successful and newest lay figure is made on the same principle as an india-rubber cushion, and with the help of a pattern bodice, or even the measurements, can be made to express exactly the size and shape required. Another and more usual *mannequin* is that worked by a series of buckles and straps, which also expands till it exactly fits the lining placed over it."

There are many curious and interesting facts mentioned in the article as to the rage that sets in for certain colours and fashions. When Rachel the actress, for instance, bought out of charity a piece of material of yellow colour and had it made up for her own use, she looked so well in it, that every woman in the theatre determined to have a dress made in the same colour, with the result that every manufacturer who was lucky enough to have yellow material in stock made a very handsome profit; but it is, of course, a great delusion to suppose that because one woman looks well in anything that all women will look equally well. M. Worth says:—

"Of course, there are certain people who can wear anything and look well—your English Countess of Warwick, for one of them—but there are not many such in the world. As to who sets the fashion," he added after a pause, "that affords an easier solution. There can be no doubt that certain *déjantés*, who have the courage of their convictions and a belief in their own charms, can impose whatever style of dress suits them best on the world at large. For instance, a beautiful woman with a long neck wears a high collar, and all her plain friends follow her example. A notable leader of fashion gets tired of narrow skirts and appears suddenly in a full round *jupe*. Her appearance creates a sensation, and the next day those women who have seen her in some public place or on some official occasion, wearing with grace and effect what appeared *outré* and old-fashioned, follow her example. Still, women are exceedingly conservative, and in the matter of fashion," concluded M. Worth, smiling, "Englishwomen distinguish themselves as being so, and are, on the whole, Tory *dans l'âme*."

Miss Belloc asked the great artist-dressmaker—who by the way, as might be expected, does not approve of scientific or of tailor-made costumes for ladies—where he got his ideas. He replied:—

"As to where I get my ideas: sometimes from a piece of old Church embroidery or a scrap of Louis Quinze brocade, picked up in an old curiosity shop. Often I have reconstituted a whole piece of material from a small breadth taken out of a Court costume or vestment. When I am satisfied, or as satisfied as I am ever likely to be, with a design, it is reproduced to my order in different schemes of colouring, and even of material. I very much enjoy designing picture-costumes."

An excellent portrait of Professor Shuttleworth is given in the December *Humanitarian*, along with an interview on his well-known views of "dramatic salvation," as it is rather awkwardly called.

WHAT THE COLLEGES HAVE DONE FOR AMERICA.

PROFESSOR THWING, writing in the *North American Review* for November, gives some interesting facts and figures illustrative of the extent to which American colleges have educated the people who have built up the United States and governed America. Professor Thwing says:—

The American college has rendered a service of greater value to American life in training men than in promoting scholarship. It has affected society more generally and deeply through its graduates than through its contributions to the sciences. Its work for America and for the world has been done at second-hand through the men whom it has educated. It has been rather a mother of men than a nurse of scientists.

Turning to the professions, and beginning with ministers of religion, Professor Thwing points out that an analysis of the contents of the standard work of reference as to notable ministers of religion in the United States—

shows that of the eleven hundred and seventy clergymen therein named, 74 per cent. of those who are Episcopalian, 78 per cent. of those who are Presbyterian, 80 per cent. of those who are Congregational, and 97 per cent. of those who are Unitarian clergymen, are graduates.

As it is in religion so it is in literature:—

Of the five or six men who are regarded by common suffrages as the greatest poets of America, four out of the five, or five out of the six, are college-trained. No one also would hesitate to say that of the five greatest historians of America, all are also college-trained.

In the missionary field, almost all the American missionaries are graduates of the colleges:—

The American college, therefore, represents the greatest and most direct work which America has done for the world.

Of its political field, Professor Thwing says:—

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, forty-two had a liberal education. Three members of the committee of five appointed to draft the Declaration—Jefferson, Adams, and Livingston—were college-bred. At least thirty-five of the fifty-five men who composed the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution, had had the advantage of a classical education. The men who were most influential in the struggle which resulted in the adoption of the Constitution were men trained at college. Of our Presidents, fifteen are college graduates; and thirteen also of the Vice-Presidents.

The same evidence as to the influence of the college is visible wherever we turn, even at the bar:—

Every Chief Justice of the United States has been a college graduate except one; and that one, John Marshall, was a student at the College of William and Mary until the outbreak of the Revolution interrupted his undergraduate career. More than two-thirds of the associate judges of the Supreme Court and about two-thirds of the present Circuit Court judges are college graduates. At the present time every member of our Supreme Court has received a liberal education.

REV. F. W. NEWLAND, writing from ten years' experience in East London, emphasises the value of small settlements. The tendency is to grow in size until "Toynbee Hall, for example, has become a mammoth institution." But the fundamental conception is that of men and women living quiet brotherly lives among their fellows—not that of a polytechnic. In his opinion "the final and most fruitful form of settlement work will be found in small communities of workers, closely associated with the life of the churches in the districts occupied, and in continual touch with suburban congregations."

GOVERNOR ALTGELD OF ILLINOIS.

A SKETCH OF A FALLEN LEADER.

MR. F. F. BROWNE, the editor of the *Chicago Dial*, contributes to the *National Review* for December some account of John P. Altgeld, the famous governor who was the direct genius of the Chicago Convention which nominated Mr. Bryan.

A WELL-ABUSED MAN.

No man has been more roundly abused, not even Mr. Hanna, than Governor Altgeld. Mr. Browne says:—

Such words as "fool," "fraud," "robber," were introduced early in the campaign; and "crank," "socialist," "anarchist,"—apparently the modern equivalents of "infidel" and "heretic" in religion—proved special favourites and were made to do continuous and heroic service. A somewhat casual glance through newspaper editorials and printed speeches have yielded such additional specimens as "lunatic," "ruffian," "tramp," "viper," "dog," "ass," "mule," "donkey," "fanatics," "dupes," "upstarts," "adventurers," "ignoramuses," "hoodlums," "thugs," "debris," "dregs," "windfalls," "rare rascals," "repudiators," "conspirators," "rebels," "traitors," "advocates of riot and the torch," "red-handed anarchists," "arch-devil."

FOR FREE SILVER AND NO COMPROMISE.

As a matter of fact Governor Altgeld drew fire not because he was so bad, but because he was so powerful. Mr. Browne says:—

From the very opening of the Convention, its leader and dominating spirit was John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois. He was the brain and will of the Convention, as Bryan was—very literally—its voice. Bryan's nomination was in the nature of an accident; Altgeld's leadership was inevitable from his position and his personal qualities—from his abilities, his courage, and his practical political sagacity. Even before the Convention assembled, he had done more than any other man to forecast its character, to create the situation and shape the issues which were there developed. In a speech of great power, delivered on one of the opening days of the Convention, before the adoption of a platform or balloting for a candidate for the Presidency, he had defined the issue and sounded the key-note of the coming struggle. The issue was "Free Silver," and the key-note was "No compromise."

THE ANTECEDENTS OF ALTGELD.

Mr. Browne first made the acquaintance of Governor Altgeld by reading a MS. on, "Penal Reform," which the future Governor had sent to a firm of which Mr. Browne was a reader:—

Shortly after this he was elected a judge of one of our county courts, and served upon the bench with credit, as I understood from members of the bar. During this period he wrote and spoke much on topics of general public interest, and also began taking a practical part in politics. In 1892 he was nominated by the Democratic Party as Governor of Illinois, and was elected by a substantial majority. His official and public acts since that time are matters of record and of history. I have understood that in the fifteen or twenty years preceding his election as judge he had accumulated a fortune of half a million or a million dollars. He had come to Chicago a poor boy, I think from some town or village in Ohio (he was born in Germany), and after a hard struggle with poverty he was admitted to the bar, where he worked his way to a lucrative law practice. The most of his fortune, however, was made by lucky investments in real estate. His operations, it was said, were marked by a far-seeing sagacity, an unsparing analysis of all the factors of a situation and a boldness that seemed bordering on recklessness in carrying his plans into execution. He bought outlying tracts of land and sub-divided them for the market; he mortgaged his land and erected business blocks and rows of houses which he sold at a profit; he appeared to take heavy chances, but the results usually sustained his judgment. These personal details would scarcely call for mention here, were they

not significant in illustrating the practical side of Governor Altgeld's character, and in showing something of the activities and vicissitudes of his career. He is yet, I believe, but about fifty years of age. In appearance he is rather above medium height, of well-developed figure, and hair and beard untouched with grey. His manners are dignified, and his face is at once strong and refined—in fact, he is one whose presence would attract attention in any company of distinguished men. Something in his expression, and in his careless manner of allowing his hair to fall over his forehead, marks him peculiarly as the caricaturist's prey.

HIS RECORD AS GOVERNOR.

Of Governor Altgeld's rôle as Governor of Illinois, Mr. Browne speaks well. He says:—

The two most noteworthy events in Governor Altgeld's official career, and those with which his name is conspicuously connected, are the "pardon of the Anarchists" and the acts in connection with the labour riots in Chicago in 1894. The former made him probably the most hated man in America; the latter raised an issue that stirred the whole country, that was carried into the national platform of a great party, and has been made a prominent feature of a great national campaign. Mr. Altgeld had been Governor for something over a year, and, as far as I recall, had won good opinions from the people by his faithful administration of their affairs. He had shown zeal and energy, and high executive ability; progressive and scientific methods had been introduced into the management of public institutions; the educational interests of the State had received careful attention; measures for humane and philanthropic work—as the factory laws for the protection of children—had found in him an earnest and efficient supporter.

A STRONG MAN.

Mr. Browne enters into detail to explain how it was his pardon of the Anarchists created so much feeling in Chicago, and also sets forth clearly and lucidly what Governor Altgeld did during the Pullman Strike. He says:—

The current misconception of him and of his acts would be grotesque were it less pernicious. Trained in the knowledge and practice of the law, with a strict regard for the observance of legal forms and requirements, he has yet been successfully represented as the friend of lawlessness. An individualist in standpoint and opinion—one who, his mind once fixed, would hold his course indifferent to the current of the hour—he is yet depicted as a demagogue, notwithstanding that his most important acts have been done in the very teeth of public sentiment. With that readiness to impute low aims and motives which is a curse of party politics, it was said that he "truckled to the lower classes," that his object was to "catch the labour vote"; yet when occasion arose, as it did in connection with the labour-contracts of the State Penitentiary, he antagonised the labour unions as unhesitatingly as he had antagonised the newspapers and the so-called "better elements" of society. It is easy to see that such a man must have a rocky path; and he has had it, and has held his course in it. The man who can do this, unmoved and undeterred by the disapproval and denunciation of his fellows, must be either very strong or very dull; and the bitterest enemies of Governor Altgeld have never called him dull.

All this is true, but it did not prevent Governor Altgeld being rejected by one of the greatest majorities ever polled when he stood to be re-elected as Governor of Illinois.

CHRISTMAS mistletoe, with its reminders of the remote British past, will probably cause some readers to turn with keener interest to Mr. T. H. B. Graham's study of Druidism in *Gentleman's*. Lovers of old London will be attracted by Mr. W. Connor Sydney's "Memories of St. James's Square." Mr. Travers Buxton brings up fresh material from his mining in the correspondence of Andrew Marvell.

THE LATEST BISMARCK REVELATIONS.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

DR. DILLON writes a very successful article upon the German Policy in the *Fortnightly Review*. He says a great deal that is well worth while noting as to the way in which the Germans have worked for the success which they had achieved in many departments of life, and he defends the policy of Prince Bismarck against the strictures that have been brought against it. He ridicules the idea that there was any grave breach of good faith in the concluding of such a treaty with Russia which enabled Germany to isolate France and practically add Russia to the Triple Alliance for the maintenance of European peace.

WHAT GERMANY HAS LOST.

Dr. Dillon thus summarises the results of the adoption of the opposite policy of Count Caprivi:—

The "wire" between Berlin and St. Petersburg is broken, and irreparably broken, for the sake of the Triple Alliance, and England; yet the Triple Alliance is certainly not stronger, and is probably weaker than ever before; Germany's relations with Great Britain have come to depend upon passing accidents or popular whims rather than on State considerations; France, whose isolation spelt peace, is become the leading power in Europe, and has changed Germany's staunchest friend into a presumptive enemy; Germany's colonial dreams are further from realisation than ever before, and she has forfeited the commanding position in Europe which Bismarck had conferred upon her by the waving of his magician's wand.

Dr. Dillon says it cannot be seriously maintained that the obligations entered into absolutely with Russia were incompatible with those that bound Germany to her other allies. He concludes his article by saying that the sooner we go to school with Germany, instead of preaching morality to her, the better for ourselves.

RUSSIA AS MRS. TANQUERAY.

Another writer signing himself "W." writes in the same magazine on "Prince Bismarck's Secret Treaty." He takes a very adverse view, and says that, whether it was or was not in consonance with the more honourable conditions of diplomacy, there can be no doubt of the demoralising influence it exercised upon the course of political evidence during the period it remained in force. He says:—

Indeed, the political history of Europe, from 1884 to 1890, is punctuated with mysteries, to which the Secret Treaty will be found an infallible clue. In a similar way the denunciation of the treaty by Count Caprivi, in 1890, explains another whole series of events. Now that we know that a return to a loyal foreign policy was one of the cardinal points in the famous *Neue Kurs*, the origin of the French visit to Cronstadt, with its fruition in the Toulon fêtes, and in the triumphal progress of the Tsar from Cherbourg to Chalons, is clear before us. We can understand the Anglo-German Agreement relating to Africa and Heligoland, in June, 1890, the cold formality of the Kaiser's visit to Russia two months later, the festive entertainment of a British squadron at Fiume in the following year, and the cordiality of the state visit of the German Emperor to London in July, 1891.

On the whole "W." seems to think that the results have justified Prince Bismarck's calculated indiscretion. The following observation concerning the effect of this revelation on the Franco-Russian understanding is somewhat amusing:—

The Republic has found a partner, and has made merry over the termination of a long single blessedness. But now,

unfortunately, these wretched revelations have come, and *La Belle Russe* turns out to be no better than she should be, a lady with a past, a sort of second Mrs. Tanqueray on a very large scale. The facts are damning. In March, 1890, she was begging in vain that her irregular *ménage* with the German Kaiser might not be terminated after six years of secret cohabitation. In July, 1891, she was showering caresses on her French bridegroom at Cronstadt, and two months later she was borrowing 300,000,000 roubles of him under the plea of natural affinities, which were alleged and believed to reach back for ages. The story is too terrible. I do not, however, blame Russia, and I will not be guilty of the impertinence of condoling with France; but the story has a warning and a moral:

TURNING SLUMS INTO PARKS.

AN interesting chapter in the evolution of the Greater and Better New York is told in the *Century* Christmas number by Mr. Jacob A. Riis. He reviews the progress made with manifest gratitude. The policy of replacing the worst slums by parks and open spaces is one which might well be copied in the most crowded districts of South London:—

Mulberry Bend is gone, and in its place have come grass and flowers and sunshine. Across the Bowery, where 324,000 human beings were known to live out of sight and reach of a green spot, four of the most crowded blocks have been seized for demolition, to make room for the two small parks demanded by the Tenement-House Commission. Bone Alley, redolent of filth and squalor and wretchedness, is to go, and the children of that teeming neighbourhood are to have a veritable little Coney Island, with sand-hills and shells, established at their very doors. Who can doubt the influence it will have upon young lives heretofore framed in gutters? I question whether the greatest wrong done the children of the poor in the past has not been the aesthetic starvation of their lives rather than the physical injury. In the park to be laid out by the Schiff fountain, in the shadow of the Hebrew Institute,—one of the noblest of charities,—a great public bath is to rise upon the site of the present rookeries, harbinger of others to come. All about, new school-houses are going up, on a plan of structural perfection and architectural excellence at which earlier school-boards would have stood aghast.

The Mott Street barracks are on their last legs. The rear houses were cleared by order of the Board of Health last June, and even the saloon-keeper who collected the rents admitted to me, when it was well over, that it was a good thing. These tenements were among the first to be seized under the sanitary expropriation law. They were nearly the worst in the city, and hopeless from structural defects. The rift between the front and rear buildings—it hardly deserves the name of gap—is just six feet ten inches wide. Through it came whatever of sunlight and air reached the rear houses, for they backed up against the rear tenements on Elizabeth Street, so that one could put his hand through the dark little windows on the stairs, and touch the wall of the neighbour's house, hardly a foot away.

Mr. Riis thinks none of the great cities he has seen can compare with New York for natural advantages and real attractiveness, and is hopeful of a civic life worthy of so noble a setting.

WINTER Sports in Friesland is the subject of a charming paper by Miss Julia Scott-Moncrieff in *Badminton*. Friesland, with its miles and miles of glorious ice, stretching out in all directions, is described as the very Paradise of skaters. The illustrations by Lancelot Speed lend additional vivacity to the narrative. "Colt Hunting in the New Forest" is a form of exercise the outsider might scarcely expect to find reckoned among sports, yet so Lord Arthur Cecil reckons and describes it.

DOGS AS SOLDIERS.

A SUGGESTION FOR LORD WOLSELEY.

Tu Bits has been amusing itself the last month by suggesting that dogs should be trained to play football, and an astonishing yarn is told by one correspondent, of a dog who became such a passionate cricketer that it would field balls until it was worn out with exhaustion, and catch the players out until it broke its front teeth with the ball. There is, of course, no saying what a dog will do if it is taught, although the development of a taste for football and cricket was hardly regarded as within the possibilities of the canine race.

It is otherwise with the use of dogs as warriors. From of old time the dog has been a fighter, and it would seem that even to day in all modern armies, excepting the English, he has a recognised place. Mrs. Edith Cuthell contributes to the *United Service Magazine* for December a brief but extremely interesting paper on this subject, from which I venture to take the following extracts:—

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Dogs have been used in warfare from very ancient times. Almost the first mention of them is that the King of Lydia used them against the Aremenians, feeding them entirely on meat to make them fierce. Then the Magnesians always fought in three divisions, one of soldiers, one of slaves, and one of dogs. Again, among the ancients, Cyrus, King of Persia, kept packs of dogs to use in war.

In the struggles of ancient Greece they also played a part. Pelopidas, when his birthplace, Thebes, was besieged, came to the assistance of the city both with troops and with a pack of hounds, by means of which he informed the besieged what to do. He wrote messages which he concealed in bits of meat. The dogs ate the meat and were sent into the invested city. There they were destroyed, and Pelopidas' messages discovered, and by that means he and his men got into the city, and Thebes was saved, though at the expense of the dogs. The Romans went a step further. Heavily armoured themselves, they clad their war-dogs in metal shields also. The Celts used dogs in war, and so did the Gauls. Strabo, the Roman historian, tells us that these latter imported their war-dogs from Britain; so even in those days, it is pleasant to find, the dogs of these islands were considered superior. When the Roman general Marius was fighting the Cimbrs, their women fought, and also their dogs, who defended their mistresses bravely.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

In the middle ages dogs were used as a means of defence, if not of offence. As camp watch-dogs they were very useful, and the Scotch bloodhound, a peculiarly ferocious animal, was considered the best sort. In Henry VIII.'s time we again find British dogs highly thought of. When that monarch declared war against his late friend Francis I. of France, and wished to help the French king's rival the Emperor Charles V., he sent him not only soldiers, but eight hundred dogs. Charles seems to have appreciated these allies very much, for at the siege of Valence, we find him holding up the war-dogs as models of bravery and steadiness to his soldiers. As might be expected the dogs on one side often fought against the dogs on the other, and as we can imagine, with not a little delight and zest. Columbus used dogs in his wars against the natives of the New World, and wise Queen Bess knew the value of these dumb troops. When she sent the Earl of Essex to conquer Ireland, she gave him six hundred dogs for the purposes of war. In the next century we find that when the Turks were powerful and dangerous in Eastern Europe and constantly attacking what is now the Austrian Empire, dogs were invaluable among the mountains of Dalmatia and Croatia, at outposts, in giving warning of the approach of the enemy. Within the last hundred years we English have used dogs in war. During the Maroon war in Jamaica a hundred bloodhounds were landed by the Government. The Maroons, hearing of the arrival of the dogs, and

dreading the animals more than their masters, surrendered at once.

IN GERMANY TO-DAY.

In the present day the British Army seems the only one in which dogs are not trained either as spies, messengers, or to help the wounded. The Germans, French, Austrians, Russians, and Italians have all found them to be worth the trouble. The Germans have devoted themselves chiefly to the training of dogs for carrying messages to and from outposts and pickets to the main bodies of troops. For this purpose they find pointers are the best; but Scotch sheep-dogs, and short-haired sporting-dogs are also much liked, as are also the clever little Pomeranians, which learn very quickly, and are very strong and swift. In the German army the best trainers are the men of the Jaeger regiments, and a special officer and a special body of men are told off to look after the dogs. They are taught to march without frisking about, to avoid barking, but, with their wonderfully quick ear to warn if strangers are near, by pointing, or by a low growl. They are trained to carry messages up to two miles and a half by known roads, and, beyond that distance, to find their own way across country. To men in the same uniform they are taught to be obedient.

Each dog has a collar with his regiment's number on it, and carries a pouch to contain messages. On the march, they are coupled and led on a leash. When required to work, they are started with a whisper, and work best at night. In the daytime, they are apt to dawdle after other dogs, or after food, and there are hardly any of them, even the best trained, that can be thoroughly relied upon in a country where there is much game.

IN FRANCE.

The French naturally prefer to train their own special dog, the French poodle, and certainly they are wonderfully clever. Like most of the other kinds of war-dogs, they begin when they are young—about eight months' old—and it takes nearly eight months before their education is complete. The French use their war-dogs chiefly as ammunition carriers. A sheep-dog, or one of the big Pyrenean mountain dogs, will carry five hundred cartridges for the rifles; but, though brave and steady, they are difficult to accustom to guns and cannon, and should they, by any chance, once be hit, they become gun-shy, and will never stand fire again.

At some military manoeuvres in France, a few years back, the speed of bicycles, horses, carrier pigeons, and dogs, in carrying a message from one point to another, was tried. The pigeons, who could go straight to their goal through the air, came off victors. The horses, who could go straight across country, and the bicyclists, who had to go round by the roads, were equal, and the dogs were last.

IN RUSSIA.

In the Russian Army a different and most humane use is made of regimental dogs. A kind of big St. Bernard mastiff is used, also wolf and sheep-dogs. These, equipped with a flask containing brandy or soup, and a packet of bandages hung round their necks, are taught to find out the wounded lying among bushes or uneven ground, and to offer them restoratives, standing meanwhile with their forefeet planted, and barking, to attract attention. They are even harnessed to little handcarts, such as we see them use in Belgian and German towns, and can drag two wounded men. The French, in their wars in Tunis and Algiers, have used dogs, also the Russians, in their last Turkish war. In Austria they have been employed to discover ambuscades. The Dutch in Acheen found them most useful in preventing solitary sentries in thick jungle outposts being surprised by stealthy natives. The Italian sentries in the Alps are always accompanied by dogs.

THE portraits of sixteen famous Primates, from Warham to Temple, appear in the December *Quiver*, and invite a suggestive study on archiepiscopal physiognomy. The gallery of faces presents the greatest diversity. There is plenty of individuality, scarcely a face occurring which is not what the Germans call "characterful."

A MAN AND A WOMAN;
OR, LAWLESS LIFE AND LYRIC LOVE.

In this strange world of ours, when men and beasts of all stages of development jostle each other in the field and in the market-place, endless sensations of wonder and surprise meet the naturalist or the observer of human affairs when the two extremes meet, and some monster which survives from the age when the Saurians disported themselves in primeval slime, is found to be the next-door neighbour of one of the latest and most marvellous products of evolution. It is somewhat of the same sensation that one receives in this month's *New Review*, which contains within its covers two articles which, of all those that have appeared in the periodicals this year, most completely represent the two extremes of evolution in the sphere of morals.

THE MAN.

Mr. Charles Whibley, in his paper entitled "A Marshal of France," is a perfect embodiment of the aboriginal male born under the sign of Capricorn, who revels in absolute unrestrained promiscuity. Mr. Whibley's hero is Bassompierre, of whose amours—if it is not a profanation of terms to use such a word about the momentary lusts which seem to have been his sole law—Mr. Whibley speaks with a tender appreciation, not apparently untinted with a certain envious regret. This may sound a somewhat strong sentence, but read the following passage which gives the keynote of Mr. Whibley's article:—

He was the gallantest lover of a gallant age, and he professed unto the end a joyful pride in his conquests. With a very gentlemanly frankness he has told the story of his loves, and the simplicity wherewith he records his triumph is worthy of our own Pepys. *Le jeudi 22*, he writes, *j'eus une bonne fortune*. The statement can neither be bettered nor translated, and for many a year there are few days whereon the boast is not justified. A generous admirer of beauty, he was always ready to accept complacency in return for his admiration, and it was his unchanging ambition to break no heart—not even his own. Like all strong men, he knew the joy of life; like all wise ones, he was ashamed to discard it.

Here is a dragon from the primeval slime indeed! Imagine then with what surprise the reader, having gone through this mud bath at the beginning of the *New Review*, comes upon Miss Maxwell Gray's admirable article on the "Women of Lyric Love," which is also bound up with this eulogistic appreciation of the man of lawless life.

THE WOMAN.

Maxwell Gray's article is an attempt—and a very interesting and thoughtful attempt—on the part of the women of to-day to appraise the poets from the point of view of their appreciation of women. To think rightly of women is to know pity, to love chastity, and to be capable of reverence. The way in which men regard women is a test of character. Of Milton, of course, Maxwell Gray has little that is good. Her criticism is severe, almost savage. Chaucer, she says, created more noble and lovable female characters than any poet excepting Shakespeare. Spenser reaches a high level, but Shakespeare gathers up and tersely presents the newer and more Christian views of marriage, the increasing spirituality of which is the great test of the advance of modern civilisation. Shelley's honest revolt against Christianity blurred his conceptions of marriage. Wordsworth gave an exquisite picture of a mother, sister, daughter, scarcely wife. Tennyson's poetry, she thinks, reveals a hard contempt, almost revulsion for women, but he was too good a man not to be

jealous of the strictness of marriage. Byron, she says hated marriage, because it restrained vice and raised women. Shelley resented it as a tyrannous wrong to women, giving too much power to the husband. To Coleridge marriage was a paradise of clear and slow affection, profound and enduring, but scarcely passion. To Wordsworth it meant fireside peace and comfort, nothing more. To Matthew Arnold it was closest, warmest friendship, brightened by intellectual converse, glorified by profound tenderness; tinged by passion, if at all, only in pre-nuptial retrospect, but the poets who are pre-eminently the inspired singers of lyric love in its later developments, are Rossetti and Browning. Matthew Arnold's use of the word sister as expressing the ideal union—

like Rossetti's "hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand," marks the new era of spiritual and equal in marriage. To Rossetti and Browning, marriage is the opening of Heaven's gates on earth, a transcendent, eternal union of body, soul, and spirit, a blending of equal minds and ardent affections. Rossetti's passion, though more sensuous, is even more spiritual than Browning's; his temperament is more ardent, his blood richer with the glow of Italian as well as English suns; he has two arts, two countries, two native languages, and less learning. Though but partially expressed in poetry, he is richer in passion than any Englishman since Shakespeare—for Keats was only beginning and Byron's passion stifled in cynicism—lyrically, but not dramatically, richer even than Browning.

But Matthew Arnold must yield the palm as

a woman-painter and lover to Browning and Rossetti. These brought back to lyric love its transcendent quality of platonism, the pre-natal destination to each other of souls created in pairs, not for earth only, but for all eternity. In Browning, the thinker, intellect plays the largest part; in Rossetti, the painter, beauty. Browning's "Lyric Love" dropped down from heaven—to toil for man, to suffer and to die; Rossetti's lifts him to the skies.

Browning and Rossetti, Maxwell Gray declares, knew women as none but Shakespeare, and perhaps Goethe, in a more restricted area, did. Hence their gallery of female characters include all sorts, bad and good, but none utterly bad. Coleridge has some tender and pitiful lines of a sinful woman.

Hood's drowned girl, "young and so fair," but "weary of breath," because of sin and the sorrow and shame it brings, has passed into a proverb; Browning can draw erring sisters without stoning them. These great and gentle men, loving chastity and living purely, were large-hearted enough to love the sinner while hating the sin; but it remained for him who painted the "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" and the "Blessed Damsel" to say the last deepest word upon the sorrow and shame of her who bears the curse of an imperfect, perhaps rotten, civilisation. Every woman must love and bless the author of that remarkable, subtle, and powerful poem "Jenny." Nowhere is reverence for womanhood and love of chastity more touchingly expressed than in this picture.

Maxwell Gray asks in conclusion:—

Is this exceeding deference and tender love for women well? It is very well. Well for women, better for men, because reverence and pure love are the most uplifting and vitalising of qualities. And surely these nobler ideals of the lyric love, that is "so human at the red-ripe of the heart," will raise women as meaner ones have degraded them.

And to think that Maxwell Gray and Charles Whibley are both living and moving amongst us in the year of grace 1896, apparently quite oblivious of the fact that Mr. Whibley's natural date is somewhat about ten or twelve thousand years B.C., while Maxwell Gray's is surely of the twentieth century!

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

EARLY ANTICIPATIONS OF THE IDEA.

THE editor of the *New England Magazine* is doing good service by bringing forward several of the schemes which great thinkers have devised for securing the peace of the world.

HENRI QUATRE'S "GREAT DESIGN."

In his November issue he quotes from *Lend a Hand* an account of the "Great Design" of Henry IV. of France. In the very last years of the sixteenth century—

Henry IV., acting in concert with Queen Elizabeth in her old age, conceived the plan of what he called the Christian commonwealth, to be formed among the Powers of Europe. His plan in brief was this, to reduce the number of European states, much as the Congress of Vienna eventually did two hundred years afterwards, or so that all Europe should be divided among fifteen powers. Russia did not then count as part of Europe; and Prussia was not then born. Of these powers, six were the kingdoms of England, France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and Lombardy. Five were to be elective monarchies, viz.: The German Empire, the Papacy, Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia; and there were to be four Republics,—Switzerland, Venice, the States of Holland and Belgium, and the Republic of Italy, made up somewhat as the kingdom of Italy is now. These fifteen powers were to maintain but one standing army. The chief business

of this army was to keep the peace among the states, and to prevent any sovereign from interfering with any other, from enlarging his borders, or other usurpations. This army and the navy were also to be ready to repel invasions of Mussulmans and other barbarians. For the arrangement of commerce, and other mutual interests, a Senate was to be appointed of four members from each of the larger, and two from each of the smaller states, who should serve three years, and be in constant session. It was supposed that, for affairs local in their character, a part of these senators might meet separately from the others. On occasions of universal importance, they would meet together. Smaller congresses, for more trivial circumstances, were also provided for. . . . According to Sully, at the moment of Henry's murder, he had secured the practical active co-operation of twelve of the fifteen powers, who were to unite in this confederation.

The immediate aim of this arrangement was to humble the overweening power of Austria; but the further purpose was to secure permanent peace.

WILLIAM PENN'S ESSAY, 1693.

One hundred years later, in 1693, Wm. Penn brought out his "Essay towards the present and future peace of Europe, by the Establishment of an European Diet, Parliament or Estates." Penn's fundamental proposition was, in his own words:—

The sovereign princes of Europe, who represent that society or independent state of men that was previous to the obligations of society should, for the same reason that engaged men first into society, viz., love of peace and order, agree to meet by their stated deputies in a *general diet, estates or parliament*, and there establish rules of justice for sovereign princes to observe one to another; and thus to meet yearly, or

once in two or three years at farthest, or as they shall see cause, and to be styled, *The Sovereign or Imperial Diet, Parliament or State of Europe*; before which sovereign assembly should be brought all differences depending between one sovereign and another, that cannot be made up by private embassies before the session begins; and that if any of the sovereignties that constitute these Imperial States shall refuse to submit their claims or pretensions to them, or to abide and perform the judgment thereof, and seek their remedy by arms or delay their compliance beyond the time prefixed in their resolutions, all the other sovereignties united as one strength shall compel the submission and performance of the sentence, with damages to the suffering that obliged their



From L'Asino, Rome.]

PRESENT STATE OF EUROPE, OR THE MECHANISM OF THE ALLIANCES.

The mechanism consists of balancing alliances here and there until the European equilibrium is finally established. In order to bring the whole thing to the ground there is but one hope—that the little Socialist party will one day cut the cord.

party and charges to the sovereignties that obliged their submission.

It will be observed that Penn was not afraid of that "blessed word compulsion." In this respect he distinguishes himself from most of the "peace-at-any-price" people who are generally eager to consider themselves his followers. But Penn was a statesman with actual and intimate knowledge of affairs. Just as many now-a-days quote the precedents of the United States, so Penn referred to Sir William Temple's account of the United Provinces of Holland "as furnishing a practical illustration in narrow limits of that constitution which he would have extended to cover all Europe."

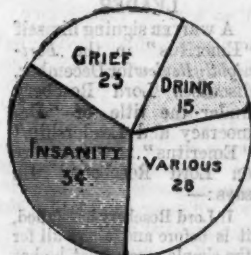
KANT, 1795—QUERY, SALISBURY, 1897?

Yet another hundred years, and Emmanuel Kant published in 1795 his "Towards Eternal Peace," of which the leading ideas were local autonomy and world-wide federalism, or the federation of self-governed states. There is a strange periodicity about these great dreams of universal peace. At the end of the sixteenth century, Henri IV.'s "Great Design"; at the end of the seventeenth, Penn's "Essay"; at the end of the eighteenth, Kant's "Zum ewigen Frieden," to be followed at the end of the nineteenth century by—what? Possibly a permanent arbitration arrangement between the United States and the British Empire would be as appropriate a centenary celebration as could be expected. The authors of these schemes are suggestively characteristic: the Huguenot-Catholic French King, the Anglo-American Quaker-statesman, the German critical philosopher. Will the names of British and American Secretaries of State fill the fourth place?

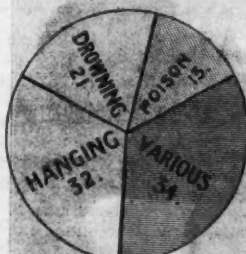
SUICIDE AND CIVILISATION.

"Is suicide a sign of civilisation?" asks Mr. J. Brand in *Pearson's* Christmas Number. Unknown among savages, it is common in civilised lands. Ten years ago or more it was reckoned that one European in every five thousand killed himself. Every year in Europe more than two thousand boys and girls do away with themselves.

Careful study of statistics for the last half century proves that suicide is growing more rapidly than the geometrical augmentation of the population and the general mortality, and this result can only be attributed to that complex influence



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE PERCENTAGE OF THE CAUSES OF SUICIDE.



THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE PERCENTAGE OF THE MODES OF SUICIDE.

which we call civilisation. The Germans, who are the profoundest thinkers in Europe, are the most suicidal race. France comes next, England third, Italy and Hungary fourth; while Spain, the most backward of European nations in culture; Ireland, and Portugal rank the lowest in the suicidal scale.

Mr. Brand generalises courageously:—

In the north of Europe intemperance is the prevailing cause of suicide; in the south love, jealousy, and misery are the main causes; while in the centre the chief reasons are life-weariness, shame, and fear of punishment. The diagrams accompanying this article refer to the United Kingdom. The statistics of all civilised countries show that the number of suicides regularly increases from January to June, and then steadily diminishes from June to December, when it reaches the minimum.

The foggy season is the time when suicides are fewest. The first ten days of every month are more fatal than the days which follow. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday are the week-days most patronised by suicide. Out of every one hundred suicides in this country seventy-three are males, twenty-seven females.

HOW TO FIGHT THE INDIAN FAMINE.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for December, Mr. Kirkwood contributes a long article, chiefly historical, on the "Impending Famine in India." He describes the policy pursued in 1866-68, when one-third of the population of 3,000,000 was starved to death in Orissa. He then explains the policy pursued when the famine was fought successfully in 1873-74, and explains where the mistake was made, which cost so many lives in 1875-76. The judgment at which he arrives is that, first, the Government whenever famine threatens, should as early as possible import food into tracks more than thirty miles from a railway or port and to store there.

Any sudden failure of food provided against, the Government should, in the most public manner, declare that its stores will be always open, that the fixed price of its grain will be a certain rate per rupee, and that it will never alter that rate until the prospects of the next harvest are assured. The rate so determined on should be three times that ordinarily prevailing, which would probably be from 18 to 20 lbs. per rupee. If at that rate resort is not had to its stores, safety will have been very cheaply secured. It is at the point of importation and sale at trebled prices that the roads to success and disaster diverge. It is here only that the mortality, from a mistake, amounts to millions.

Mr. Kirkwood says that he is afraid that the error which cost thousands of lives in 1877 may be repeated:—

Even in the towns the trebled price seems already reached and sometimes exceeded. The prices telegraphed show that food-grains in ordinary use average from 15 to 20 lbs. per rupee, the former being a figure, which all experience shows, to be full of danger to the lives of multitudes. Yet the Government refuses to import, and elicits to that policy of leaving all to private trade, which had mainly to answer for the millions of deaths by starvation in Orissa, Madras, and Bombay.

NUNS BY NATURE.

This is the idea which the discussion between Dr. George St. Mivart and Mr. Grant Allen in the *Humanitarian* has led the Hon. Coralie Glyn to express in the December number of that magazine. The writer argues that the growing distaste among women for matrimony is quite normal, whether viewed as a reaction from generations of excess, or as an adjustment to natural necessities:—

Mr. Grant Allen informs us that women no longer have any desire to be nuns. But obviously he is speaking of the nuns created by the cloisters, and not those produced by Nature. Will he be prepared to deny that Nature has her nuns as well as the Churches, and that these women are at present a largely increasing body, and one which does not necessarily present any special symptoms of degeneracy? Nature adjusts herself marvellously to the general social conditions. The female birth-rate is said largely to exceed the male birth-rate. Therefore, under our existing monogamous system, it is obviously impossible for marriage to fall to the lot of all women.

Then with regard to these Nature's Nuns, this race of physically passive and of mentally neutralised women, which form such a feature of our modern womanhood—who shall say how vast a future, alike national, political and intellectual, may not lay (sic) in store for them? In those Bee and Ant communities, whose excellent laws are ever being held up for our admiration, we know that the neuter, i.e., the non-child-bearing insects perform many of the most indispensable duties of the commonwealth. And may not our latter-day women draw a not unfitting parallel from them? Moreover, taking the matter on its highest and widest grounds, I would venture to insist that motherhood should not be limited to that mere flesh-and-blood plane, which represents the ordinary relationship of mother to child. True motherhood is assuredly that quality which unites all the strong in the service of all the weak; all the saints in the service of all the sinners.

THE BRITISH TEMPERANCE QUEEN.

A CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE B. W. T. A.

THE sudden and lamented death of Sir B. W. Richardson calls attention to the newer relation in which science is now caused to stand to temperance. What the late Sir Benjamin did for temperance in regard to medicine has been done in regard to sociology more influentially by none than by Lady Henry Somerset, whom Miss Jane Stoddart interviews in the *Sunday Magazine*. She elicits a great deal that will be read with wide interest.

HER TRAINING AS A SPEAKER.

Asked what special training she had had for platform work, Lady Henry replied:—

"The best training I ever had was through speaking in a tent in Wales. I was addressing meetings in one of the coaling districts, and as I was travelling from village to village, I made use of a large tent. Those who have tried it must know that a tent is the most difficult of all places for the speaker. When I afterwards addressed meetings in great halls or churches, I arranged that my maid should sit in the back row, and when she failed to hear me that she should lift her handkerchief as a signal. In this way I soon learned to accommodate my voice to almost any building. In America I have addressed audiences of 10,000 and 12,000 people, and have never had any difficulty in making myself heard. I must tell you, however, that I still feel very nervous before I speak in public. Long experience has not made the work any easier, and sometimes the tension before a great meeting makes me almost ill."

Lady Henry Somerset agrees with Mr. Chamberlain as to the need for careful preparation of speeches. She does not write out her addresses, but she studies them very fully. "I cannot understand those people who say that platform speaking takes nothing out of them. To my mind every speech which is to influence an audience must have in it something of the speaker's vitality. Some virtue must go out of him before he can hope to do good to others."

A rather significant opinion is expressed at the close of the interview:—

I asked my hostess who, in her opinion, is the most eloquent of English women speakers. She replied that undoubtedly the best woman speaker of our time is Mrs. Annie Besant. Such an opinion, coming from so competent a judge, was, I thought, well worth recording.

A NEEDED WARNING TO TEETOTALERS.

Wherein Lady Henry and her school differ from the old-fashioned one-idea'd and single-stringed teetotalers appears from the following paragraph:—

"How do you account for the marked increase of drunkenness among women?"

"Many causes will account for a fact which is unfortunately too evident. Heredity is at the root of five out of every seven of the cases which come under my notice. A father or mother, a grandfather or grandmother has been a drunkard, and has handed down the terrible vice to his or her descendants. I believe that in a few years the carefully collected statistics of our Home at Duxhurst will throw a startling light on this problem of heredity. Other causes are insufficient food, bad air, and dreary surroundings. Temperance workers too often refuse to recognise those facts. They go round asking the people to sign the pledge, but they never seek to deal with the causes which lie at the root of drunkenness, especially in the case of women—causes which no mere written promise can remove. Consider the hopeless dulness of the lives of Englishwomen in the working classes. In France and Germany, Belgium and Switzerland, the women have their amusements like the men. They go out with their husbands and their children; they have pleasant evenings and abundant recreation. The wife of the English working-man has nothing but sordid, dismal, unrelieved monotony. Is it any wonder that too often she seeks relief in drink?"

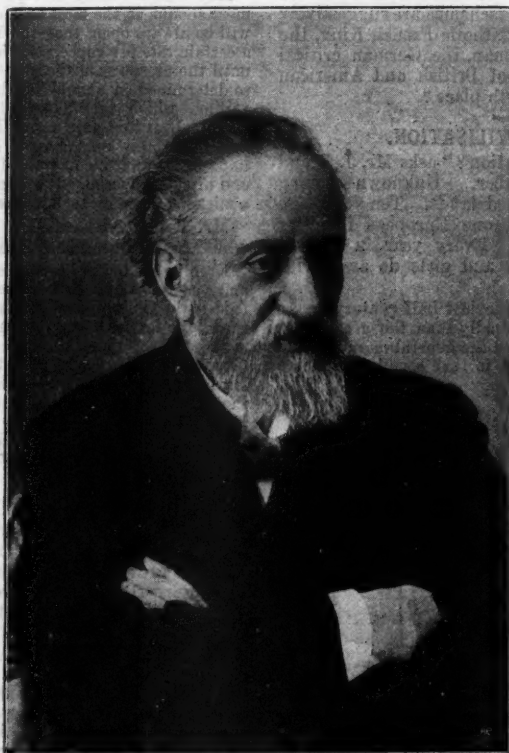
LORD ROSEBERY AS A LEADER.

A WRITER signing himself "Emeritus" in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, discusses Lord Rosebery under the title of "Democracy and Leadership." "Emeritus" is very severe on Lord Rosebery. He says:—

If Lord Rosebery has failed, it is before and above all for the simple reason that he has not recognised that the business of a leader is to lead. Mr. Balfour understands democracy better than Lord Rosebery does, because he understands that democracy wishes to be captained rather than to be catered for. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, in quiet obliviousness of

the creative business of leadership, has been waiting almost passively for the spontaneous generation out of the vasty deep of democracy, of such forces and opinions as would constitute a proper support. Lord Rosebery's habitual caution may be a very different thing from constitutional timidity, but it has the same effect in depriving his words of motive power. During his tenure of the Liberal leadership, his utterances have been totally destitute of motive power; and have exhibited, on the contrary, a power altogether singular of spreading doubt, hesitation, and pain in the ranks of his followers. It will be conceded, on the other hand, that nothing in Lord Rosebery's life, as a Liberal leader, becomes him like the leaving of it. Conviction was never asserted with more dignity and success.

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THE LATE SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, P.R.S.

(Photograph by Ball.)

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE:

"THE MOHAMMED OF DARWINISM."

THE first place in the *Quarterly* is given to a serious and even respectful review of the life and opinions of Friedrich Nietzsche. That of itself is a very significant fact. "His books are sumptuously edited, carefully translated, and studied from New York to St. Petersburg."

REBELLIOUS BUT PIOUS ORIGINS.

According to the story, which may or may not be substantiated, Nietzsche sprang from a Polish Protestant and rebel. The Anarchist's grandfather was pastor in Thuringia, Doctor of Divinity, and superintendent. His father, Ludwig, was also a Lutheran clergyman, and an intimate friend of Frederick William IV. of Prussia. Of this worthy sire the famous Nietzsche was born at Röcken, near Lützen, October 15th, 1844, on the birthday of the king, after whom he was named. The father died when the boy was only five years old. He received his schooling at Naumburg:—

At first he made no friends, and was too earnest for his years. The boys called him "little clergyman"; they took home stories of his extraordinary acquaintance with the Bible, and how he recited hymns that made them cry. Later on, his comrades made a hero of Friedrich; his sister worshipped him, and her recollections of his skill in amusements at home, his fantasies and fairy tales, his enthusiasm for the Russians during the Crimean War, his Homeric studies, which infected all around, and his anxiety to understand as well as practise the religious principles taught him, furnish us with a child's biography, not very deep or philosophical, but pleasing and true.

THE EFFECT ON HIM OF BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

Fritz, enamoured of music and verse-making, used to compose "stanzas, some of which betray remarkable perfection of form, and a truth of emotion that is exceedingly rare in boys of twelve or thirteen." In 1858 he was given a scholarship in the Land School at Pforta. There he spent six years, shining in classics, "an imbecile in mathematics," impassioned with music. Reserve, reverie, depression, grew upon him. At twenty, in 1864, Nietzsche went to Bonn University, ending his school tasks with a panegyric upon the tyrant Theognis, having already chosen "the unpopular anti-Liberal and Napoleonic" side. He soon withdrew from the wild student-life into solitude, began to prepare for a clergyman's lot, investigated the Christian origins, and, under the shock of Biblical criticism, ended by ceasing to be a Christian.

A GERMAN CARLYLE.

After two years at Bonn he studied a year at Leipzig, where he discovered the works of Schopenhauer, who thenceforth became his master in thought, as Emerson, singularly enough, was chosen for his master in style. An accident as cavalry conscript next year freed him from military service, though he afterwards served in the Franco-German War; and in 1868 he was appointed Professor of Classics at Basel. His first work was published in 1872—"The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music." In this he copied the Romantic School—Heine, Wagner and Schopenhauer. Dionysus was to him the spirit of ecstasy—"the will to live"—and Apollo the lord of measure, which together made Greece the creative spring of highest life. His earlier essays in substance and in form remind the reviewer of Carlyle. He was still "a hopeful soul." He then saw in Wagner, whom he afterwards renounced, a return of Dionysus—

of the spirit of exuberant life triumphant over philosophic abstractions.

THE OPEN-AIR ALPINE DREAMER.

After his "Joyful Science," recounting his pilgrimage of soul between 1876 and 1881—

Nietzsche's style had gained; but his thoughts became incoherent. He never afterwards wrote a connected book, or attempted in his compositions a logical order. From boyhood delighting in the sun, he would now live, so far as possible, *sub disco*, under the open sky, and by preference in the lofty Swiss vales of the Engadine. At Sils Maria, from which many of his pages are dated, he pitched his nomad's tent during the years when, released from professional duties, he could indulge without check the illusions that beset him.

In 1881, "the first flash" of the idea of "Eternal Recurrence" came to him, and led to the commencement of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" two years later. He wrote on until 1888. Next year his reason gave way, and he is now buried without hope of recovery in a madhouse at Naumburg.

"THE WILL TO POWER."—THE "OVERMAN."

Of his gospel the reviewer gives a substantial if somewhat decently-veiled account. Kant's criticism of the pure reason, Nietzsche extends to the practical reason. Schopenhauer's "Will to live" he develops into "Will to power." "Mankind has one supreme task—not a moral duty, but a physiological necessity—to produce the 'overman.'"

Sympathy is "the slave morality, the system of the herd, on which democracy is founded." "The will to power, the sacrifice of the multitude to some few sovereign spirits," that is Nietzsche's principle.

THE JEWISH PROPHETS AND THEIR "SERVILE TRIBE."

His tract, "Beyond Good and Evil," is to the reviewer "Darwin made consistent with himself, or physiology the test of morals." Huxley's contrast of ethics and cosmic struggle is, says Nietzsche, Christian doctrine, not science. "Sympathy is surrender, Christianity decadence." To Nietzsche, the dominant note of evolution is "conquest"; and "in the long run the individual conquers for himself."

This enthusiast for systems discredited in our day would bring back an aristocracy of blood to withstand universal suffrage. True, he holds a patent for genius, whencesoever sprung; but genius will make its own way, provided that the multitude of hoofed-animals be not allowed to trample it down. The "herd" is the danger. "Equal before God," the old Christian watchword, has now become "equal before the mob." They, shrinking and cowering in their misery while the conqueror smote or plundered them, first found out the word "pity"; they made it a god and expanded it into a religion. The prophets of Israel, for example—have not they lifted up their voices against pride, power, luxury, art and war, "calumniating all these things as 'the world,' and calling them evil"? That servile tribe, the Jews, with their millenniums of peace and the lion lying down with the lamb, it was they, surely, that taught men to look on pain, inflicted or endured, as the chief curse of humanity. Their moral law may be summed up in the one commandment "Be kind." The high races of the world painted on their escutcheon very unlike commandment—"Be noble."

Nietzsche glorifies Comte. His Zarathustra may be termed "the Bible of Positivism." This Zarathustra is "the Mohammed of Darwinism," prophet of the overman to come when religion shall have passed away with every bondage, such as contract, law, marriage, honesty, who: cheeks delight, and "Free Death" as well as Free Love shall reign.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THIS month's issue contains two articles of eminent value. Professor Ed. Caird's "Characteristics of Shakespeare" is alone sufficient to make any number distinguished, and the same may be said of Elisé Reclus' "Progress of Mankind," both of which, along with Mr. Bousfield's paper on the Unemployed Report, claim separate notice.

WHY THE POPE CONDEMNED ANGLICAN ORDERS.

Rev. Thos. Lacey investigates the sources of the Bull. He was in Rome while the Commission was sitting, and was led to expect that the result would have been favourable. He points out what he describes as blunders in fact, and from these, along with other peculiarities in the Bull, infers that it was not drawn up with due care. The question is now declared to be settled by a decision of 1704, in the case of John Gordon, an Anglican Bishop, who was expressly required to be re-ordained. Mr. Lacey wants to know why, if this case was so decisive, did the Pope appoint a Commission to consider the matter? He finds, however, that the Gordon decree was given on a Thursday—a day on which only extraordinary sessions of the Sacred Congregation are held under the personal presidency of the Pope. A decree issued on such a day is peculiarly binding and may not be reversed, perhaps not even by the Pope. Mr. Lacey is informed that the Pope felt himself debarred from reversing the decree. The question of Anglican orders can only be re-opened in one of three ways: by abandoning the definition of infallibility; or reprobating the opinion which holds the Gordon decree to belong to faith or morals; or proving the decree defective in matter of fact. There is nothing in the Bull to prevent this re-opening.

HOW CARDINAL VAUGHAN WON OVER THE POPE.

"Catholicus," writing on the policy of the Bull, roundly avers, "There is not the smallest doubt that the Pope gave way before the violent pressure of the English Catholic bishops and the Roman congregations." Cardinal Vaughan did everything he could to get the unfavourable decision. "His last and perhaps most telling stroke was a collective letter from the whole of the Catholic Episcopate of the United Kingdom," a letter the existence of which "is absolutely certain." The staple argument was, "to allow it to be believed that Anglican orders are valid would be to dry up the source of individual conversions." "Catholicus" holds the decision to be now final and incapable of revision. But he shrewdly indicates a theological consequence of the Pope's argument:—

In order to condemn Anglican orders the Pope has had to lay down the principle that a form of consecration which would be sufficient in the case of an orthodox rite is insufficient in the Anglican Church, because in the orthodox rite the formula is understood with an implicit meaning which the Anglicans chose to exclude. The sacrament can therefore no longer be regarded as a sort of magic formula working in virtue of its own force independently of the sense attached to it by those who use it.

THE SULTAN'S DOMESTICITIES.

Diran Kélékian gives a great deal of information about "life at Yildiz." The personnel of the palace numbers about 12,000 individuals, including 3,000 ladies

of the harem. The Sultan is only allowed seven lawful wives:—

There is one day of the year on which the Sultan-Mother, and even the wives of the sovereign, are required to present him with a beautiful Circassian virgin. These girls are brought up with much care, and they are taught certain little accomplishments, among them singing and playing on the lute. The market value of a young Circassian, fit to be offered to the Sultan, is from £1,000 to £2,000. In the choice of young girls much attention is paid to the marked preference of the present Sultan for blondes.

The Sultan often presents one of his Ministers with a wife from his harem, and ladies who have not become mothers he provides with husbands and dowries. To the rest, not thus freed, the palace is a prison, and consumption is excessively prevalent in the harem. It appears that "it is a family tradition among the heirs of Osman to speak in a loud voice." Abdul Hamid's utterance is strident and imperious.

ARMENIAN REFUGEES IN CYPRUS.

Miss Emma Cons reports favourably on the work done by Mrs. Sheldon Amos in planting Armenian refugees in Cyprus. Miss Cons thinks the Armenian peasant more open to assimilate new ideas than the Cypriote and also a good leader of the natives in agriculture:—

As far as we could judge, given English capital and English energy in the first start, Cyprus would be able to absorb a not inconsiderable number of Armenians, and be all the better for doing so. Would it not be simple justice that the island, so far as not utilised by the present inhabitants, should be applied by England, so far as possible, for the benefit of the exiles? Cyprus does not pay its way. With its present small and ignorant population and its backward industries, it cannot do so. Is it not folly not to bring in an industrious, energetic, and progressive Armenian population?

OTHER ARTICLES.

An amusing, if somewhat savage skit is contributed anonymously, purporting to be a report of what took place in Lord Rosebery's Cabinet after the "cordite" vote. The indirect duel kept up between the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the principal feature. Mr. H. W. Wolff combats the impression that the Savings Banks cost the taxpayer somewhat, and shows that so far they have only brought gain to the exchequer. He regards Trustee Banks as doomed, and looks to the development of People's Banks, along with the extension of Post Office Banks, as the chief agencies of popular thrift. Mr. Vernon Lee writes a delightful homily on the duty of cultivating Leisure as a means of acquiring Charm. Mr. E. H. Parker discourses on Chinese Hambug, and gives many instances of his humbugging the Chinese as well as of their little tricks of bluff and sham. Yet he testifies that mercantile operations are carried on as methodically and honourably in China as in any country.

PARISIAN models with portraits form a feature in *Ludgate* for December. Mr. Clive Holland is the writer. From what he says, it appears that artists not infrequently marry their models, and in that sense possess model wives. Mr. H. P. Pugh contributes a very able sketch of the absinthe hour in Paris, which lies between five and seven in the afternoon. The making of a glass bottle is described duly by Mr. J. S. Fletcher. The "first appearance" sketched is that of Mr. Forbes Robertson.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I NOTICE elsewhere Mr. Sidney Low's article on the "Olney Doctrine," Mr. Crouch's "World Beneath the Ocean," and Mr. Thwaite's "Commercial War between Germany and England." Mr. Macnamara's "Local Support of Education" also requires special mention.

WANTED—A NAVAL RESERVE.

The Hon. T. A. Brassey, writing on "Manning the Navy in time of War," insists upon the importance of paying more attention to the reserve. He says:—

The policy of maintaining the personnel of the navy in peace at war strength is too costly and too wasteful of our national resources. Rather we should address ourselves to the task of building up a powerful reserve. As a first step, and before adding to the numbers, the conditions of enrolment must be altered so as to secure greater efficiency. Of the three sources of supply the fishing population alone can be relied upon to yield at once a substantial body of recruits. The colonies, which are not at present in a position to make a serious money contribution to the naval defence of the Empire, could furnish good men for a naval reserve. No remedy is possible without substantial assistance from the State.

AN EMPIRE ROTTEN AT THE HEAD.

Professor R. K. Douglas, writing "Some Peking Politicians," begins his article by giving the following illustrations of political blackmail which prevail in the Chinese capital:—

It is a matter of common knowledge in China that Li Hung Chang, when deprived of his viceroyalty and ordered to Peking, was compelled to distribute among the Court officials and others no less a sum than eight million taels, equivalent to about one million sterling, in order to protect himself against the attacks of his political enemies.

In such a hotbed of corruption, it is only natural that Conservatism should flourish:—

At the present moment the anti-foreign element is more than usually rampant at the capital. The man who has the main direction of affairs is a certain Weng, the quondam tutor of the Emperor and a Confucianist of the Confucianists. For some years he has exercised considerable influence over the Emperor, and has been a consistent opponent of Li Hung Chang and all his works.

Mr. Douglas despairs of any improvement:—

Such being the condition of affairs in China, we may well despair of the future of the Empire. The whole system of administration is rotten to the core, and there is no sign or symptom of any effort towards progressive reforms. Ninety-nine out of every hundred mandarins are wedded by long habit and by personal interest to the existing system.

MACHIAVELLI AS TUTOR OF THE ENGLISH.

Mr. W. A. Phillips has an article on "Machiavelli and the English Reformation," which suggests the thought that the phrase "perfidious Albion!" which has been bestowed upon our beloved country by our neighbours across the Channel, may really be due to the extent to which English statesmen in the formative period of our history embodied the teachings and were saturated with the spirit of the famous Florentine. Certainly it is difficult to describe more exactly the typical English idea of the right way to make reforms than was done by Machiavelli:—

"Whoever desires to introduce reforms into a State," Machiavelli had written, "in such manner as to have them accepted, and maintained to everybody's satisfaction, must retain at least the shadow of old institutions, so as to appear to have altered nothing, while in fact the new arrangements are entirely different from the old."

Mr. Phillips says:—

During the reign of Elizabeth, even more than during that of Henry the Eighth, the statecraft of Machiavelli seems to have been consistently applied. The conditions obtaining in England at the time of the Queen's accession were, indeed, not altogether unlike those which had prompted Machiavelli to write his "Discourses." If Elizabeth did not derive her principles and method of government directly from Machiavelli, it is more than probable that they were suggested to her by the most trusted of her ministers, who, without doubt, had studied him to good purpose.

ON THE SELLING OF BOOKS.

Mr. Shaylor, of Simpkin, Marshall and Co., writes an article which will be read with interest by all concerned in the making and disposing of books. It is not an article which can be summarised, but there are one or two facts which stick in the memory after we have laid the magazine down. One of these is that in what I presume is Simpkin and Marshall's establishment:—

In addition to the trade at the counter, 1,500 letters were received from country customers in one day, resulting in the despatch of seven hundred or eight hundred parcels. It will thus be readily understood that the labour involved in grappling with the details of the work must be prodigious. During the busy autumn season as many as seventy new books are sometimes submitted for "subscription" in one day.

Mr. Shaylor recalls another fact which is worth remembering. He quotes the authority of Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Chatto:—

The former, at a recent dinner, stated that his firm only accepted 22 out of 315 MSS. submitted to them in one year, and the latter in a Press interview asserted that his firm retained on an average about 13 out of 500.

IN PRAISE OF "TRISTRAM SHANDY."

Mr. Herbert Paul writes an essay on Sterne, which is full of delicate appreciation of the great humorist. Mr. Paul says:—

There have been few greater masters of conversation than Sterne, and in what may be called the art of interruption no one has ever approached him. He is one of the makers of colloquial English, and thousands who never heard of Shandy Hall repeat the phrases of the Shandy brothers. Of all English humorists except Shakespeare, Sterne is still the greatest force, and that the influence of Parson Yorick is not extinct may be seen in almost every page of the "Dolly Dialogues."

WHO IS THE SLEEPING EMPEROR?

Mr. Karl Blind devotes some pages to an attempt, and apparently a successful attempt, to prove that the Emperor of Germany, who Germany represents as sitting asleep in the Kyffhauser Mountains, was not the famous Barbarossa, but a very different Emperor indeed. Mr. Blind says:—

Taking all in all, it is manifest that the "Barbarossa" myth is quite a late graft upon the stem of the original tale about Kaiser Friedrich the Second, an enlightened adversary of priestcraft, the antagonist of the Papacy, the expected Reformer of the Church, and Disestablisher of Monkhdom. Many of the sayings attributed to him, which show him in the light of a man who would readily have assented, had he lived in our days, to the doctrines of Darwin, Huxley, and Hæckel, would find little countenance, at present, in high quarters at Berlin.

A DOCTOR ON VACCINATION.

Dr. Malcolm Morris does not like the finding of the Vaccination Commission, and calls it in his article the Superfluous Vaccination Commission. His title destroys in advance the force of his argument that the anti-vaccinationists have no reason to claim the report as a

victory for their cause. If it had told on the other side we should have heard nothing about its superfluity. What Dr. Morris would have liked the Commission to have done is thus summed up by himself:—

I would retain the element of compulsion in full force as far as primary vaccination is concerned, but I would make "martyrdom less cheap." Instead of repeated penalties, I would impose one fine sufficiently substantial to act as a deterrent. In case of persistent disobedience I would go the length of temporary disfranchisement, a penalty which is not too great for an act of bad citizenship. Re-vaccination should be promoted by a system of rewards. I am inclined to think that it would be better to entrust the duty altogether to public vaccinators, who should seek out the persons to be vaccinated at their own homes, and whose work should be under Government inspection. I think also it is the clear duty of the State to make itself responsible for the supply as well as for the use of pure lymph.

HOW ENGLAND HAS ROBBED IRELAND.

Mr. J. Clancy, writing on "The Financial Grievance of Ireland," holds out a pretty prospect for the English taxpayer. He says in a postscript:—

Since the foregoing pages were written, another Parliamentary return has been issued on the motion of Mr. Joseph A. Pease, M.P., an examination of which will show that the over-taxation of Ireland, which the Royal Commission found to exist, has been considerably aggravated by that great effort of Liberal statesmanship, the Finance Act of 1894. On the lowest estimate the over-taxation of Ireland now amounts to more than three millions sterling a year.

Even if this be an exaggeration, and the amount be under instead of over £3,000,000 a year, it is not surprising to learn that:—

For the present it would appear as if the political campaign on the one side and on the other in Ireland were about to be suspended in favour of an agitation, participated in by all parties, in support of the demand that the robbery referred to should cease. One great result of the work of the Financial Relations Commission is, as has been said, that the controversy as to the facts of the financial grievance of Ireland may be said to be ended.

Mr. Clancy deals with the various answers that are made to rescue this wholesale plunder of the weaker country by the richer. He says, for instance:—

The taxes which Great Britain pays, and which Ireland does not pay, amount to just £4,188,300; and if Ireland paid her share of those taxes, the total result would scarcely be altered to the extent of a decimal.

Then replying to the assertion that excessive taxation is balanced by excessive expenditure, he reminds us that:—

The excessive expenditure in Ireland is the direct result of British policy. Why, for instance, does the Irish Constabulary cost a million and a half annually instead of half a million, which would be the cost if that force were organised on the same scale as the police in England and Scotland? Because Great Britain is governing Ireland against her will.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Rev. Harry Jones preaches a sermon in favour of Temperance against Total Abstinence. Mr. Cuthbert Hadden discusses the authorship of "Rule Britannia," but comes to no conclusive result, for he says:—

The question of the authorship of "Rule Britannia" will probably, however, never be definitely settled. Thomson left it in doubt; so did Mallet.

The Hon. Sidney Peel describes "A Seventeenth Century Chesterfield," and the only other article is an interesting description of the burial of the Japanese Minister, Prince Taruhito Arisugawa.

THE NEW REVIEW.

I HAVE noticed elsewhere the two most notable and most contrasted articles in the December number of the *New Review*, under the title "A Man and a Woman." The fiction is there as usual, and also an article about the "Tyburn Tree," for everything relating to the gallows seems to have a strange fascination for the editor and his staff.

A GOOD WORD FOR SERBIA.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, who has been travelling in the Balkans, writes an article upon his impressions of Serbia, which is in many respects a surprise. It is chiefly surprising because it shows that Mr. Herbert Vivian can write without extravagance and state facts as sensibly as if he were a commonplace, ordinary citizen. He has for once, at least, resolutely abandoned his favourite fantastical and paradoxical pose. Speaking of Serbia, he says:—

As an ally in the solution of the perennial Eastern Question, her loyalty, her sturdy common-sense, and her jealousy of Russia may be invaluable to us. As a market for our cottons, iron, steel, and machinery, and also as a granary more trustworthy and more accessible than those of the new world, she may easily affect our commercial destiny. In any case she is a dainty miniature and cannot fail to please the eye of every artist. Beautiful Serbia! My soul will always linger amid the rapture of thy purple hills.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. F. Boyle has a curious paper upon "Sitting Down," a process which appears so natural to us that most readers would imagine that it was universal, but, says Mr. Boyle:—

Reviewing, in fact, the population of the globe, it seems likely that the men and women who sit are less than ten per cent. When we look closely, it appears that only Europeans, their descendants, and those whom they have instructed, sit. The custom is not universal even in Europe.

Mr. T. A. Archer, in an article entitled "The Italians in Tunis," describes how the Sicilians conquered Sfax in the twelfth century. His point of view is stated in the following paragraph:—

It may be permitted to an Englishman to hope that, when the final break up of the Turkish Empire is accomplished, Italy, though she has now lost Sfax and Mahdia, Tunis and Bona, and all the other African conquests of her great King Roger, may succeed in saving Tripoli from the jaws of France.

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

THE *United Service Magazine* sadly needs an editor who has some idea as to the arrangement of his articles. Here is the December number, for instance, containing a very remarkable paper by Colonel Graves on the "Madagascar War," which tells the story at first hand of the hopeless defence of the Malagasy capital against the French stowed away at the tail-end of the magazine, while the first part is devoted to an eulogy of Mr. Stanhope as War Minister. This, no doubt is deserved, but Mr. Stanhope's merits or demerits are hardly to be regarded as a living interest justifying the position accorded to his paper. Those on "the Italian-Abyssinian Treaty" and on the "Classification of Warships" are papers that interest every one who takes an interest in the Empire; but precedence is given over these valuable papers to a discussion on the training of stokers, and a story of the advance of Kori-Gaun, which took place about fifty years ago. The brief article upon "War Dogs" I notice elsewhere. There is also a very interesting paper on Napoleon at St. Helena by Sir James Urnston.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

I QUOTE elsewhere the article on Governor Altgeld of Illinois, which is the chief feature in the December number.

SAIREY GAMP SECUNDA.

Sairey Gamp, as Dickens portrayed her, is dead. In her place we have the modern nurse of to-day, of whom none can speak too highly; but according to Miss Emma L. Watson, who is responsible for the article entitled "Some Remarks on Modern Nurses," by "One of Them," Sairey Gamp Secunda is even more objectionable than her mother. Miss Watson, although she calls herself a modern nurse, admits that she is an old-fashioned nurse with old-fashioned notions, and, therefore, she lifts up her voice on high to proclaim how much she has been shocked about the unseemly behaviour in public of certain young women in nurses' dress. These dreadful young females, the Misses Sairey Gamp, are thus flagellated by their old-fashioned sister:—

No profession was ever started with higher aims, fairer hopes, or brighter prospects; and now through the thoughtless misbehaviour of a lot of light-minded, silly women, who ought never to have been allowed to enter a hospital for work at all, the whole thing will come to grief unless some change takes place, for there is no gainsaying the fact that there is a growing dislike to nurses, especially among quiet people. I know many who will put up with anything rather than run the risk of having one of these undesirable young women in their homes, for fear they may intrigue with the servants, upset the harmony and general arrangements of the house, carry on desperate flirtations with unblushing effrontery with the male members of the family, and tell improbable and outrageous stories to the women. It is a great pity that these objectionable persons cannot be weeded out of the nursing world altogether, but I don't see well how that can be done while the public continue to patronise the private institutions which make large incomes out of the earnings of nurses, and which care so little about the character of the women they employ so long as they bring grist to the mill.

Probably in the last sentence the real gist of the article lies. It is an attack not so much upon the modern nurse as the modern nursing institution.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES FOR WOMEN.

Miss Haldane writes a paper under this title, in which she sets forth what has been done in the direction of forming associations for the promotion of thrift amongst the female members of the working class. She says:—

It signifies a movement in which much may be done by those who wish to share in it; it represents an attractive method of inculcating thrift; but thrift in itself is a somewhat negative and barren virtue, and it represents, what is more important, a new educational factor in the lives of the greater half of the population of our islands. Its work is practically before it, and it is work which presents large possibilities of future attainment. It helps those who participate in it to help themselves, and it is only when men and women put forth an effort on their own account that any real benefit is attained.

CHURCH REFORM.

Mr. A. G. Boscawen, M.P., contributes an article on this subject. He says:—

Logically, the first of all reforms should be to create a representative Church body, which should have power to determine all questions directly affecting Church government and discipline.

He would check Convocation, and reform it; make it really representative of all Orders of the Clergy, and add to it real houses of laymen, properly recognised. The franchise should be given to any elector who would profess himself a member of the Established Church; but

representatives and office-holders should all be communicants. The next reform he demands is an alteration in the attainment and tenure of the beneficed clergy. The Church Committee in the House of Commons, says Mr. Boscawen, does emphatically expect from ministers effectual settlement of the patron question, and also a measure granting legislative freedom to the Church.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. W. F. Bailey writes an article on the "Native Problem in South Africa." He sums up as follows:—

The general conclusion may be drawn that South Africa, as a whole, will never be a white man's country in the same sense as are the United States of America, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. The bulk of the labour of the community will not fall on the European inhabitants. The country will afford no outlet for the teeming, labouring populations of England or the Continent. Skilled labourers and artisans will doubtless find employment there, but the pick-and-shovel man had best keep out of the country. It will rather resemble India and Ceylon than Australia and New Zealand. Europeans will always find in it an outlet for their energies, an opening for the employment of their capital, and an opportunity for adding to their wealth. Its climate is far more suitable for them than that of India, and were South Africa without its native races it might have a career like unto that of Victoria or New South Wales, Colorado or California. But we must judge of the future of the country by the tendencies that environ it, and its destiny is limited and controlled by racial conditions from which there is no escape.

A GOOD WORD FOR LORD ABERDEEN.

The Agent-General for New Zealand, writing on the "Functions of a Governor-General," defends Lord Aberdeen from the attack made on him by Sir Charles Tupper, who complained bitterly that Lord Aberdeen had refused to act upon his recommendations when some of Sir Charles Tupper's nominees, who were nominated after the constituencies had returned a majority against Sir Charles Tupper. Mr. Reeves says:—

Is it desirable that Governors should be made instruments for exasperating Colonial democracies against both Second Chambers and the Imperial Connection? If that be desirable, then the more often Governors take such advice as Lord Aberdeen declined to take from the Tupper Ministry the better. But surely it is preferable that the vexed question of the existence and form of Colonial Second Chambers should be settled on its own merits rather than that these bodies should be brought into discredit with the mass of the electors by being made—from the democratic point of view—worse than they already are, and made so by unfair interference. The approval which I am convinced that Lord Aberdeen's firmness will receive from Colonists everywhere need not be and should not be confined to a section or a party.

THE ORIGIN OF HAMLET.

Mr. Arthur Lyttelton, in a paper entitled "A Guess at the Origin of Hamlet," maintains that the play, as it originally existed before Shakespeare took it in hand, was "Hamlet" without Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Denmark being the addition which Shakespeare made to the original drama:—

My theory of the construction of Hamlet is this. Shakespeare, taking up, like any other playwright and manager of the time, a play that had evidently struck the popular fancy, found it a very barren story of revenge, with a murder, a ghost, a good deal of bloodshed, and some striking lines and phrases. There was apparently nothing much to be made out of this. But the poet's imagination, and his intense interest in character, seized on the one point in which there lay a possibility. He took the merely external causes of delay, as the old piece represented them, and transformed them into internal subjective motives, arising out of the nature of the man himself.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

I do not know exactly how it is, but the *Fortnightly Review* for December, notwithstanding that it contains some useful articles, and one or two that are brilliant enough, leaves a heavy impression. Possibly there is a little too much history. Dr. Dillon's article on "Germany's Foreign Policy," although as instructive as a professor's lecture, is almost entirely historical. So is Mr. Wilson's paper on "Arbitration," and the worst of that paper is that its history is misleading and inaccurate. For instance, what can be thought of an historian of the working of arbitration who is either ignorant of or wilfully suppresses the facts concerning the arrangements for the settlement of the claims under the Behring Sea award? Mr. Karl Blind's account of "Young Turkey" is also old history, and even the paper on the "Impending Famine in India" is seven-eighths history; in fact the *Fortnightly Review* is almost an historical handbook this month. I notice among the leading articles the two papers on German foreign policy and Prince Bismarck's Revelations, Miss Sutcliffe's paper on "Turkish Guilds," Mr. Kirkwood's article upon the Indian famine, Mr. Hardy's "Lessons from the American Election," and "Emeritus's" criticism of Lord Rosebery.

THE NEW FRENCH ACADEMICIAN.

Madame Blaze de Bury writes a very appreciative notice of M. le Duc d'Aumale, the writer who, at the age of forty, has been elected to succeed M. de Lisle in the French Academy. She says:—

If one may say of Brunetière that he is the Bonaparte of our criticism, of Lemaître that he is its Mazarin for penetration and subtlety, one may say of Anatole France, neglecting examples of statesmen in the comparison, that he is the Voltaire of his epoch, a Voltaire whose philosophy is felt in his fanciful writings, a Voltaire whose verve breaks out in his *Nouvelles* and criticisms; a Voltaire without a Frederick; and yet who knows? Perhaps we would not have to seek far among the correspondents of our author in order to find the intellectual small-change of the King of Prussia.

AN OLD NONCONFORMIST INDEED!

Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., writes a paper on the "Education Bill" from the old Nonconformist standpoint. There is not much snap in it, but the chief points which Mr. Bompas makes may be found in the following extracts:—

There was in some of the provisions, and in some of the omissions of the Government Bill, good reason for objection by Nonconformists, even of the old school. But the Bill was, as a whole, however, largely in favour of the very principles for which Nonconformists have always contended, and it is to be feared that it was opposed by many merely out of hostility to the party by whom it was introduced. From whichever source the money is to be found there cannot be, consistently with the principles held by the older Nonconformists, any control by the State or local authority of the voluntary schools, but only such inspection as shall be sufficient to secure that the money is properly expended and the secular education duly given.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. J. A. Murray writes enthusiastically upon a favourite subject of many essayists, the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam. Mr. H. H. Statham criticises adversely the decision of the Select Committee on the proposed new Government offices. He says:—

The first thing that has to be recognised is, that no War Office architecturally worthy of the nation can possibly be built on the site as recommended by the Select Committee of this year.

There is a brief paper by the author of "Dodo," which

but for the signature might have been mistaken for the work of a woman. Professor Ray Lankester contributes a letter defending the advocacy of his statements and judgments concerning Mr. Rhodes's book.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THERE are a number of interesting discussions on a variety of subjects in the December *Westminster*, but none belonging to the front rank of importance. Mr. Dewey's analysis of the causes which led to the depopulation of France craves separate notice. Mr. R. Seymour Long writes on Socialism and militarism, and argues that it is in the wide spread of the Socialist movement in modern Europe, and in the international and cosmopolitan character which it has assumed, that the most reasonable hopes are afforded of the overthrow of the military system everywhere and the disappearance of war from the civilised world. He therefore asks lovers of peace whether they ought not to throw in their lot with the Socialist movement.

J. B. W. C. argues in favour of Lord Salisbury's restriction of arbitration as a substitute for war, and insists that in the instances he would except it would be an evil thing for the arbitral court either to decline to decide or to give a decision that will not be accepted. The non-acceptance of a decision would so prejudice the public opinion of the world against a nation, that no nation would readily incur such a risk. But conciliation might affect what the writer thinks arbitration could not touch.

H., writing on the situation in Ireland, considers that Mr. Healy is now almost completely isolated, with no supporters in Ireland, and that the recent Dublin Convention will speedily bring about the unification and solidarity of the Irish Party. The baneful tendency to resort to secret societies which Parnell first nearly crushed and after his fall carefully revived, may now soon be as nearly repressed again.

Mr. G. A. B. Dewar compares the old M.P. and the new, and concludes that the average legislator of the second half of the century is well in advance of the legislator in the first half in incorruptness, in keenness for politics, in devotion to work and in grip of public questions, but not so much in "tact, courage, good-temper, courtesy," and in respect of independence is considerably behind.

Miss Joanna M. Hill contrasts Cottage Homes with "boarding out" for pauper children, and strongly urges the superiority of the latter system. It is not only less costly: it offers a real home and not a pseudo home to the little ones.

Mr. W. N. Shansfield in a rejoinder to Mr. Wilson's depreciation of modern journalism, denies that culture and literary ability are less sought after now than before. Newspapers depend not merely on number of subscribers but on their quality: for quality of constituency affects the income from advertisements, a commercial condition which no newspaper can neglect. The superior writer attracts the readers whom advertisers wish to reach.

A PLEASING study of Richard Jefferies by Charles Fisher appears in *Temple Bar*. The contrast between Wordsworth's and Jefferies' view of Nature is suggestively drawn, the vision of the Divine in the former being met in the latter by a sense of the "indifference of Nature," and "no God in Nature." G. L. Norgate's aspects of "Matthew Arnold," and a paper on the "Basilicas of Rome," are two other interesting features in the number.

THE FORUM.

THERE are two or three capital articles in the November number of the *Forum*, but I notice elsewhere Dr. Brook's bad article with a good title on "Women from the standpoint of a Naturalist." Mr. Stride's interesting suggestion for the re-establishment of the order of St. John of Jerusalem as a means of solving the Eastern Question; Mr. William Ferrero's paper on "Work and Morality," and Miss Gertrude Buck's fascinating article on the New Education.

THE EMERSON LEGEND.

A very bright paper, full of the genial spirit of Emerson himself, is that which Mr. H. D. Lloyd has contributed under the title of "Emerson's Wit and Humour." It is not an article from which to snap extracts, but one to be read by all, both by those to whom Emerson is unknown, and by those who have long enjoyed the honey which is stored in the hives of his works. One extract and only one can I permit myself:—

There has already come to be an Emerson legend, like the Lincoln legend, grave and gay. This legend is the repository of the familiar story that having gone together to see Fanny Elssler dance, Margaret Fuller said to Emerson, "This is poetry!" and he replied, "It is religion!" Legend also attributes to Emerson the maxim that the consciousness of being well-dressed gives one a moral support greater than the consolations of religion. But it was not his own, but a quotation he gives from the talk of a bright woman. Conway tells this story as current about Emerson, though he does not pretend that it is true. Wishing to know Bowers life at its roughest, Emerson mussed his hat, turned up his coat collar, and going to the bar of a saloon called for a glass of grog. The bar-keeper took a glance at his visitor, and said, "Lemonade will do for you." This must be classed with the legend that when Emerson visited Egypt the Sphinx said to him, "You're another!" Among the traditions of Emerson is that one night in the small hours his wife was awakened by hearing him stir about the room. "Are you sick?" she asked anxiously. "No, only an idea." But Cabot spoils this story by saying, evidently with direct reference to it, that Emerson never got up at night, as some one has fancied, to jot down thoughts. In Boston a story is current which is well found, even if it is not true. A believer in the immediate second coming of Christ went about warning people that the end of the world was at hand. Emerson heard him serenely, and only said, "We can do without it."

DISTRICT NURSING.

Mary K. Sedgwick, in a paper on this subject, which is chiefly devoted to a description of the methods of the District Nursing Association in Boston, tells us that the idea of district nursing was taken across the Atlantic from England only eleven years ago:—

District nursing began in England in 1875, when Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., employed a woman to go about among the sick poor of Liverpool and minister to their needs in their own homes. So great and immediate was the practical benefit of the service thus rendered that other cities followed the example of Liverpool. In 1885 Miss Abbie C. Howe, of Boston, who had watched the workings of the English system, came back to the United States filled with the desire to see a similar system established in her own city.

Similar work, but upon a somewhat different basis, was begun almost at the same time in Philadelphia, and there are now, in 1890, carefully organised associations for district nursing in New Bedford, Brooklyn, Chicago, Kansas City, Buffalo, and Baltimore. In addition to the work done by these specific organisations, nurses are sent out by the general charities or by churches in New York City, Wilmington, Delaware; Hapton, Virginia, and other cities, and similar experiments are being constantly undertaken.

There does not seem to be very much difference

between district nursing in America and district nursing here, but I do not know whether the English district nurses have a Loan Closet. Mrs. Sedgwick says:—

Perhaps the most important adjunct of the Association is its Loan Closet. In this Closet, which has four branches at convenient points in the city, is kept whatever is likely to be needed in the sick-room. Bedding, clothing for patients, apparatus ordered by the physicians,—all are supplied in abundance as loans to the patient. Each article is carefully marked, and each nurse is required to see that whatever she loans is eventually returned in a condition as clean and whole as possible.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Gennadius continuing his account of the "Recent Excavations in Greece," describes the discoveries that have been made by the French at Parnassus, where the music of the Hymn to Apollo was discovered in the ruins. Julia Ward Howe, in an article entitled "Shall the Frontier of Christendom be Maintained?" seems to plead for a crusade against the Mahomedan religion on the ground that it demands the disregard of human brotherhood or the shedding of human blood. Julia Ward Howe's proposal, if acted upon by Christendom, would hardly advance the cause of Human Brotherhood, and would certainly lead to the shedding of more blood on a very gigantic scale. She would, however, probably disclaim any attempt to give effect to her protest by carnal weapons.

THE ARENA.

It is to be hoped that now the election is over that the *Arena* will endeavour to cultivate a little more variety. For the last six months it has been too strenuous for anything. The November number is very sombre, but for next year they announce the publication of a fascinating scientific romance by Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer, entitled "A Celestial Love," which may perhaps enliven it up a bit. The frontispiece of the November number is a full-length portrait of "Kate Field," who died this year. Three-fourths of the paper are devoted to issues connected with the election which is now over.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF CHRISTIANITY.

There are two papers of general interest. One is Professor Buchanan's preliminary announcement, in view of his re-discovery of Christianity, of the forthcoming publication of a new version of the Gospels, which he declares have been communicated to him by the spirit of the Apostle John. Of this forthcoming book Professor Buchanan says:—

This restoration of lost history is far more than a higher criticism. It is accompanied by evidences which the writer's friends regard as unanswerable, which challenge every reader's investigation, give history a broader basis, and satisfy the demands of the agnostic inquirer as well as the enlightened philanthropist and Christian. The sixteen years of my recent investigations, after much preparation, will show that the Christianity of Christ is not lost nor forgotten, but that the history of Him and His disciples down to the destruction of Christianity as a Church will soon appear, showing the identification of the lofty wisdom of Jesus with the noblest results of modern science and the profoundest modern ethics, born out of humanity's deep sufferings, realising that the brotherhood of humanity, the vital principle of Christianity, is the world's only salvation.

THE RED INDIAN NOT DISAPPEARING.

The other article is an interesting paper by Mr. J. W. Pope, of the United States Army, in which he succeeds in putting forward a very good case to prove that there

have never been any more Red Indians on the American continent than there are at the present moment. He says:—

There exists no substantial proof that the red man is disappearing before the encroachments of civilisation, but that many solid facts indicate that there has been no material diminution of the Indian population, or at least in the quantity of Indian blood, within the historic period.

We should therefore, in the interest of truth, relegate the theory of the disappearance of the race of North American Indians to its proper place among the disproved fallacies of history.

As there are only about a quarter of a million in the United States to-day, he scouts the notion that there were ever any more than that number in times past. It is not claimed that there were more than a million, but it would seem that there is good reason for believing that the actual number was never so great. Nothing could illustrate more forcibly the difference between civilisation and savagery than the fact that a continent which now feeds 70,000,000 of persons, and will before long be feeding 200,000,000, provided inadequate sustenance for centuries to 250,000 Indians.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for November has several interesting articles, some of which are solely of interest to American readers. Mr. J. A. Taylor strings together the usual farrago of quaint and amusing epitaphs. Mr. Himmelwright defends the erection of buildings of twenty-five stories. He thinks they are fire-proof in fact as well as in name; and he makes a calculation that in some of the great buildings of Chicago as many as eight thousand persons are employed in one way or another, which, if a family of five were allotted to each, would give a population of forty thousand, who are fed from day to day by money earned in one of these large buildings. Professor Thurston has an interesting paper on "The Animal as a Machine," which brings out very clearly how little, with all our science, is known as to the force which works our own bodies. Professor Thurston says:—

Some force—no one knows precisely what—and some energy, equally unidentified, cause contraction and relaxation of muscles and transformation of the unknown form of energy into mechanical power and muscular force and work. Where this energy of primary form is originated, what is its course, and how it affects the muscle, no one can say. Probably substantially all the internal, automatic work of the living machine is performed in respiration and the circulation of the fluids of the body through their miles of narrow channel and capillary ducts. This is work of friction, and all of it must be reconverted into heat; it constitutes a large part, if not the whole, of the heat thrown out of the system. The animal machine is not a heat-motor, or a thermo-dynamic engine, which deduction may be accepted as very nearly, if not absolutely, certain. The consequent conclusion thus follows that it is an engine operated thermo-electrically or by some other less familiar, very possibly entirely unknown, process of energy-transformation.

Professor Thurston calculates that the food of an adult man is about equal in working power to a pound of coal, which in its turn is equal to one-fifth of a horse-power for twenty-four hours. As one horse-power is equal to twenty-four man-power, an ordinary day's work of an ordinary man only amounts to one-fifth of the potential energy that is stored up in the food which he consumes, or which is equivalent to one pound of coal. What becomes of the other four-fifths? It is not wasted, but is used up by the machine itself, for the human machine, unlike all others, perpetually renews its parts.

CORNHILL.

THE December number of *Cornhill*, though full of good matter, is not up to the high standard set by several previous issues. It is predominantly historical.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S CHRISTIANITY.

It opens with a paper on "The Greatest Anniversaries," by Rev. H. C. Beeching. This is a statement of the Christian religion which is well written, but which owes its distinction to the fact that it is a criticism of Matthew Arnold's version of Christianity as set forth in the pages of *Cornhill* many years ago. He argues against the idea that Christianity is Stoicism touched with emotion, contending that the revelation given by Jesus was theological and dynamic rather than moral:—

The Christian religion, unlike Stoicism, centres in a Person. Its precepts of morality are excellent, its law of love to all mankind is such that it makes it possible and easy to keep them all—but how will it be found possible to keep the law of love? The answer is, through love to Christ. This, and not "inwardness," not "self-renouncement," was Christ's method and secret. We love Him because He first loved us, and in Him we love our brethren.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON GEORGE III.

Mr. Goldwin Smith writes a character sketch of George III., which shows less than the author's wonted brilliancy. He thus sums up the moral of his story:—

To what the world will advance or revert from this system of government by party, the caucus, the platform, and those moral civil wars which we call general elections, nobody yet foresees; but it may safely be said that personal government—by a sovereign without responsibility—has been tried at sufficient cost and has most decisively failed.

A POET IN STONE.

The Bishop of Peterborough's address on Saint Edward the Confessor, which was delivered on the festival of the saint's translation, is now given in full:—

Edward was a poet; whose poem was written in stone. "He sang of what the world would be when the ages had passed away." He set up the palace and monastery of Westminster as a symbol of that Divine order which must bring harmony into the world's affairs. . . . Rulers and statesmen have nothing to learn from his achievements. But his gracious spirit, his fine feeling, his love of righteousness, his care for justice—these are qualities which can never be out of date.

OTHER ARTICLES.

A vivacious account of the marvellous life and adventures of Beau Brummell by Mr. A. H. Shand, and a chatty paper on Duelling in France by Mr. J. Pemberton-Grund, are articles worthy of special attention. The *Private Diarist* tries to gibbet *the Temple*, but not succeeding to his desire, wishes Matthew Arnold back again to play censor.

English Illustrated.

THE *English Illustrated* Christmas number is full of good things. Clark Russell writes on "Pictures from the Life of Nelson"; Melton Prior gives his "Impressions of Constantinople"; Andrew Lang gossips about Jeanne d'Arc; Mr. Zangwill tells the story entitled "The Conciliator of Christendom," which is rather a touching narrative of a poor Jew who died in abject poverty, but who nevertheless died happy in the belief that his work on Judaism and Christianity was about to be translated and published in English. It would seem as if war stories were coming into favour. Mr. R. W. Chambers tells the tale that is bloody enough under the somewhat strange title "In the Name of the Most High." There is a story of British Battles, and Stephen Crane has a tale entitled "An Indiana Campaign."

THE PROGRESSIVE REVIEW.

The *Progressive Review* for December contains a poem by Mr. Alfred Hayes, which is distinctly above the average, addressed to the expiring century.

THE DYING AGE.

After describing the Age, Mr. Hayes asks questions which will ever obtrude themselves in the midst of our constant jubilation over peace, progress and prosperity.

Of what avail to tame the lightning's speed,
To quell the waves and hold the winds in leash,
If health no more be labour's meed,
If love be smothered, honour spurned,
And beauty crushed in Mammon's blind stampede?

What boots it to have turned
The soil's dull sons to nervous factory-slaves,
If pain that stunts, if pleasure that depraves,
Hurry the haggard millions to their graves?
What gain to have been orphaned of our God,
To know, when worms destroy
Man's frame, his spirit lies beneath the sod,
If soul thereby be sacrificed to flesh,
If Christ be crucified each day afresh?

What profits it to heap
Hoard upon hoard in hideous towns, and miss
The pure sky and the sweet air's kiss,
To weigh the stars and lack the gift of joy,
Outstrip the storm and lose the boon of sleep?

PARISH COUNCILS AND THE HOUSES OF THE POOR.

One of the writers in the *Review*, discussing the question of "The Housing of the Poor in Their Own Districts," makes a practical proposal which is worth noting. His idea is to—

suggest that parish councils should have powers for providing cottages similar to those they now possess for providing allotments. A parish council can provide allotments without reference to or consent from any other public authority, provided that it can carry the business through by voluntary local agreements. But if it is unable to do that, and desires to use its compulsory powers, then the consent of the county council must be obtained.

MR. KEIR HARDIE AND HIS PARTY.

Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Herbert Samuel cross swords over the right policy of the I.L.P. Mr. Hardie, as usual, thinks that the stars in their courses are fighting for him, and that the Liberal Party is so dead that nothing remains to be done than to establish the I.L.P. in its place:—

Public opinion is swinging round to our point of view. Temperance people, land restorers, and others are feeling more and more sympathy with the fighting spirit shown by the I.L.P. It may take a quarter of a century before the I.L.P. becomes the dominant factor in politics in Great Britain; but when the end has been accomplished the common people will indeed be established in the seat of power. The alternative to being independent is to trust to Liberalism, and, as I have shown, Liberalism is impotent. It has served its day; and no man in his senses would dream of uniting the acting living present with the dead or dying past.

He might, says Mr. Hardie, have made a bargain with the Liberal Party by which he could have secured a seat in East Bradford, but:—

Anything savouring of an alliance, or a fusion, or a compromise, with either the Liberal or the Tory Parties would destroy the faith of these men and shatter the I.L.P. movement. It is probable that had I cared to meet the Liberals half-way in East Bradford, no Liberal candidate would have been brought forward, and I might have won the seat, partly on the strength of Liberal support. But it would have been a costly victory.

THE GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRATS.

There is rather an interesting article about the German Social Democratic movement, which gives a glimpse of its Liebknecht and his paper, the *Vorwaerts*, which he edits for a salary of £360 a year:—

The *Vorwaerts* is a halfpenny paper with a daily circulation of fifty thousand, and its profits are large.

It is difficult to carry on the work of social agitation in Germany:—

For every German Socialist meeting (even the smallest local gathering) twenty-four hours' notice has to be given to the police in the district. At the commencement of the meeting the police-officer marches in, with sword by his side, and seats himself by the chairman. He takes copious notes of the proceedings, and has the power to dissolve the meeting at a minute's notice.

The writer of the article entitled "Modern Oxford" shakes his head over the university. He describes it as he sees it, and then says:—

Such being the social conditions and intellectual bias of Oxford, it is little wonder that there is no study of political or social science at the university in any positive or realist sense.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

In the *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nov. 7th and 21st) the most noteworthy articles are two on the recent condemnation of Anglican Orders, well-informed and well-argued, which may be taken as summing up the most rigid Catholic point of view. But it was perhaps indiscreet of the Jesuit author to dwell at the outset on "the unanimous applause and the sincere expressions of satisfaction and gratitude" with which the English Catholics received the decision.

To the *Nuova Antologia* Edmondo de Amicis contributes in a sympathetic and gossiping strain personal impressions of both Jules Verne and Victorien Sardou. The former, whom the Italian author appears to hold in somewhat extravagant literary estimation, he describes as possessed of a kindly face, without any artistic vivacity, and a simple, unaffected manner, and as living the life of a *bon bourgeois* at Amiens, going to bed every night at eight o'clock and rising at four o'clock to write his tales of adventure, and being apparently more proud of the fact that he is a municipal councillor than the author of eighty volumes of romance. What struck him most in Sardou was "his strange, pale, clean-shaven face, with his long nose and pointed chin, strongly-marked and irregular features, lit up by a pair of pale grey eyes, at once sparkling and thoughtful, whose eager glances seemed to be in harmony with the rapid movements of his thin sinuous lips, subtle yet benevolent, on which hovered the vivacious and gently jocular smile of youth. To look at he might be sixty—to listen to he is far younger."

Continuing his articles on "The Kingdom of Minos," Sgr. Mariani declares the Christian population, according to the only recent census, to be over 205,000, whereas the Moslems only number 73,000. He protests strongly against any European suzerainty, whether of England or of France, over the island, and declares emphatically that autonomy is the only alternative to annexation to Greece, which is what the Cretan Christians would prefer.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* contains, amongst other articles, one on the Catholic rural banks of Northern Italy, which have produced much controversy of late, and a long and solid article on "Empirical Finance," in which the writer, F. Bervando, takes a very unfavourable view of Italy's financial condition.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

It must be admitted that neither number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November is of surpassing interest or importance; indeed, an ill-natured reviewer would probably call them both dull.

THE UNSELFISHNESS OF FRANCE.

To the first November number M. Fouillée contributes a very charming and well-informed study of the genius of the French nation, both in other ages and to-day. The most typical quality of the French of to-day is, he thinks, a certain ideal of generosity, and he adds, truly enough, that it is not from an excess of love and devotion for ideals that nations go wrong nowadays. On the contrary, scepticism, prosaic utilitarianism, financial corruption, the narrow politics of parties and interests, the selfish struggle of classes—such are the evils which must everywhere be combated in the name of ideals. If France should renounce her worship of the ideal, of the spirit of unselfishness, she would lose without any possible compensation that which has always formed her true moral strength. This kind of declaration is too vague, but if M. Fouillée means that France sorely needs the creation of a healthy public opinion, he is unquestionably right. The average Englishman judges France by the novels of the boulevards, by Panama, and by the scenes in the Chamber which the newspapers report with gusto, and he has not the faintest notion of the real France, energetic, frugal, prudent, highly moralised, highly cultivated, which lies below the surface scum.

GERMANY'S BURDEN.

Count Benedetti concludes his interesting observations on Cavour and Bismarck, which he began in the second October number of the *Revue*. He attributes the crushing growth of German armaments to Prince Bismarck, who inconsiderately broke up the good understanding which subsisted between the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg, and drove Russia into the arms of France, a providential agreement which, Count Benedetti thinks, is the sole pledge, at the present hour, of the peace and security of Europe. These views are particularly interesting in view of Bismarck's recent "revelations" in the *Hamburger Nachrichten* and elsewhere, and the significant debate in the Reichstag which followed. Count Benedetti is evidently expectant—perhaps it would not be doing him an injustice to say hopeful—of disaster for Germany, staggering under the weight of her enormous military budgets, honeycombed with socialism, and split up by a widespread spirit of particularism which not all the Emperor's flamboyant appeals to the memory of his grandfather can crush.

SHOULD THERE BE AN AGE LIMIT FOR STATESMEN?

With Count Benedetti's paper may be bracketed an able article by M. Valbert on the Prince de Metternich and Bismarck. M. Valbert thinks that if some modern Plutarch were to arise and write full biographies of the two men, Metternich and Bismarck, whose careers he has delicately sketched within the limits of an article, he would come to the conclusion that the greatest statesmen are wrong to remain too long in power; that the years of prosperity and triumph are followed with fatal certainty by the period of difficulties and mistakes. Metternich made serious mistakes because he ended by believing himself infallible; Bismarck has made serious mistakes because his personal hatreds have

had an excessive influence on his public actions. It is, as Count Prokesch von Osten said, the faculty which Bismarck lacks—the power of distinguishing things from persons.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE November numbers of the *Nouvelle Revue* contain noticeably less than usual that calls for comment. The revived interest which French people are taking in the little kingdom of Greece finds expression in two articles which may be bracketed together.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GREECE.

The first, entitled "In Greece," by M. Stephanopoli, the editor of the *Messenger d'Athènes*, is in the first November number; the other article, which is in the second November number, is called "Young Greece," and is by Mlle. Bovet. To give place *aux dames*, Mlle. de Bovet is attracted by the piquancy of the contrasts in Greece. The country, she tells us, is extremely young and at the same time fabulously old, and she apparently went to see it—a thing that has occasionally been done before. Mlle. de Bovet's style is somewhat luxuriant, even for the glorified guide-book sort of article, and the reader is irritated by her habit of constantly dragging in bits extracted from the classical dictionary. M. Stephanopoli's article is of a different kind. He has something to say, and says it well. He endeavours to show that Hellenism is a real force, and declares that Turkey has all along recognised the fact, as is shown by her efforts to win the sympathies, or at least to secure the benevolent neutrality, of Greece—efforts in which the Ottoman Government received the assistance of France and Russia, who urged Greece to behave with prudence and moderation. M. Stephanopoli is convinced that England's machinations throughout the Armenian troubles would have been more successful if Lord Salisbury had realised from the first the importance of Greece and the Greek populations of Turkey in the great problem of the Eastern Question. He is enthusiastic over the splendid resources of Greece. In that case it is perhaps permissible to inquire why she does not pay her debts. M. Stephanopoli has an answer ready. Poor little Greece, he says, had to spend so much in fomenting the Cretan insurrection of 1865, and then the Russo-Turkish War came and she had to arm for her own protection, while her efforts to get Epirus and Thessaly assigned to her by the Berlin Congress were thwarted by the infamous interference of England. Naturally, "Greeks" are at a considerable discount in the City.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among other articles in the first November number the following may be mentioned. The recollections of General Oudinot are brought to a close. We are given a dramatic glimpse of the Emperor at Bautzen, who had not closed his eyes for seventy-two hours, being seized in the midst of the battle with an irresistible drowsiness and calmly resting for an hour on a portion of the field amid a perfect hail of bullets. That hour's sleep cost him dear. Ney, left without precise instructions, lost all the fruits of a most admirable strategic combination.

The second November number is remarkable for some letters which passed between George Sand and the Abbé Rochet. The good abbé talks mainly of religion, at which George Sand frankly shrugs her shoulders. The letters are not to be compared in importance or interest with the Pagello revelations.

LA REVUE DE PARIS.

THE first number of the *Revue de Paris* is as literary and personal in character as the second is social and political. Perhaps the most notable paper is the curious medical analysis of the genius and character of Emile Zola.

GEORGE SAND AND ALFRED DE MUSSET.

The complex and brilliant personality of George Sand, who has sometimes been called the French George Eliot, though probably no two women of genius ever more truly differed the one from the other, has retained a lasting hold on those of her countrymen and women who are interested in literary matters. Only this autumn the burning controversy as to what were the relations between Madame Sand and Alfred de Musset has been reopened with the aid of an aged Italian doctor named Pagello, who is known to have been the somewhat unworthy cause of perhaps the most poignant drama of jealousy the world has ever known, and which provoked from the pens of two great writers some of their finest work. Dr. Pagello has allowed the curiosity of an interviewer to get the better of his discretion; but with the exception of acknowledging that he once kissed and has now told, he has very little new to say. There is no doubt that he, in his quality of medical man to de Musset, played an ugly part, and George Sand proved once more how unreasoning is the passion of love. The friends and family of the great novelist are now publishing in the *Revue de Paris* the letters written at the time of the quarrel by Madame Sand to de Musset, and these long epistles certainly deserve to take a place among the epistolary literature of the world, for in each of them the writer reveals herself as woman, as worker, as friend, as lover. Immediately following on this curious correspondence are published some exquisite verses addressed at various times by de Musset to Madame Sand, and which form a fitting epilogue to this portion of their story as told by themselves.

A WARNING TO TURKEY.

Of special interest at the present moment is a long letter which bears every sign of being authentic, addressed by Fuad Pacha, a one-time Minister of Turkey, to the Sultan the day before his death, which occurred on February 11th, 1869. In it the famous Turkish statesman seemed to have a prevision of all the misfortunes which lay in wait for the Ottoman Empire. Those who are now absorbed in the Armenian question must be referred to the letter, which occupies many pages itself; but one or two passages of this striking epistle may be quoted:—

The voice which comes from the tomb is always sincere. Your Empire is in danger; our neighbours are not what they were two centuries ago; they have all gone forward, we alone have gone back. Your Majesty's Empire will be condemned to extinction unless within the next few years you can acquire as much monetary influence as has been acquired by Great Britain, as much knowledge as is possessed by France, and as many soldiers as the Emperor of Russia can command. Our splendid Empire contains all the elements necessary to surpass every other European Power, but in order to accomplish this object one thing is absolutely necessary—we shall have to change all our political and civil institutions.

And then, somewhat later:—

Among our foreign allies you will always find Great Britain the most powerful and the most to be considered; her friendship is as faithful and solid as her institutions; she has bestowed on us immense assistance, and we cannot and we shall not be able to do without her help in the future. . . . I would prefer to lose many provinces rather than to see the Sublime Porte abandoned by England.

And then, towards the end of this very curious and—if authentic—valuable document:—

The Sublime Porte must never tolerate any intrigues having for object that of preaching an alliance between the Armenians and the Orthodox Church. Still, our best policy will always be that of placing the State above all religious questions. In future, our great Empire should belong neither to the Greeks, nor to the Slaves, nor should one religion or one race necessarily predominate. The Empire of the East will only keep itself upright by the fusion and union of many peoples.

This letter, which was written by Fuad Pacha at Nice, was sent to the then Sultan, but a copy was kept by his descendants, who have now judged it advisable to publish it.

In the second number of the *Revue* a considerable space is devoted to a long series of letters addressed by George Sand to Sainte-Beuve.

FRENCH PRAISE OF TRADES UNIONISM.

Of more immediate value is M. de Rousier's very impartial discussion of British Trades Unions. He seems to have studied the subject not only carefully, but with the utmost thoroughness, and on the whole his report is entirely in favour of Trade Unionism. Indeed, he evidently ascribes to it and to the efforts of those who have practically organised the great Trades Unions, all the bettering of the condition of English workers during the last thirty-eight to forty years, although he admits that other things have contributed to the present shorter hours and higher wages. He was also very much struck by the fact that on the whole the Unions and the principles of Trade Unionism are popular in the country, and he pays a very high tribute not only to those men who have built up the unions, but also to most of the labour leaders.

PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

THE Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is a most sumptuous edition. Besides the usual profuse and high-class pictures in black and white, and a highly ornate coloured plate for frontispiece—Alice Havers' "Sally in our Alley"—there are in one article—Mr. Frederic Whyte's on "The Queen of Cities"—a number of coloured representations of Constantinopolitan life mingled with the letter-press. The country house selected for the topographical sketch is Blickling Hall in Norfolk, the early home of Anne Boleyn, which Rev. A. H. Malan depicts with pen and camera. Mr. J. H. Rollason contributes a curious study in silver nets or pieces of plate shaped as ships, used to hold wine or other delicacies, the workmanship of the seventeenth century. The best private collection is that of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, which is here pictured and described in detail, the article having been revised by H.R.H. himself. "A Corner of Horse" gives an account of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, the training at which is said to be so severe as to leave few pleasant memories in the minds of its alumni. Mr. Theo. A. Cook tells the story of the settlement of St. Augustine in Florida by the Spaniards, and shows how vain was the effort of the Spanish colony. He draws from the failure of Spain the morale: spread free government, loyal independence, free and enterprising trade; keep down the death-rate and send up the birth-rate. Mr. J. Holt Schooling's graphic analysis of our mortality bills claims special notice. Marion Elliston contributes a singularly touching Christmas dream of Angels Unawares, which will cause more tears of sympathy than the most of similar sketches.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The Leisure Hour.

THE *Leisure Hour* devotes four pages to the reproduction of an autograph letter of Mrs. Browning. There is an illustrated paper devoted to Nottingham and its industries. Miss Belloc, whose pen is very busy this month, contributes a paper about the "Future Kings of Europe," which is copiously illustrated with portraits of the little people who will some day sit on the throne. There is a brief paper on the Toys and Games in the past, from which it would seem that three thousand years ago the children had dolls, peg-tops, tip-cat, balls, and swings which differ very little from those which amuse our children to-day.

The Lady's Realm.

THE *Lady's Realm* for December gives the place of honour to a charmingly illustrated paper by Mrs. Haweis, entitled "The Empress Frederick and Friedrichshof," which is illustrated, not merely by portraits, but by two sketches by the Empress herself. Miss Belloc's interesting paper on M. Worth is noticed elsewhere. "D." has a paper entitled "The Return of Dodo," and Sarah Tooley, who does not append her portrait above her signature, as the other writers do, discourses concerning Brighton's society.

The Woman at Home.

THIS is a double number with some notable features. The first is a series of nearly forty pages devoted to the "Daughters of Victoria." Katherine Lee writes on the "Empress Frederick"; Sarah Tooley on "Princess Alice, Princess Helena, and Princess Louise"; and Miss Belloc writes on "Princess Beatrice." Ian Maclaren finishes the story of "Kate Carnegie" by marrying Kate to the Free Church minister, a destiny to which she was obviously destined from the first chapter. A paper on "The Home of our Commander-in-Chief" gives us plenty of inside views of Lord Wolseley's town house, and some pleasant gossip concerning Miss Wolseley, who seems to be a very capable and attractive young lady. There are also facsimiles of two poems by Charlotte Brontë on the death of her sisters, Emily and Anne.

Harper's.

HARPER'S Christmas Number opens with an interesting sketch of a Middle English Nativity play by John Corbin, and a Christmas carol by Nina Frances Layard. The chief feature in the number, however, is a charming sketch of President Kruger by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, which is noticed at considerable length elsewhere. Mr. Remington has a very brightly-written and vivid narrative of "How the Law got into Chapparral by the Aid of the Texas Rangers." It is well illustrated, and is a very instructive account of the way in which a settled society is evolved from a condition of lawless anarchy. There is the usual modicum of fiction, and an interesting story of how tame ducks can be trained to act as decoys. W. D. Howells writes at some length on Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Dr. William W. Jacques explains how he proposes to extract electricity direct from coal. At present we only utilize two and a half per cent. of the energy obtainable and waste ninety-seven and a half per cent. He thus describes his discovery:—

My discovery is that if the oxygen of the air be caused to combine with carbon, not directly as in combustion, but through an intervening electrolytic carrier, the stored-up

energy of the carbon may be converted directly into electrical energy, and not into heat. Crudely speaking, my invention consists in generating electricity by causing the oxygen of air to combine with coal beneath the level of a suitable liquid.

Strand.

THE *Strand* for December has no very eminent article, but keeps up its reputation for novel and curious subjects. Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald gives an interesting account of Brock's pictures in fireworks at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. These gigantic pictures, about 600 ft. long and some 40,000 sq. ft. in area, and costing for the first appearance £350, and for subsequent discharges £50 each, came in, it seems, during the Franco-German war, and sprang from imitation of incidents in that campaign. "Campaign buttons," buttons bearing a candidate's portrait or motto on each, a favourite feature of the American presidential struggle, are discussed in a lively paper by Mr. George Dollar. There is a taking description of an ingenious toy railway, one hundred feet long, in a clergyman's garden at Windsor, which has stations, signal-system, tunnels, steam rolling-stock, and everything else complete. It ought to prove a valuable educational device worthy of wider vogue. A second paper on idols contains much curious matter, but to tell over the religious beliefs of myriads of our fellow-subjects in the style of a comic-recital which is here adopted scarcely accords with the higher courtesies of public life. The second paper on leaders of the Bar supplies a good deal of interesting chat about Mr. Asquith, Mr. Jelf, Mr. Willis, Mr. Inderwick, Mr. Bigham and Mr. Bompas, the latter gentleman being described as "the perpetual candidate for any and every sort of post."

Pearson's.

THE December issue is a strong number. Mr. Sherard's "White Slaves" in Bradford requires special mention, as do Mrs. Griffith's account of Dr. Bose's Electric Eye and Mr. Brand's inquiry into the connection between civilisation and suicide. Mr. Arthur Woodward gives a vivacious description of many of the chief aerial railways of the world, which are nearly all made by Englishmen. The longest span occurs on the Pinerolo ropeway in the Italian Alps, and is little short of a mile in length. Among the most famous are those at Hong-Kong, Gibraltar, and Cape Town. Mr. T. E. Pemberton portrays with graphic truth the Leicestershire Trappist monastery; and the almost unknown land of Nepaul, jealously secluded from contact with Europeans, is vividly sketched by Miss F. Billington. Mr. Dudley Heath illustrates the Queen's hobby for collecting miniatures, and J. Malcolm Fraser serves up several interesting curiosities in the way of fancy dress. Mr. J. F. Sullivan's "education board" in rhyme and picture is too exaggerated, not to say clumsy, to be effective as a skit on School Board extravagance. Mr. Harry Furniss sketches the Bohemian Club with pen and pencil. Mr. Joyce Garraway has contrived to gather together quite a number of pictures by royal artists.

In the *Young Woman* the chief feature for December is Miss Friedrichs' sketch of "Home Life at Hawarden," in the illustrated article on Dorothy Drew and Her Mother. William Clarke devotes some three or four pages to singing the praises of Mr. Harold Frederick. There is also a sketch of Shan F. Bullock, who is about to write a new story entitled "The Charmer," which is to appear in the *Young Man* next year.

The Century.

THE December number of the *Century* is one which appeals more to American than British readers, but which has also plenty of interest for both. The principal paper is Horace Porter's recollections of campaigning with Grant, in which he bears witness to Grant's remarkable coolness in trying times. Mr. Smythe holds out roseate prospects for California, looking forward to its development by small in place of large owners. Incidentally he observes that Americans in the East and Middle States know more of Europe than of California—another proof that the sea unites, does not divide. Mr. W. A. Coffin weaves together the souvenirs of a veteran collector, of the name of Avery, with pictures and autographs from many famous artists, among whom may be mentioned Meissonier, Munkacsy, Menzel, Rosa Bonheur, and Cruikshank. Miss H. E. Smith recalls the story, with appropriate portraits and pictures, of a group of American girls belonging to a wealthy family early in the century. The ancient devices of girls' education possess a quaint interest to-day, notably the backboards to improve the figure, and the weights carried on the head to develop a stately carriage. Miss A. S. Lewis asks, what language did Jesus speak? and answers Aramaic.

Scribner.

THE Christmas *Scribner* is admirable. The first place is given to an article by Cosmo Monkhouse upon "Sir John Millais," which is copiously illustrated, with excellent reproductions of many of Millais's most famous pictures. The article was written before Sir John Millais died. Mr. Monkhouse declares that for a period of nearly fifty years Millais has sustained his reputation as the greatest painter of the day. I cannot say that I can congratulate the editor upon the innovation made upon the printing of Kenneth Graham's charming account of a child's first visit to a circus in blue and gold. It is a novelty, and that is all that can be said for it. There is an amusing attempt to describe the impressions of one of the raiders in Holloway Gaol, who professes to tell us what the Honourable Reggie Blake thought about it. Bobby White will be credited with these three pages, which are very vivid and life-like. There is a good paper by Agnes Repplier on "Little Pharisees in Fiction," which can be recommended to the attention of Sunday-school teachers and others. Fiction is very strong, and at least two of the stories deal with Borderland subjects. There is one gruesome story about a square diamond, which had the power of summoning its former possessor when it was closely examined. As this gentleman had the faculty of turning himself into a wolf upon occasion, the diamond was not a possession to be coveted.

The Windsor.

THE December *Windsor* is a good number, with plenty of varied reading. An ex-member of the Government gives an interior view of "A Day in the Life of a British Statesman," along with a choice assortment of Downing Street gossip. He tells us that "Lord Salisbury writes almost everything with his own hand. Mr. Balfour dictates to a shorthand clerk." Mr. Bright is described as having been "the laziest of mankind at official work," but "an ideal hand at receiving deputations." Mr. T. Artemus Jones initiates the reader into some of the mysteries of the Press Association and Renter. Mr. Robert Donald tells the story of the London School Board and its work.

New England Magazine.

A SKETCH of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, with many quaint reproductions of pages from his books and letters, takes the first place in the very excellent November number of the *New England Magazine*. The writer, Mr. de Normandie, declares him a modern saint, with a missionary spirit and earnestness as wise as St. Paul's, and a charity and sympathy as sweet as St. Francis d'Assisi; and prophesies that he will be regarded as one of the most commanding figures in early American life. A New England village amid the Southern Pines of North Carolina—"one of the two areas where consumption is unknown"—is affectionately described by B. A. Goodridge. Pinehurst, as it is called, is a model village, owned and laid out by Mr. Tufts of Boston in 1895, as a sanatorium for people of refined tastes and small means.

ART WINTER NUMBERS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AS AN ARTIST.

LAST month we called attention to the Art Annual, the winter number of the *Art Journal* which was devoted to the life and work of Mr. Marcus Stone. Since then we have received two other art winter numbers. The *Studio* has issued a second "extra," in continuation of the special "Studio Series" begun at Christmas, 1894, with "Christmas Cards and Their Designers," by Mr. Gleeson White. The new number is altogether excellent, but it is specially interesting for the Robert Louis Stevenson articles. The first is a description of Le Monastier, a mountain town in France, by Stevenson, who visited the place in 1878, and the illustrations are leaves from Stevenson's sketch-book. This is followed by a critical note on Stevenson as an illustrator, by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The other illustrated articles are Famous French Artists at Home, by Mr. Gabriel Mourey; Architectural Sketching, by Mr. Arnold Mitchell; Beautiful Modern Manuscripts, by Margaret Armour; the Samplers, by Mr. Gleeson White, etc. Mr. James Stanley Little's article is on the Ideal Life of a Landscape-Painter. The November *Studio* is also a good number, an interesting feature being reproductions of some of Lord Leighton's studies.

THE ART OF MR. SANDYS.

The winter number of the *Artist* is a sympathetic "consideration" of the work of Mr. Frederick Sandys as a painter rather than as an illustrator. The writer (Mrs. Esther Wood) describes him as a Pre-Raphaelite in every essential quality, though he was in no way associated with the beginnings of the movement in England. She continues:—

A classicist by nature and temperament, yet steeped in the same romantic mysticism that inspired the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he is stronger than any of them in the presentment of a dramatic crisis, though he has little of the brooding sensuous warmth that breathes from nearly all their paintings. He deals less than they with the subtle intimacies of passion, and more with its typical effects and expressions.

A useful feature is the list of pictures with which the "Sandys" number concludes, while the reproductions of the artist's works add greatly to its attractiveness.

THE NEW P.R.A.

The December number of the *Magazine of Art* discusses the work of several artists—Mr. George W. Joy, by Mr. Joseph Anderson; Lord Leighton's sketches, by Mr. A. Lys Baldry; Adolphe Artz, by Mr. R. Heath; but the most interesting at this moment is the notice of Mr. Poynter, the new P.R.A., by Mr. Spielmann.

"THE HISTORY OF THE MYSTERY."

THE CONSPIRACY AND THE CONSPIRATORS.

MY "Annual" this year is no mere romance. "The History of the Mystery" is a political revelation that would never have been permitted had it not been that the appointment of the Select Committee rendered further concealment impossible. Believing that all the facts were certain to come out in the worst possible manner both for the reputation of England and of Mr. Chamberlain, I have here endeavoured to set forth the truth in its right perspective, and to clear up the mystery which has hitherto appeared to be impenetrable as to the connection between Downing Street and Dr. Jameson, between Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain.

The form into which I have thrown the narrative is that of a purely imaginative account of what might have been achieved if Johannesburg had been fortunate enough to possess a great editor, such as my heroine, Jeanne Leflo. There is not much difficulty in disentangling the fact from fiction, or of seeing where I am writing from authentic documents and where I am relying upon my imagination. Jeanne Leflo the heroine, with her assistant Una Milson, and Signor Aurelio, are of course purely mythical personages. So are Holroyd and Max Liebnicht, Una's lovers. But, with these exceptions, there is hardly a person in the romance who is not easily recognisable under his pseudonym.

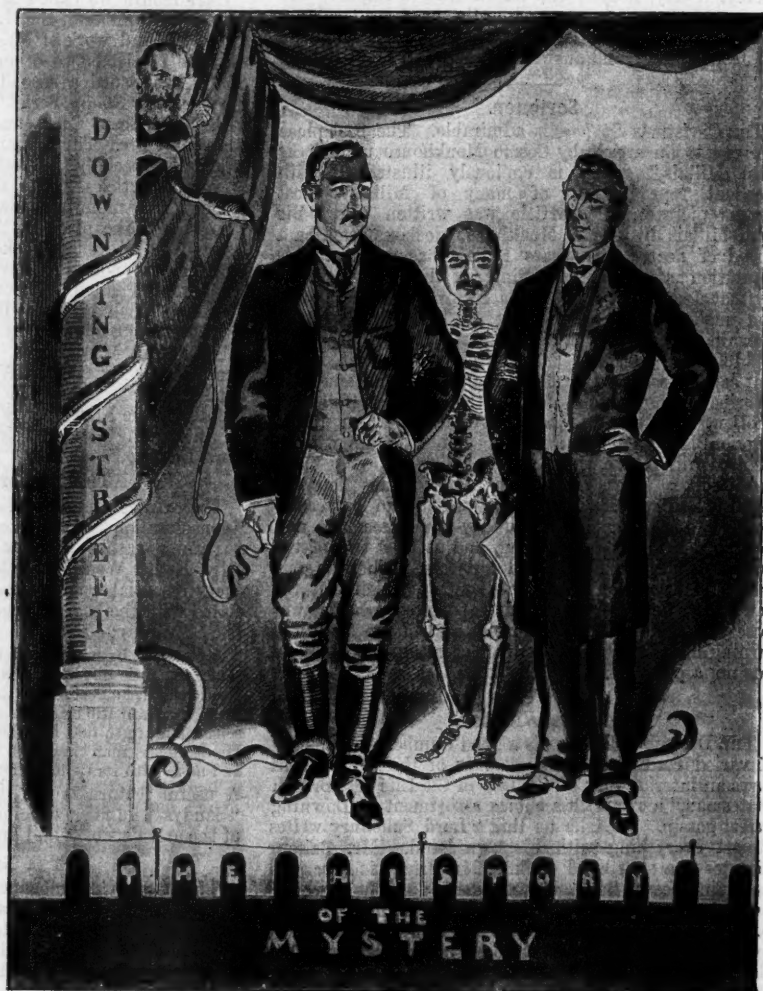
The following list of pseudonyms may be useful for readers of my History:—

Africa—Libya.
The Transvaal—Secheleland.
The Orange Free State—Lemonland.
Rhodesia—Ophirland.
Bechuanaland—Mackenzie-land.
Cape Colony—Hopetown.
Johannesburg—Johnstown.
Pretoria—Notoria.
Kimberley—Cecilstadt.
Bulawayo—The King's Kraal.
Krugersdorp—Paulstadt.

Mr. Rhodes—Right Hon. R. J. Cecil.
Dr. Jameson—Dr. James Zahlbar.
Mr. Chamberlain—Right Hon. Jos. Blastus.
Mr. Fairfield—Mr. Fielding.
Oom Paul—Uncle Saul.
Sir Graham Bower—Sir George Crawler.
Dr. R. Harris—Dr. Cactus.
Olive Schreiner—Olive Lyndall.

W. G. Schreiner—Mr. Lyndall. The Leonards—The Reynolds.
E. H. Garrett—E. Loftie.
Mr. Beit—Mr. Weit. Mr. Hammond—Mr. Drummond.
Mr. L. Phillips—Mr. Lionel.
Colonel Rhodes—Colonel Captain Heaney—Captain Cecil. Special.

That which I make quite clear is that, whether rightly or wrongly, Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson were firmly convinced that Mr. Chamberlain approved of the measures which were taken in advance in Bechuanaland to secure the success of the insurrection in Johannesburg; and that, although Mr. Chamberlain knew nothing of the actual raid, he stands in this matter side by side with Mr. Rhodes, who also was entirely unaware of the raid until the day it took place.



"NOT SUCH A BAD SKELETON, AFTER ALL!"

THE REVIVAL OF READING.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

I HAVE to announce that in response to the appeal for essays on the best 100 books for an ordinary man's library, I have received about 470 essays. 470 voting papers, each of which contains 100 votes, represent a mass of work which cannot be thoroughly gone through in the brief space between the receipt of the essays and going to press. I must therefore hold over the announcement of the prize-winner until January.

The competition that was limited to school teachers as to the formation of a library, has only elicited from thirty to forty essays, the result of which will also be announced next January.

I have this month only time to deal with the essays sent in by competitors who have entered for the prizes announced for the best essay in each of four classes as to "How I came to like reading." There have been one hundred and fifteen essays sent in, but they are very unequally divided according to categories.

No definite sum was offered for this competition. All that was stated was that a small prize would be offered. I have therefore thought it would be best to allot £10 for this competition, and to divide it between the different classes according to the number of competitors in each. As the adult male class contains nearly one-half, I have allotted £5 for them, and divided the other £5 among the other three classes, which together only make up about an equal number of competitors. I have read all the essays myself, which was no light task, considering the variety of handwriting, and I must honestly say I am extremely pleased with the result of the competition. The writers have, almost without exception, confined themselves to the subject in hand, have said what they have to say, and then left off. The result is I have more than one hundred human documents, or fragments of autobiography, many of which are of extreme interest, and I have been much puzzled in deciding, when so many were so good, as to which was the best. After reading and re-reading to see which were among the first from the point of view of excellence, and consulting friends whose judgment I value, I have decided to make the following awards:—

- CLASS 1.—Men over 18 years of age. (55 competitors.)
 Equal { T. C. PHILLIPS, 3 Bangor Road, Roath, Cardiff.
 { EDW. WILLMORE, 55 Chestnut Avenue, Forest Gate, E.
 CLASS 2.—Males under 18. (14 competitors.)
 G. D. ALLEN (17½), 21 Denmark Road, Barnsbury, N.
 CLASS 3.—Ladies over 18. (38 competitors.)
 H. M. DAVIDSON, 18 Merchiston Terrace, Edinburgh.
 CLASS 4.—Girls under 18. (6 competitors.)
 CHARLOTTE EMILY MANN (17), 15 Glebe Road, Bedford.

I must confess that the task of deciding which essayist is to receive the prize is a very unpleasant one for myself. I remember so often having competed for prizes when I was a juvenile essayist and being disappointed, that I picture to myself only too vividly the sadness which my decision must occasion to many persons, over whose life I regret to cast even a passing shadow. I can only console those who have not succeeded by assuring them that I only once won a prize essay myself, and was a defeated candidate in an indefinite number of competitions. I commend to them the consolation which I then took to myself, viz, that it was quite an even chance that the

judge had made a mistake, that my essay was as good as that of the fellow who got the prize, and that anyhow the stimulus to write the essay was worth more than the value of the prize. There is also an excellent quatrain of Lord Houghton's, which I quote, not because I consider the small prize I offer as anything great, but because it embodies the true principle which we should take with us when we enter upon any of the struggles or competitions of life:—

If what shone afar so grand
 Turns to nothing in thy hand,
 On again, the virtue lies
 In the struggle, not the prize.

I had originally intended printing the prize essay and giving some extracts from the unsuccessful competitors, but I find that space this month is too crowded, and, besides, the essays are too good to be dismissed in this fashion, therefore, out of this humble beginning there has evolved, in my mind, the project of publishing a whole book devoted to the subject. The title is not yet fixed upon, but the gist of the book is to be: "What books to read, and how to read them," and I shall draw freely upon the life histories of my 100 odd competitors. When I shall get this book to press I cannot exactly say—that depends upon many things, chiefly upon the available time I have at my disposal—but I think that the result of this competition, together with the *plébiscite* of the 471 for the best 100 books, and the school teacher's essays, will enable me, with the aid of other books that have been published, to construct a volume, which will be palpitating with actuality, to use a familiar phrase, full of living interest, and calculated to be of real use to those who want some help as to what they should read, and how.

One word more as to the net result of the impression left upon my mind by the autobiographical confessions of my hundred competitors. First and foremost, most people learn to love reading by being read aloud to when they were children; it is the spoken voice [which attracts to the printed page. Secondly, that those who have not been taught to like reading from their childhood, seldom learn to like reading unless they are hungered to it. That is to say, that quite an astonishing proportion of those who have written their experiences attribute their love of reading to the time when they had either a long illness or were for some reason or other, cut off from the ordinary dissipations of every-day life. If you want to make a man appreciate reading, you should set him up on a desolate island with nothing at all to do except to master the contents of a library. The third point that is brought out very clearly by a great number of the essayists is that penny dreadfuls, no matter how "bluggy" they may be, do their readers no harm. At any rate quite a large proportion of those who describe how they learnt to like reading, give a well-defined position to the penny dreadful, which they declare they devoured voraciously but without feeling any ill-effects. But I must adjourn what I have to say about this until my book comes out. Meantime I will express my sincere thanks to the essayists who have contributed, out of the wealth of their own personal experience, to the help and guidance of the readers that are to come.

A CHRISTMAS PLEA FOR POOR LAW CHILDREN.

SINCE the publication of the now notorious Report of the Departmental Committee of Inquiry into the Condition of the Metropolitan Pauper Children, a great deal has been said and written on the subject generally. It will not be forgotten that the Committee, which included statesmen like Mr. Mundella and Sir John Gorst, experts like Mr. Wm. Vallance and Mrs. S. A. Barnett, and professional inspectors and examiners such as Sir Joshua Fitch and Dr. Edward Nettleship, were unanimous in condemning Barrack Schools—or indeed any system by which children were brought up in large numbers together. They formed the opinion, based on the cross-examination of seventy-three witnesses, that the family life was best for children, and that the artificial system by which children of the same sex and the same class, often with similar antecedents and undesirable memories, were reared together, apart from the natural joys and wholesome stimulus of a family, had resulted in making them stunted and undeveloped in body, dull, sullen and mechanical in mind, and often listless in spirit. These qualities joined, as they not unfrequently are, to a temper which some witnesses describe as “quite demoniacal,” a very inadequate education, and a technical training that is “practically useless,” makes it difficult for State-supported children to take their places in the labour markets of the world or to hold their own as skilled and useful citizens.

The Departmental Committee also found that each child in a barrack school cost £29 5s. 6d. a year, or 11s. 0½d. a week, and that the immense sum of £1,284,374 had been sunk in the buildings which they rightly describe as “palatial.” But although at this rate each bed has cost £104 5s. 6d., it was yet found that the schools were crowded beyond what was hygienically desirable. Ophthalmia, a disease which among normal children of the same class attacks under two per cent., infects children when in these large aggregated schools to something like fifteen or twenty per cent. Scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles, and typhoid find under these conditions excellent soil in which to grow or spread, while expert medical evidence proves the painful fact that the maladies of malnutrition and lowered vitality are frequent among children who are in no sense starved or under-fed, but whose dull lives and want of natural daily interests deprives them of the nervous vitality necessary for the wholesome nourishment of the body. If the Committee's advice were followed the amount of cubic feet now insisted on by the Government would be considerably enlarged, with the result that instead of each bed costing £104 it would probably stand at £150, while the annual cost per child would be proportionally increased—a matter which is of financial importance to many a ratepayer who is not able to spend 14s. or 15s. per week on each of his own children, as he would be then called on to do for every pauper child.

The Committee recognised and emphatically stated their appreciation of the excellent work done by some of the Boards of Guardians, and especially by some of the Managers; but in spite of these efforts the State-appointed Committee unanimously condemned the system as a method of rearing the State-supported children, and like a practical body set themselves to discover a method by which it could be abandoned without undue injury to the ratepayers. The method they suggested was that a Central Metropolitan Board should be formed—perhaps

as a separate body, perhaps as a Committee of the London County Council—under whose care all the London pauper children should be placed, and who should have possession and control of all the buildings at present used for them. By this change it was hoped three objects would be accomplished:—

1. More children would be boarded out in families or placed in charitable homes small enough to allow their characters to be studied, tastes formed, and natures developed.

2. Certain of the large barrack schools could be sold or otherwise disposed of, while others could be used for certain classes of children who need either strict discipline, special trade instruction, or peculiar hygienic conditions.

3. The children could be classified. At present the widow's child, carefully protected from evil, has to associate with the little street rebel whose knowledge of wrong is only equalled by his capacity for imparting it. Each Union only has one school, and, therefore, all children, healthy, sickly, clever, stupid, innocent or corrupted, have to go to that school—to join not only in the same lessons for periods when they are under observation and control—but to spend together all the many uncounted hours which are passed in play-rooms, enclosed yards or long dormitories, where it is impossible for supervision to exist, and which too often (as recent trials have shown) are the seed-grounds of corruption and the practising fields of cruelty and deceit.

It would not be fair to blame the Guardians or Managers for these evils; they cannot help them as things are at present organised. It would never do, either on grounds of economy or practicability, for every separate Board to establish and manage the numerous and varied institutions which would be required to meet the needs of the many different sorts and kinds of children, were adequate classification aimed at or insisted on. But if the Central Board had all the existing institutions, they could use them for different purposes—this one for a trade training school; that one for an ophthalmic hospital; another for a discipline home; a fourth for an “in and out” asylum. Each child could be sent to the school which would be most suited to his requirements, and—perhaps this is the point which specially commends the scheme to us—such a Central Body would be able to advance boarding-out, and stimulate the public conscience concerning its duty to the State-dependent child, in a way that no individual Board of Guardians finds it possible now to do.

It may be well to consider a little more closely this boarding-out matter, and how it would be affected by being removed from the twenty-nine Boards who are now left to do the negotiations, and placed into the hands of one body with whom only all the country boarding-out committees would communicate. There are now 157 boarding-out committees dotted all over England and Wales. They have the care of 1,802 children, 968 of whom are London children, the remainder being country and provincial paupers.

When a London Board of Guardians decide that they wish to board out a child, the clerk has to write, not to one central body who would know where there was a vacancy and what were the local conditions, sanitary, industrial, ethical or otherwise, but to such or several of the 157 committees of which he has happened to hear.

Too often he gets refusals from various and perfectly legitimate causes. He then, perhaps, continues to write letters to other committees, until in weariness of resultless effort the Board decides to send the child to the barrack school. From the country the confusion is also to be regretted: it adds unnecessary work, uses more money, and involves useless waste of time for the honorary secretary to have to answer many letters politely explaining that there are no vacancies in that village, or that other circumstances prevent the boarding-out committee taking more children.

Again, while some country committees get too many applications, others get too few, and, to quote the Departmental Committee's report, "there can be little doubt that the committees not unfrequently dwindle in size or flag in zeal" from the absence of suitable children as well as other causes. It will be easily seen that these particular drawbacks to the development of this system of rearing the young, which has been declared not only by the English Departmental Committee but by the experience of every other civilised nation, to be the "best system," would be almost entirely abolished by placing all the boarding-out under one Central Metropolitan Body. It would then be the duty of this Board to communicate with the boarding-out committees; to know whether the various country organisations were working well and harmoniously; to demand and maintain the standard of life to be observed for "nobody's child"; to become acquainted with the industrial conditions of the neighbourhoods or the chances of children being absorbed into the respectable working population; to uphold the actions of efficient committees, and to upbraid and reform those who have been tempted to exercise patronage, or to assist village favourites by means of the State children and the State money. All this a central and public body would be able to do; and as a result the conscience of the people would be quickened with regard to their duty to pauper children.

On many occasions we have urged those who are members of our Helpers' Guild, or readers of the reports of our Civic Church, to consider more closely the needs of the unwanted children of our land. We have felt, and, indeed, often expressed, that a nation has no right to claim for itself the term "Christian" who has yet to point to a column of its State papers in which is printed the figure 242,000, representing that number of (not degraded and often brutalised adults), but young and, in many cases, unformed and untainted children who are supported by the State in workhouses, in barrack schools, in isolated pauper villages, in giant industrial institutions, because—because why? Not for want of money, but because no English homes could be found for them, no English hearths at which they could have a seat, no English hearts into which they might creep and find a place.

Is this our Christian boast? Is this disgrace to cling still to us? And it is a disgrace not shared by all countries. In an exceedingly interesting paper issued by Miss F. Davenport Hill, it is shown that Scotland finds enough working-class families in which to place eighty-four per cent. of its dependent children. In Switzerland, where much thought and care are bestowed on the State children, seventy-four per cent. are boarded out. In Germany the same system is made compulsory. In the Colonies it is all but universal; and even Russia, so far behind in much which we call civilised, has recognised that a home life is the best soil in which to grow a child, and from its vast asylums in

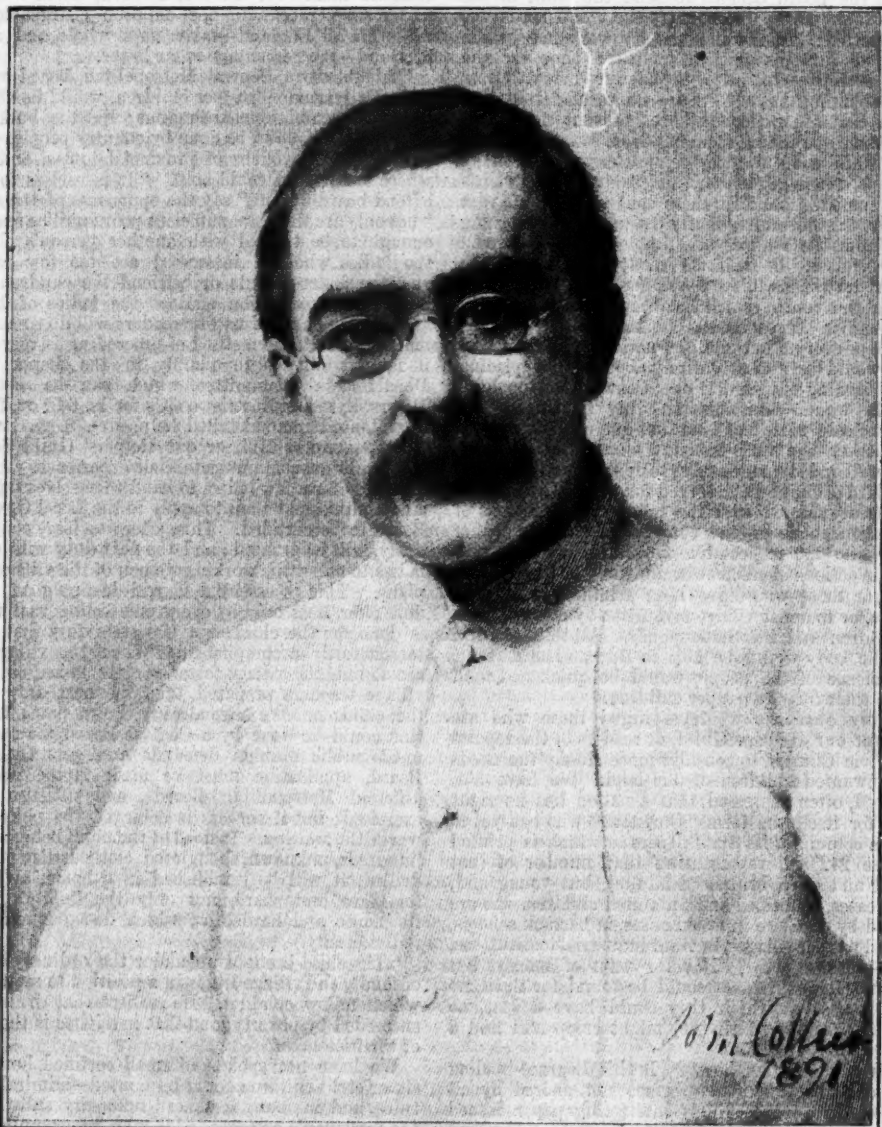
St. Petersburg and Moscow it boards out some ninety per cent. of the ever-changing inmates.

These figures are all the more striking when we compare them with those of London, which boards out under six per cent. of the children chargeable to it; while for all England—taken as a whole and omitting Scotland—the percentage is far lower.

Undoubtedly a Central Metropolitan Board with the care of all London pauper children, would be able to do much to stimulate boarding-out; but the bulk of the work would have to be done by country people, or those living in the suburbs of provincial towns, and this is where our readers could help. "It is useless to hope to extend boarding-out," say the opponents of the scheme; "not only are there not sufficient poor families respectable enough to be trusted with another person's child, but the ladies who are interested are too few to supervise the foster-parents or befriend the children." This is a grave accusation against the ladies of England, and one which we trust our readers will do something to make untrue. The method of proceeding is very simple: it is put out quite plainly in the Report of the Departmental Committee, which can be bought at Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's for 1s. 6d.; or if any one should need more detailed help, Mrs. S. A. Barnett or Miss Davenport Hill, or our Helpers' Guild Secretary, will doubtless communicate their experience. All that is needed is for a few ladies to band themselves together as a committee, and then to apply to the Local Government Board to be certified. This, after (we fear) considerable delay, will be granted; and the next duty will be for the ladies to enlist the working women of the village in their plans. This is essential if real lasting good is to be done; for it is only by every one feeling that the work is done for the child as a Christian duty that it can be satisfactorily accomplished. When the village homes are found, the village foster-parents talked to, and the village teachers prepared, then the next duty is to get the children. We have already shown how much better this could be done by a Central Board than now; but until public opinion demands and gets that Central Board, application must be made to the twenty-nine different Metropolitan Boards, and patience must be exercised; but if success is achieved the object will be worth the waiting. Instead of the child being one among hundreds, unknown, though fed, clothed, disciplined, and drilled, it will be established in a home, able to take its place and share, not only the family's joys, but its hopes and hardships; which do so much to create individuality.

"The child brought up under the ordinary conditions of family and village life is in a position to see the results which follow conduct. He realises that drunkenness is succeeded by poverty, and that indigence is the offspring of thriftlessness."

We have not spoken of small certified homes, where six or eight children could be housed—admirable substitutes, and in many instances necessary substitutes, for the workman's cottages. All who know unite to hope that more of these will shortly be established, not in clusters or groups, miles away from other habitations, and costing £60,000, as was the effort so unfortunately praised by Mr. Balfour at Etyal the other day. Such pauper organisations are not good; but little homes managed by ladies are very helpful, and all who have tried this way of helping either girls, boys, deficient, halt, maimed, or lamed children, are unanimous in recording the rich harvest the children reap.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

From a portrait by the Hon. John Collier, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1891.

(Reproduced by the kind permission of the artist.)

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S "SEVEN SEAS AND OTHER POEMS."*

EACH for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as They Are.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the last lines of the last verses in *L'Envoi* of his latest verse, our latest poet defines the aspiration of his muse. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the inspired Bard of the God of Things as They Are. It is a somewhat curious deity. The Positivists worship Humanity apparently for no more intelligible reason than that the huge entity is perpetually doing everything the Positivists most dislike. But no Positivist would bow down and worship the God of Things as They Are. Like all other children of men but Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the Positivists worship the God of Things as They Are Becoming—or going to be. Mr. Kipling is content with Things as They Are, and the God who made them. Children and fools, says the old adage, should never see things in the making. Mr. Kipling is neither a child nor a fool, but he rests content with "the Thing as he sees It—" with a capital I, if you please. Like Walt Whitman's cattle, which do not lie awake in the dark to weep for their sins and make him sick by discussing their duty to God, Rudyard Kipling is troubled by no visions of any far-off Divine event to which the whole Creation moves. Sufficient for him is the day and the travail thereof, the joy of it and also the sorrow. Between Bernard of Clugny and the Vates Sacer of Things as They Are yawns the abyss of the Infinite. Yet as the God of the Things that Are, and the God of the Things that are to Come, is one God, there is room in His Temple Choir for both the saintly chant of the mediæval cloister and the roystering ditty of the modern barrack-room.

Rudyard Kipling is not merely the poet of the Things That Are. He is in a special manner Poet Laureate of the Empire. How long it will be before "the Widow of Windsor" recognises the Laureateship of the Empire no one can say. But King Demos has already accorded to Mr. Kipling the wreath intertwined of all the laurels of all the countries and of all the seas over which the British flag floats supreme, and hailed him as Laureate of the Empire and its Seven Seas. It is possible that his very limitations may have gained him more speedy recognition. Had he been more of an idealist he would have soared too high above the heads of the multitude. As it is, there is in him just that note of materialistic realism charged with humour and touched with pathos that appeals directliest to the everyday sentiments of the average man. His verse does not exactly roll with the full note of the great drum, but it pulses and throbs with the intense pursuing note of the barbaric tom-tom. Only now and then does he make us breathe a diviner air; but on these stray excursions his note is true, clear and limpid as the silvery note of the flute piercing through the brazen clangour of the band.

Mr. Kipling's genius—for his is a genius distinct and unique, which sets him apart from all the poets of our time—is various indeed. No writer of the present day can compare with him for range and versatility. There

is about him somewhat of the redundancy of growth significant of the excessive vitality characterising a tropical forest. His writings are like his own Fuzzy Wuzzy's "ayrick 'ead of 'air," so copious are they, so free and unconfined, so altogether uncommon and unlike the smooth brushel thatch of ordinary mortals. But no blatant ostentation of vulgarity can conceal the fact that in this "big, black boundin' beggar" who broke the British square of conventional propriety we have a genuine poet—one who sees, and who makes others see his seeings. Unlike other singers of our day, Rudyard Kipling has seen the world of which he sings. Born in India, reared in the borderland of Afghanistan, he lives in the United States and publishes his verse in London. He is a product of an age where steam and the electric cable have bridged the seas and made the continents but as wards in this planetary parish. We do not say in Lowell's phrase:—

This, this is he, for whom the world is waiting,
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart,

but no one save him has yet arisen who can sing of the Empire as a whole with the knowledge of the seer who has traversed its ocean highways and actually dwelt among its peoples. He is not

A poet who was sent
For a bad world's punishment,
By compelling it to see
Golden glimpses of To Be,
By compelling it to hear
Songs that prove the angels near,"

for he is the Poet of Things as They Are. Nevertheless, in the very insolent sauciness of his fleeing verse he strikes out sparks that light up the gloom, and make whole strata of human experience comprehensible. But a truce to saying what Mr. Kipling is and what he is not; and now to our book.

I.—AS LAUREATE OF THE EMPIRE.

"The Seven Seas" opens with a song of the English, "a song of broken interludes," in the introductory stanzas of which we have from Rudyard Kipling—I really must drop the Mr., it sounds as absurd as Mr. Walt Whitman or Mr. Percy Shelley—a definition of the great law which the Lord our God Most High laid upon the people of His choice. It is no inapt summary of the work of the English-speaking man among the nations of the earth:—

Keep ye the law—be swift in all obedience,
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown,
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve
the Lord!

Having thus laid down the Law, Rudyard Kipling sings of the Coastwise Lights, the Song of the Dead, the Deep Sea Cables, the Song of the Sons, and the Song of the Cities. After which we have "England's Answer," in which the poet expresses the unwritten pact that

* "The Seven Seas," by Rudyard Kipling. Methuen and Co, 1896. Pp. 239. "Barrack Room Ballads and other Verses," by Rudyard Kipling. Methuen and Co., 1895. Pp. 208.

exists between the old grey mother and the "Sons of the Blood"—

"Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas."

"Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were,
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together."

Nevertheless while dispensing with kissing, England makes promise—

So long as The Blood endures,

I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours;

In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,

That our House shall stand together and the pillars do not fall.

Each of the English realms beyond the sea shall be self-governing:—

The Law that ye make shall be law, and I do not press my will.

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.

They must talk together, brother to brother's face, for the good of their peoples and the Pride of the Race, speaking—

After the use of the English, in straight flung words and few.

The concluding stanza, with the exception of the last line, which is thoroughly Kiplingeseque, is hardly up to the level of the rest of the poem:—

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,

Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

The last line is Kipling all over. It both suggests his limitation and betrays his secret. His world is a world of men and men only. God and Woman are equally outside.

I postpone to the next section his sea-pieces, and turn to the powerful and pathetic "Song of the Dead," the unknown multitude of pioneers of the Empire, emigrants and others, to whom in "the man-stifled town" "Came the Whisper, came the Vision" which drove them over sea in the faith of little children:—

Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water dried—

In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

On the sand drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern scrub we lay,

That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.

The same theme is touched on, although in a very different key, in the poem called "The Lost Legion":—

But we've shaken the Clubs and the Messes,

To go and find out and be damned.

(Dear Boys!)

To go and get shot and be damned.

To this wholly unauthorised horde, the Gentlemen Rovers abroad who preach in advance of the Army and skirmish ahead of the Church, Rudyard Kipling acts as choir boy:—

There's a Legion that never was 'listed,

That carries no colours or crest,

But, split in a thousand detachments,

Is breaking the road for the rest.

Of these pioneers of Empire he says:—

The ends o' the earth were our portion,

The ocean at 'large was our share.

There was never a skirmish to windward

But the Leaderless Legion was there.

The note in the "Lost Legion" recalls the Barrack Room Ballads of the "Gentlemen Rankers," one of those songs in which Rudyard Kipling touches depths of tragic horror rendered all the more horrible by the gruesome chorus. The ballad is dedicated

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,

To my brethren in their sorrow overseas.

Lost they are indeed, as their poet describes them, with no future, drinking themselves into temporary oblivion of their past:—

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.

God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

How hideous, horrible as the laughter of fiends in hell, comes this refrain:—

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,

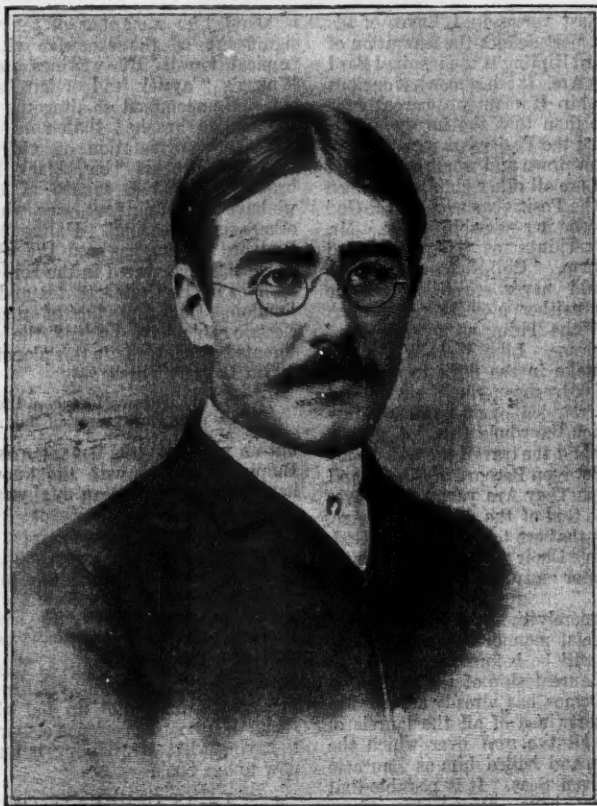
Baa-aa-aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa! Yah! Bah!



RUDYARD KIPLING AT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

(From a photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Simla.)

Over the Empire thus founded and defended there reigns "the Widow of Windsor":—

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red;
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns;
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

So the ballad goes on with its odd, grotesque description of the Empire and its Sovereign, for whom Kings must come down and Emperors round "when the Widow at Windsor says 'Stop!'"

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.

The next four lines as a variant upon the morning drumbeat are inimitable:—

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

There is a condensed force about that quatrain which contrasts markedly with the more ambitious poem "The English Flag." This is almost too well-known to need quotation; but as it is the more distinctively Imperial of all his poems I give a stanza or two. It opens thus:—

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only England know?—

The poor little street-bred people with vapour and fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag!

We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

Thus inspired, the Four Winds which sweep the Seven Seas reply, the North leading off. Then the South Wind sighs:—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

The East Wind roars in similar strain:—

Never the lotos closes, never the wild fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

The West Wind closes the series of responses to the poet's inquiry, "What is the Flag of England?":—
The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dew have kissed—

The naked stars have seen it, a fellow star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!

There is a fine thrilling note in this, but I am disposed to regard the "Song of the Banjo" as much more distinctive of Rudyard Kipling's conception of the Empire. There is something very characteristic of the poet's genius that he should make the banjo—

The war-drum of the White Man round the world!

The banjo, no doubt, is a handier musical instrument than a Broadwood grand or an organ; but no one except

Kipling could have glorified the banjo with its "Pilly-willy-winky-winky-popp" in this fashion:—

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—

I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!

Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—

I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!

My bray ye may not alter nor mistake,

When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things:

But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,

Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone,

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;

With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—

And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,

And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,

To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

The Song of the Native Born, with its bacchanalian choros, is another poem of the Empire that is of Kipling, Kiplingesque:—

They change their skies above them,

But not their hearts that roam,

We learned from our wistful mothers

To call old England "home"!

But the mothers pass with their tales of wrong and dearth,

Our fathers held by purchase,

But we by the right of birth;

Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,

Our love where we spent our toil,

And our faith and our hope and our honour

We pledge to our native soil!

Enough to vindicate the right of Rudyard Kipling to be Laureate of the Empire.

II.—AS LAUREATE OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

The sovereignty of the sea, which is Britain's most precious heritage, has never had a poet so strenuous and sympathetic as Rudyard Kipling. The English are the masters of the Seven Seas, and he devotes many poems to their overlordship. But not in swaggering Jingo vein. Nothing is more striking in all his poems of the sea than his constant association of the sea with death:—

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,

And she calls us, still unfed,

Though there's never a wave of all her waves

But marks our English dead.

We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,

To the shark and the sheering gull.

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

So it goes on until in the last stanza the line, "If blood be the price of admiralty," is repeated three times. The same thought finds expression in the fine ballad, "The Sea Wife":—

There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,

And a wealthy wife is she;

She breeds a breed o' rovin' men

And casts them over sea.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,

To ride the horse of tree,

And syne her sons come back again,

Far spent from out the sea.

Her hearth is wide to every wind

That makes the white ash spin;

And tide and tide and 'tween the tides

Her sons go out and in.

And some return by falling light,

And some in waking dream,

For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts

That ride the rough roof-beam.

"The Merchantmen," "The Liner she's a Lady," and "The First" and "the Last Chanteys" are songs of the sea without the sad undertone. "M'Andrews' Hymn" is an ambitious attempt to sing the Song of Steam, and to compel such engineering terms as cranks, tailrods, eccentrics, etc., to accommodate themselves to the uses of the poet. M'Andrews is a Calvinist—a Scotch Calvinist—and he sees in his engines illustrations of predestination and the Divine decrees. He hears them—

Singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made,
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust block says:
"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:

Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.

"Mulholland's Contract" is the lay of one Mulholland, a cattle-boat man, who, in an hour of imminent peril, made a contract with God which he loyally observed. He recovered and went to preach the gospel on the boats which "are more like Hell than anything else I know." He did not want to "preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet," so he preached it faithfully with results:—

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would be the case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter, exactly as Scripture says;

But following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm,
An' I use no knife or pistol, an' I never take no harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

The most typical of all his sea pieces is that in which he sings how seven men took the *Bolivar*, a coffin screw-steamer laden with a shifting cargo of rails, from Sunderland to Bilbao. It has the genuine ring in it, the grim, soulless ring natural and proper to a ballad that sings of heroic exertions inspired by no heroic faith, but merely prompted by the instinct of the bull-dog. These

Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road, drunk and raising Cain:
Seven men from out of Hell

are characteristic heroes of Kipling, and he tells with gusto how—

Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray—
Out we took the "Bolivar," out across the Bay!

It was an achievement worthy the muse of the Laureate of the Sea:—

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!

Everything in the sea or below the sea or at the side of the sea has charms for him. His eye pierces the ocean depths to the—

Great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-blurred cables creep.

Down in the dark, in the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are, he listens and he hears. Down in the womb of the world—

Words and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat.

The Coastwise Lights are saluted by him in splendid verse:—

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;

Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.

From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, nesa, and
voe—

The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England
go.

And all that float upon its waters are known to him and sung by him, whether they be the white wall-sided warship, the crawling cargo tanks, the Southern clippers, or the "gipsies of the Horn":—

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to main,

The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!

Of the Seven Seas themselves he says but little. They are referred to in two of his poems, but are not named in any. In the Neolithic Age, we read:—

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from marge to marge,—

And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandlu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

In "The Flowers" the last verse:—

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;
Wee for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land,
Master of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.

His verse is wooden sometimes and limping, but his phrases are superb. It would be difficult to match in its own style this rollicking line:—

In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking-screws.

But whether it is in telling the tragic story of the fight of the sealers in the fog, or chanting an anchor song, or whatever it may be, so long as he is among the waves listening to the wind, Rudyard Kipling is at home. It is right fitting that the Laureate of the Empire should also be the Laureate of the Seven Seas.

III.—THE TYRTÆUS OF THE BARRACK ROOM.

Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" are an honest and a singularly successful attempt to explain, as he tells Tommy Atkins, "both your pleasure and your pain." In the new volume there are some more ballads, but none which come up to or excel "Tommy," and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy." These have often been quoted, but no attempt to describe Rudyard Kipling's verse would be complete without at least a sample from each of these famous ditties. "Tommy" is devoted to contrasting the way in which the wearer of Her Majesty's uniform is often discriminated against by publicans, theatre managers, etc., to the compliments showered upon Mr. Atkins when the drums begin to roll. Tommy's protest in the following verses is as just as it is emphatic:—

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,

But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,

Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy,

fall be'ind,

And it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's

trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in

the wind;

O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble

in the wind.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him

out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin

to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!
Even better than "Tommy" is Tommy's tribute to the
Soudanese Fuzzy-Wuzzy who broke a British square:—

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infan-tree!

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square!

Only second to the ballad of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" is that
marvellous ditty dedicated to the commissariat camel,
entitled "Oonts":—

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan-child in one.
O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont!
The lumpy 'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e lies.
'E's blocked the whole division from the rear-guard to the
front,

An' when we get him up again—the beggar goes an' dies!

There is a famous lilt in some
of these ballads. For example,
take the line—

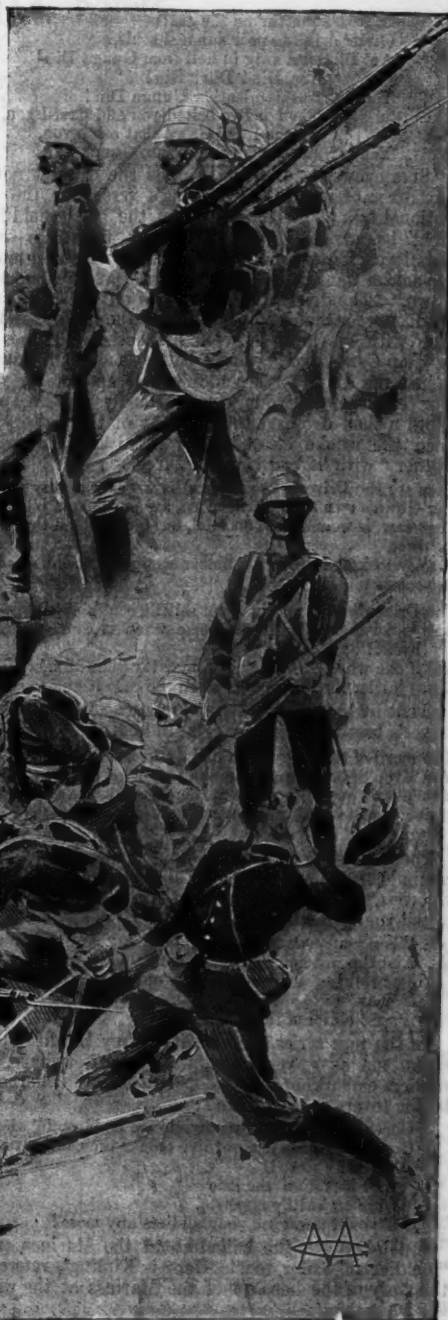
And I'm here in
the clink for a
thundering
drink and
blackening the
corporal's eye,
or the chorus
of "Belts"—

But it was 'Belts,
belts, belts, an'
that's one for
you!

An' it was 'Belts,
belts, belts, an'
that's done for
you!

O buckle an'
tongue
Was the song
that we sung
From Harrison's
down to the
Park.

Of the narra-
tive ballads,
that dedicated
to the memory
of the regi-
mental water-
carrier, Gunga
Din, who was
killed in supply-
ing a wounded
soldier with
water, is the
most daring.
The soldier
whom he tended concludes the ballad about his deliverer
by the consoling reflection that he will meet him in
hell:—



So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

"Snarleyow" is one that sounds the deepest note of the horror of war in all Kipling's verse, for the conventional talk about the misery of the battle-field is, as might be expected, signally absent from his verse. "Snarleyow" was a horse in a battery, which on moving into action was struck by a roundshot and "almost tore in two." The driver's brother cries out for the battery to pull up, for Snarleyow had fouled the limber, and was lying with his head between his heels. "There ain't no 'Stop Conductor!' when a battery's changin' ground," replied the driver; "I couldn't pull up not for you—your 'ead between your 'eels." Hardly had he spoken before a shell dropped to the right of the battery, and when the smoke cleared away there lay the driver's brother "with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels":—

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain,
'For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me out o' pain!
They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they judged that it was
best,
So they took and drove the limber straight across 'is back an'
chest.

The Driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,
But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to "Action
Front!"

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Monday head
'Twas juicier for the 'iggers when the case begun to spread.

That little touch about the juicy wheel, juicy with the driver's brother's blood, is grim indeed.

The moral of this story, it is plainly to be seen:
You 'aven't got no families when servin' of the Queen—
You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives or sons,—
If you want to win your battles take an' work your bloomin'
guns!

There is a more pathetic note, the lament over a comrade, in the "Ford o' Kabul River." There is a vigorous, plain, practical realism in the ballad addressed to the young British soldier:—

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier,
So-soldier of the Queen!

In the new series, the "Birds of Prey March" does not strike me as a very exhilarating performance. For soldiers embarking on a trooper to sing the chorus must be the reverse of inspiring:—

Cheer! For we'll never live to see no bloomin' victory!
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar!
(One cheer more!)
The jackal an' the kito
'Ave an' 'ealthy appetite,
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Much better is the ballad about the Marines entitled "Soldier an' Sailor too." Here is Kipling's reference to the story of the heroism of the Marines at the wreck of the *Birkenhead*:—

To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all
about,
Is nothin' so bad when you've cover to 'and an' leave an' likin'
to shout;
But to stand an' be still to the *Birkenhead* drill is a damn
tough bullet to chew,

An' they done it, the Jollies—'Er Majesty's Jollies—soldier
an' sailor too;
Their work was done when it 'adn't begun; they was younger
nor me an' you;
Their choice it was plain between drownin' in 'eaps an' bein'
mopped by the screw.
So they stood an' was still in the *Birkenhead* drill, soldier an'
sailor too.

The ballad about the sappers is not bad, but the best of the new ballads is that entitled "The 'Eathen," which in reality is not about the heathen at all, but describes the evolution of the non-commissioned officer from the raw recruit. The description of soldiers waiting under fire is not heroic, but it is very realistic:—

'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.
'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till he feels 'em
take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that
wins the day.

IV.—ETCETERA.

Rudyard Kipling, a man in the world of men, regards women from the barrack-room standpoint. Tommy Atkins is not strong on monogamy. In "The Ladies" we read—

I've taken my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet 'earts,
And four o' the lot was prime.

The moral of it is that "the more you 'ave known the others the less will you settle to one. An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin', an' dreamin' Hell fires to see."

In "Mary, Pity Women!" there is an attempt to express something of the misery felt by the soldier's abandoned mistress, but even the pity is grudging; what's the good, what's the use, etc.

When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im;
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im.
What's the good o' prayin' for the Wrath to strike 'im,
(Mary, pity women!) when the rest are like 'im.

There is genuine pathos in the woman's wail:—

I want the name—no more—
The name, an' lines to show,
An' not to be an 'ore,
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

But the response is, it is but as it was, is, and ever shall be—women must suffer and men go free.

What's the good o' pleadin' when the mother that bore you,
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you.

Rudyard Kipling might have shivered with the lightnings of his song this darkness of our age—selfishness, which leads to this complaisant dooming of the weaker to the wall, but that would have been inconsistent with his worship of the God of Things as They Are.

The airiest and most sentimental of his ballads, "Mandalay," contains Tommy's longing for freedom from all moral restraints:—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the
worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can
raise a thirist.

Rudyard Kipling and Tommy Atkins do not seem to be much embarrassed by the Decalogue, even when they are west of Suez.

MORE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

LAST month we gave the names of a few of the best of the many hundred gift-books which the publishers have recently been issuing in such profusion. This month it only remains to suggest a few more that our readers will be quite safe in buying. The illustration on this page is one of two or three dozen similar which Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan (whose success in this kind of book is no less rapid than deserved) has done for an illustrated edition of Sheridan's two comedies, "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals," just issued in the charming Cranford series (Macmillan, 6s.). A short introduction to the plays is the work of Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P. Of similar size is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Soldier Tales," (Macmillan, 6s.)—a collection, of course, from previous volumes—illustrated extremely cleverly by Mr. A. S. Hartrick. There are seven of the Tommy Atkins stories in the book. Last year "The Pageant" was one of the finest of Christmas books. It is to be an annual, apparently, for it appears with new contents this year (Henry, 6s. net). We have no space here for a statement of all it contains of literary and artistic interest, but we can mention that Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Gosse, Professor York Powell, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Dr. Garnett are among the writers, and that the illustrations are reproduced from the work of Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, M. Puvion de Chavannes, Mr. Watts, Mr. Strang, and Mr. Rothenstein, among others. It is certainly the gift-book for any one who wishes to get into that mysterious state known as being "in the movement"—the artistic variety is meant, of course. A new edition of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" (Service, 2s. 6d.), illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend, is wonderfully cheap and effective; while two other smaller books not unsuitable as gift-books for adults are "The Poems of Robert Herrick" (Dent, 2s. 6d. net), in the delightful Lyric Poets series, and "The Kipling Birthday Book" (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.), published with Mr. Kipling's authorisation.

There is a companion volume to the "Pageant" addressed especially to children. Its title is "The Parade" (Henry, 5s. net), and it most certainly is a delightful budget of stories and pictures. "Phil May's Gutter-Snipes" (Field and Tuer, 2s. 6d.) is another book we must mention. It is a collection of drawings from Mr. May's inimitable pencil of the poor children of the London streets, full of his own humour, and yet thoroughly realistic.

Marie Corelli's Dislikes.

THE *Lady's Realm* for December contains Marie Corelli's autograph, in which, in her own handwriting, her worshippers will be able to supplement the abundant information contained in her stories as to her dislikes. Here are a few of them:—

The Man who is his own God Almighty.

The Woman who cannot consecrate her life purely and faithfully to one great love passion.

Women - Bicyclists and He-Females generally.

Tuft-hunters and Worshipers of Royalty.

American Millionaires. William Archer and his god Ibsen.

Society Noodles.

Ladies of title who allow their portraits to be on sale in the shops for any cad to buy.

"The Woman who Did."

But that which she dislikes most of all, she tells us, is moral cowardice.

A Lecture Bureau.

MR. A. J. L. GLIDDON, of 90 and 91, Queen Street, Cheapside, London, informs me that he has made a promising beginning this winter

in the organisation of a Lecturers' Bureau, an institution which has never flourished very much on this side of the Atlantic, but which has become quite an institution in the United States. He has some seventy or eighty names of lecturers on his list, by whom he is empowered to enter into any engagements in any part of the country. He also organises meetings for the Armenians and others who need to have the preliminary work taken off their shoulders. He has even ventured to dream of enlarging the scope of his agency so far as to undertake to supply speakers for public meetings.



"QUEEN OF SWORDS' MINUET AT LADY SNEERWELL'S."
(From "The School for Scandal.")

OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—There have been enough books published this month, and no mistake, and the fact that I have to send you so many is pretty good proof that the average of quality has been high. Those that have been selling best appear in the following list:—

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s.
New Ballads. By John Davidson. 4s. 6d. net.
Fridtjof Nansen (1861-1893). By W. C. Brogger and Nordahl Rolfsen. 12s. 6d.
Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia. By F. C. Selous. 10s. 6d. net.
Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By Clement K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.

Some of these you have already received, but Mr. Kipling's "The Seven Seas" (Methuen, 6s.) is new, and so is Mr. William Archer's opportune translation of the Norwegian "life" of Dr. Nansen (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), a handsomely illustrated volume, with maps. Then there is Mr. F. C. Selous's "Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia" (Rowland Ward, 10s. 6d. net). You know the great African Nimrod, who handles the pen as skillfully as the brush, and who ranks as foremost among the great hunters of the world. He has been through the Matabele insurrection. He is thoroughly honest. As an unimpeachable witness this handsome illustrated narrative is simply indispensable to all those who wish to know things as they are in Rhodesia. Mr. Selous is no enemy of the Boers, neither is he a special eulogist of Mr. Rhodes. He is a just eye-witness, who sets down nought in malice and who records the dreadful incidents of a native rising and its suppression with a candour almost brutal in its frankness. For Mr. Selous wrote when the fierce passion roused by the massacre was still hot within him, and he expresses much more vigorously than wisely the feeling of many as to the theory that the Matabele "are not men and brothers, but monsters in human shape, to be shot down mercilessly like wild dogs or hyenas." You will find the book a genuine photograph of life in Rhodesia, not bowdlerised and toned down to accord with the ideals of Exeter Hall.

The largest book in your parcel, and the handsomest, is Mrs. Cashel Hoey's translation of M. Émile Bourgeois' "The Century of Louis XIV.: its Arts—its Ideas" (Low, 52s. 6d.), a review of the seventeenth century in France, as depicted in its literature and its art. The Great Century lives again in its pages, and M. Bourgeois, although specially disclaiming the idea of writing a history, enables the dry bones of history to live again. The elaborate illustrations—over five hundred in number, reproduced both by photogravure and ordinary process—form one of the chief attractions of this costly and admirable volume. Professor Charles M. Andrews's "The Historical Development of Modern Europe from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time" is a serious contribution to modern history, of which the first part (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), dealing with the period between 1815 and 1850, has just appeared. It has a map as frontispiece. A new volume of the Famous Scots Series is Miss Blantyre Simpson's life of her father "Sir James Y. Simpson" (Oliphant, 1s. 6d.). Historical and antiquarian research of a curious kind is the subject of Mr. John Ashton's "The Devil in Britain and America" (Ward and Downey, 21s.), a volume profusely illustrated from

old woodcuts and prints. The author has attempted—with considerable success, if interest goes for aught—"to give a succinct account of demonology and witchcraft" in the two countries.

Half-a-dozen books will appeal irresistibly to the student of political and social science, and of these the third volume of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" (Williams and Norgate, 16s.), forming the eighth and concluding volume of his "System of Synthetic Philosophy," claims the first place. Indeed, to many this, the conclusion of Mr. Spencer's life-work, will be the most important literary production of the year. "On looking back over the six-and-thirty years which have passed since the Synthetic Philosophy was commenced," says the philosopher in his preface, "I am surprised at my audacity in undertaking it, and still more surprised by its completion." However, "sometimes a forlorn hope is justified by the event," and we can congratulate ourselves that the "purpose" of his life was fulfilled. It has left its mark on its century, and its influence will continue, to whatever degree the conclusions of the Philosophy are accepted in centuries to come, just as long as earnest, reverent, and adequately-equipped research have use and honour among us. The eighth volume of Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People in London" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net), a continuation of the section devoted to "Population Classified by Trades," has appeared; and of similar interest is the new volume of the Social Questions of To-day Series, Mr. Arthur Sherwell's "Life in West London: a Study and a Contrast" (Methuen, 2s. 6d.), a careful and outspoken "analysis of the conditions of life—social, industrial, and moral—in a particular district"—Soho, to wit. "Glasgow: its Municipal Organisation and Administration" (Maclehose, Glasgow), by Sir James Bell, Bart., and Mr. James Paton, is intended, first, as a picture of Glasgow municipal life in particular, and, secondly, as a comprehensive view of the various means through and by which the complex work of a great corporation is carried on, and the intimate relation in which these and their result stand to the health, happiness, and prosperity of the citizens. Then you will also find a collection of "Lord Rosebery's Speeches (1874-1896)" (Beeman, 6s.), and Mr. Richard Jenery-Shee's translation from the Italian of "Socialism and Catholicism" (Longmans, 6s.), by Count Edward Soderini, a work stated by Cardinal Vaughan, in the preface he contributes, to be "the best and fullest commentary on the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* that has appeared in Italy"; and he even goes on to say that the translator has "provided for English-speaking Catholics one of the best, if not the very best, handbook on the Social Question to be found in their language".

One book of travel, and one only, I have to send, but the interest of that one is extreme. It is "The Káfrs of the Hindu-Kush" (Lawrence, 31s. 6d.), by Sir George Robertson, the British Agent at Gilgit, and the man whose name will be for ever identified with the heroic defence of Chitral. Káfristan had long evaded the curiosity of travellers, and it required courage and skill, resource and constant readiness before Dr. Robertson (as he then was) could succeed in penetrating to its recesses and laying bare its secrets. Altogether this is an extremely notable volume, and its interest is increased by the numerous illustrations by Mr. A. D. McCormick.

In science, a sixth volume has appeared of the splendid

"Royal Natural History" (Warne, 9s. net), which under the editorship of Mr. Lydekker is making such excellent progress. It deals with the various invertebrate animals, and is illustrated with good coloured plates and a large number of engravings in the text. "Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients" (Stock, 3s. 6d. net), by the Rev. M. G. Watkins, is the first volume of the Antiquary's Library, and is a very interesting treatment of a curious and abstruse but none the less entertaining subject. Science and religion meet in Dr. Charles Crossleg's "The Bible in the Light of To-day" (S. P. C. K., 3s. 6d.), an attempt "to indicate the lines on which it is possible to hold the Bible to be divine" and "to present some of the results of an independent application of principles, long since laid down by Bishop Butler, to the question of its authority."

Mr. G. W. Stevens's "Monologues of the Dead" (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) has that kind of literary and historical interest that warrants my placing it among volumes of essays, rather than with fiction or history. I am not sure that the author has not produced a book worthy to stand beside the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor. A brilliant literary gift, real scholarship, and distinct feeling for the realisation of character have gone to the making of these soliloquies—monologues spoken, in their habit as they lived, by a number of the mighty dead from Troilus and the Mother of the Gracchi to Cæsar, Nero, and Constantine the Great. Mr. Stevens has concentrated, and focussed, whole histories into these little sketches: each is a brilliant *tour de force*, and each will help to the fit appreciation of its subject. Above all, the book is useful in that its reader will—often for the first time—understand that these great personalities of history are human first, historical afterwards. Lucullus finishes his monologue with a hiccupped cry to his serving-man to "ser-serve the emetic"; the Mother of the Gracchi harps continually on the worry of housekeeping, and her gratitude that in so "terribly dissipated and corrupt" a day her sons were "both honourable Roman gentlemen." Then there is Mr. L. F. Austin's "At Random" (Ward and Lock, 3s. 6d.), a collection of the very delightful papers—real *causeries*—on life and his own personality—which he has contributed to the *Speaker* and the *Sketch*. Literary criticism, the humour of the London streets, the stage—all alike are grist to Mr. Austin's mill. He has done well to reprint its finest productions: the result is a real treat to every lover of the lighter forms of English prose and English life. The new edition of Mr. George Moore's "Modern Painting" (Scott, 6s.) has been so considerably enlarged that it should be mentioned here. It contains several new studies, and, as frontispiece, a photogravure reproduction of Manet's portrait of Mr. Moore. "Modern Painting" is, in the absence of a collection of "D. S. M.'s" contributions to art criticism, the one book in which one can learn of that new spirit which, for better or worse, is making such deep impression among our younger artists. Mr. James E. Matthew's "The Literature of Music" (Stock, 4s. 6d.) is the last volume of the Book-Lover's Library.

Among recent new editions nothing has been more pleasurable than the new series, the Temple Classics, which is appearing under the editorship of Mr. Israel Gollancz. Each volume will contain, apparently, about as much matter as a Golden Treasury volume (although slightly smaller in size), but unlike that series it will contain no editorial introduction, and but the briefest of notes. Wordsworth's "The Prelude" (Dent, 1s. 6d. net) is the first book in the series, and after it comes a

reprint of Southey's "Life of Nelson." Each has a photogravure frontispiece, and in details of type and binding is altogether charming, and certainly wonderfully cheap. Another series just begun at the Aldine House is a continuation in some sense of the "Temple Shakespeare." The "Temple Dramatists," again under the editorship of the erudite Mr. Gollancz, begins with an unexpurgated and delightfully produced reprint of Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi" (Dent, 1s. net). Uniform in size and shape with the "Temple Shakespeare," this new series is to contain all the most famous plays of the old dramatists.

Novels have to some extent been crowded out of the field this month by the throng of other fiction intended specially for Christmas. Dr. Conan Doyle's "Rodney Stone" (Smith and Elder, 6s.) is, however, the kind of book to make any month notable. In his preface Dr. Doyle speaks of his "endeavour to draw various phases of life and character in England at the beginning of the century," and certainly his endeavour has not been in vain. Those early years live again in his exciting story, and even the prize-ring regains some of its ancient glory in his description of the fight between Crab Wilson and Jack Harrison. The story is full of the old glory of England, and as it is illustrated could hardly be bettered as a Christmas present for "a growing lad." Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's "The Royal Christopher" (Chatto, 3s. 6d.) deserves something of the same kind of success. Dedicated to "My dear Anthony Hope Hawkins," in gratitude "for hours of pleasure in the company of Rudolph Rassendyll" and others, it is romance pure and simple, and romance as good as one is likely to get. Mrs. Molesworth's "Uncanny Tales" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.) are, generally speaking, sentimental rather than uncanny, but they will help to pass away an idle hour; while the interest of Mr. Frederick Wedmore's "Orgases and Miradon, with Other Pieces" (Bowden, 3s. 6d.), is that of literature rather than of ordinary fiction. Character and style are the notes of Mr. Wedmore's work: reticent, elegant, urbane, his work always is. It has charm and flavour and sentiment, and these short stories are no exception to the rule. "Alien," who wrote "A Daughter of the King," has produced a new novel in "In Golden Shackles" (Hutchinson, 6s.); Major Arthur Griffiths's "The Rome Express" (Milne, 2s. 6d.) is sensational enough to keep many an eager reader from his bed; Mr. Charles Grant's "Stories of Naples and the Camorra" (Macmillan, 6s.) displays a wonderfully intimate knowledge of Italian life on its poorer sides, and no small power of character-drawing; while Mr. Elwyn Thomas's "The Martyrs of Hell's Highway" (Allenson, 3s. 6d.), frankly announced as "a novel with a purpose," and dealing with "the unhappy victims of the great social evil," has the advantage of a preface and appendix by Mrs. Josephine Butler. A new author appears in Miss Elizabeth Holland, whose "The Evolution of a Wife: A Romance in Six Parts" (Milne, 6s.) is distinctly worth reading. Miss Holland is lucky in her provocative title.

You may remember my sending you, a year or two ago, the remarkable novel, "A Superfluous Woman;" you will, therefore, turn eagerly to the new book by the same authoress in your present parcel. "Life the Accuser" (Heinemann, 15s. net), although a three-volume novel, is not a long story, but a very painful one. "Life the Accuser" has Life as its real author—Miss Brooke merely held the pen. The characters live, and move, and perish before our eyes. I can well believe that the accidents, and certainly the *motif*, of this bitter

tragedy were all supplied from life. The pen of the authoress has been dipped in her own heart's blood, and her page is blotted with many tears. The scene between the stainless but human wife and her guilty husband is original and almost unique. For the wife to remind the husband that she also is a creature of like passions with himself, and that she, although equally tempted has, nevertheless, not slipped, is a mode of proceeding which in olden days would have been deemed utterly inconceivable. But in Miss Brooke's hands the scene is conceivable enough, and infinitely more true to nature than the usual interview between icied virtue and lawless passion.

THE BABY EXCHANGE.

TO BE DISCONTINUED.

I AM sorry to have to announce that next year I shall not continue the Baby Exchange. The risks are too great. I have made an honest attempt to see if it were possible to act as intermediary between the owners of superfluous babies and childless homes. I have proved its possibility, and there can be no doubt as to the urgent need for some such agency. But the sudden and unexpected return of one of the adopted children on my hands, owing to the adopting father, whose character had been vouched for by unimpeachable authorities, falling before temptation and losing his means of livelihood, compelled me to reconsider the position. I have no hospital or institution to serve as temporary resting-place for the inevitable percentage of "returns." Yet some such home, it becomes more and more evident, is indispensable for the proper working of the Exchange. I have, however, other work to do than founding and managing such an institution. Neither have I any desire to find myself after a time saddled with the sole responsibility for the maintenance and education of unwanted babies whose parents have disappeared, and whose adopted parents, despite all legal undertakings to the contrary, return the adopted child upon my hands.

Hence, although I shall continue from time to time to arrange for the adoption of such children as are already on offer, I shall not in future advertise the Exchange or endeavour to extend its operations. As I have already said, the risk is too great.

The following is the report handed me by the lady managing the Exchange as to the net result up to date:—

In the fourteen months we have carried on the work systematically we have got thirty-five children, *i.e.*, nineteen girls and sixteen boys, successfully adopted. These children have been adopted by true lovers of children, who have taken them as their own children purely for love's sake. Therefore one hundred and five people have been benefited—seventy foster parents and thirty-five children. Even if we deduct the few unmarried people who have adopted children—and they are very few, not more than five—we still can count that the homes of sixty-five people have been brightened, and a hundred lives benefited for life, by the work of the Baby Exchange. That is not a bad record for fourteen months.

In the course of this time we have had one hundred and twenty-two applications for children from foster parents, and one hundred and sixty-five children on our books. The reason we have not been able to satisfy the cravings for children of more of these would-be parents, is the immense amount of correspondence involved in each case, also the confidential nature of the work, which compels the work to be entirely done by the one person put in charge of it.

That the work needs doing, and is absolutely good, when done as it has been done by this bureau, is abundantly proved by this department in the short time it has been in existence. It seems shocking that people who have loving hearts and

abundant means to support children, should be unable to find some among the great crowd of unwanted little ones to supply the blank in their hearts and homes occasioned by their having no children of their own.

If there exists a woman of means, or a few women of means, who would take up this work, which you have proved to be really needed, and who could carry it on under more convenient conditions than are possible in a publisher's office, where much other work is being done, they would be abundantly rewarded. This practical experiment proves the need and success of the work which can be done. Even the case which opens up the vista of possible difficulties in the future was perfectly *bona fide*. The foster-mother took the child from pure motherly love. Very likely she thought that if there was a child in the home her husband would be attracted from his gambling; but gambling is such a vice that, when once it lays hold of a man, neither wife nor child can stay the victim in his downward path. The little girl thus unmoored is likely to find a still better home with clients who have been waiting a long time for a child to suit them.

I do hope you will lay it on the heart of some woman or women, who are able to rise to the human sympathy required to carry on this work, to take it up where you are obliged to lay it down. You can commend the work to the loving care and co-operation of women, having proved what can be done.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "CAUCUS."

"CAUCUS" is one of those words which everybody uses, but of which very few can tell whence it has come. An explanation of its origin is given in the *New England Magazine* for November, by C. W. Ernst, who writes of "words coined in Boston." That mint of speech seems to have been early active.

It will be news to most of us that Massachusetts, which was, from 1634 to 1684, a Commonwealth, in name and fact, was the first civil government on earth to call itself by that name:—

Ten years later, in 1649, Cromwell and England followed the precedent of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and an Act of Parliament made England "a Commonwealth and a Free State."

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TRADE UNION.

The famous word which has become so current in politics arose about the middle of last century:—

The finance debate of the forties, when the Land Bank tried a hand at the issue of paper money, occasioned the word *caucus*, which has become a part of the English language. To express confidence in the bills of the Land Bank, Sam Adams, the father of the patriot, organised a labour meeting. The mechanics of those days were generally paid in what we call store orders. To get their wages in money, if only in paper bills, seemed attractive. So the calkers formed a labour union and trust,—the word *trust* is theirs,—binding themselves "under a penalty for the performance of their agreement," which was to the effect that they would take wages in merchandise or money only, money to include the notes of the Land Bank. This novel trust was perfected on Sunday, February 8, 1740, old style, and duly announced in the papers of the time. The effect may be imagined.

A labour union was a novelty in Boston; a labour trust occasioned something like consternation, particularly as it undertook to sustain the ominous Land Bank. Under British law, such a trust was a crime. To get rid of the Land Bank, which was at the bottom of all this offending, the Boston merchants appealed to Parliament for relief, and obtained it. Yet the calkers held together, and their cast-iron agreement became a by-word for any agreement from which there was no receding. The phrase "calkers' agreement" was carried into politics, and by 1760 we read of "the old and true Corcas," meaning the mechanics, also of "the new and grand Corcas," meaning a committee of merchants who had adopted the method of the calkers. By 1763 we find the present spelling of *caucus*, the origin of the term falling into oblivion.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F.	Forum.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. H.	American Historical Review.	Fr. L.	Fraser's Popular Monthly.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
A.	Areola.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New R.	New Review.
Arg.	Argosy.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	New W.	New World.
Ata.	Atalanta.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
Rad M.	Radminton Magazine.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	Os.	Osborne.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	Hon. R.	Homiletic Review.	O.	Outing.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	H.	Humanitarian.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I.	Idler.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	I. L.	Index Library.	P. M.	Pearson's Magazine.
Bkman.	Bkman.	I. J. E.	International Journal of Ethics	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B.	Borderland.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	Ir. E. R.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	Ir. M.	Irish Monthly.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Cas. M.	Cassell's Magazine.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	Pay. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Prog. R.	Progressive Review.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Psychol R.	Psychological Review.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
Char. R.	Charities Review.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
Chant.	Chautauquan.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Q. V.	Quarterly.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	J. R. U.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	Rel.	Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	S. I.	Institution.	R. B. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
C. R.	Contemporary Review.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
C.	Cornhill.	K. O.	King's Own.	Sc. G.	Science Gospel.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	L. R.	Lady's Realm.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
C. H.	Country House.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Libr.	Library.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	Long.	Longman's Magazine.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
Ed. R. A.	Educational Review, America.	Lud.	Ludgate.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Ed. R. L.	Educational Review, London.	McCl.	McClure's Magazine.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	T. M.	Temple Magazine.
E. H.	English Historical Review.	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly.	Tom.	To-Morrow.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	Mind.	Mind.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
Eng. W.	Englishwoman.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. R.	Westminster Review.
Eng. W. R.	Englishwoman's Review.	Mon.	Monist.	W. M.	Woman's Magazine.
Ex.	Expositor.	M.	Month.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
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A VISIT TO BRINSMEAD'S FACTORIES.

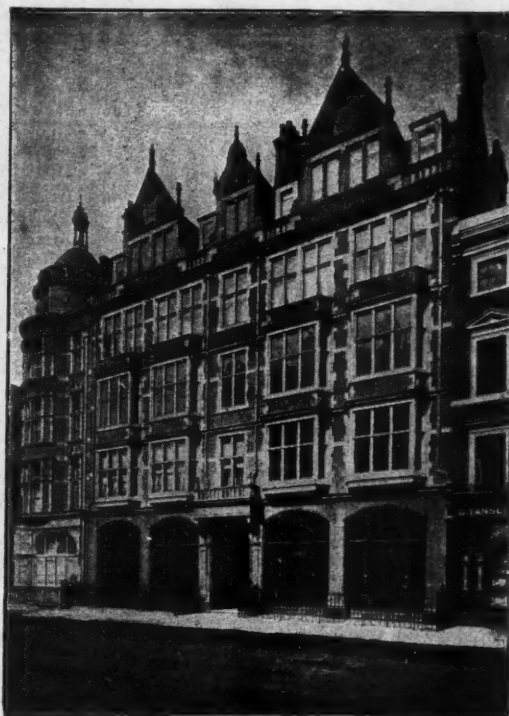
A MARVELLOUS RECORD:—"PIANO No. 44,000."

To turn out two pianos for every day of the year for sixty years is an extraordinary record, and yet that is the average which Messrs. John Brinsmead & Sons have maintained. As the representative of the commercial department of the *Review of Reviews*, I have just visited the firm's extensive factories in Kentish Town, and there I saw piano number 44,000 in the making. A good many people will see this piano when it is finished, but an interesting fact is that the man to whose energy the first Brinsmead piano owed its existence is still alive and actively engaged in running up the number of pianos made by his firm to 50,000. Mr. John Brinsmead established his business when William IV. was king, a year before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and a fine portrait of His Majesty is a prominent object in the fine pile of buildings in Wigmore Street which serve as chief warehouse and show rooms.

The present buildings are comparatively new, and are in great contrast to the old-fashioned low houses in which the firm made its fame. The interior of the building is beautifully fitted up, most of the woodwork being carried out by the firm's own joiners. Mr. Edgar W. Brinsmead is in charge of Wigmore Street, and his brother, Mr. T. J. Brinsmead, of the great factories in Kentish Town. Mr. Edgar Brinsmead has had the misfortune to lose his sight, and it is to be hoped that the sounds of his instrument are at least some compensation to him for so great a loss.

At Wigmore Street I was shown a very large number of very beautifully finished pianos, many of which were soon to be sent to their happy recipients. When it is remembered that the price of the cheapest Brinsmead is fifty guineas the value of a large stock may be guessed. The astounding durability of the Brinsmead pianos may be attributed to the use of the finest procurable timber from all parts of the world, allied to chemically tested iron frames of great strength, an original system of con-

struction by highly-trained workmen, and a costly plant of the newest and most ingenious machinery. Every modern improvement of permanent value, calculated to further the realisation of the firm's *beau ideal* of a piano, is introduced into their instruments. The touch is delightful and the durability is unequalled. With regard to the important question of touch, Messrs. Brinsmead have a patent of the greatest value.



SHOW ROOMS AT WIGMORE STREET.

This is the "Perfect Check Repeater," which is the first existing mechanism to combine the lever, the spring, and the wedge; thus providing a leverage for the fingers of the performer theoretically and practically perfect. The immediate effect of this is that instead of letting the note return to its full resting position when a repeat note is wanted, all one has to do is to return the note, when it is down, about one-eighth of an inch, and the repeat is immediate and full. Then the Brinsmead patented improvements produce so elastic a touch that all gradations, from the most subdued whisper to the greatest fortissimo passage, can be accomplished with delightful effect, and the sustaining quality of the notes is another charming feature.

Yet another patent which differentiates the Brinsmead pianos from others is the improved system of stringing the wires. Everyone knows the old style of pegs standing at right angles to the "wrest plank." Well, instead of a flat plank of wood imagine an overhanging iron flange or bar projecting from the patent consolidated iron frame. Into this overhanging bar the pegs are placed parallel in position to the strings. The strings, therefore, are prevented from falling from the pitch and getting out of tune. The pianos so constructed are eminently adapted to India, South America, Africa, and all countries where tuners are not readily available, and where perchance one may have to tune the piano himself, as Grant Allen's hero at Cooper's Pike had to do.

And now to the place where the pianos are actually made. Some one has said that man can make nothing; he can only move matter. That is undoubtedly true, but much genius is wanted to move matter to good effect, and the ingenuity used at the Kentish Town factories is delightful to witness. Mr. Herbert Brinsmead, the grandson of the founder of the firm, who has passed through all the workshops himself, showed me round the thirty-three shops into which the factory is divided. These shops contain 655,866 cubic feet of space, and have 62,675 superficial feet of floor. As one approaches the factories, huge piles of timber, stacked everywhere, at once attract attention, and when the varieties of wood and the places from which they are obtained are mentioned, one realises that the "moving of matter" is no slight thing in the making of pianos. The winds of the world, and the sun, and the seasons are ever busy making the wonderful wood which will one day exchange the untamable souging of the winds for the ordered music of rigid wires. The forests of Canada and Cuba and Ceylon and all the world over, are laid under tribute that the world may make merry. Nature has no waste though it oft may seem so. The very warty excrescences of trees which some may think impair their beauty are just those parts which do most to beautify the cases of pianos.

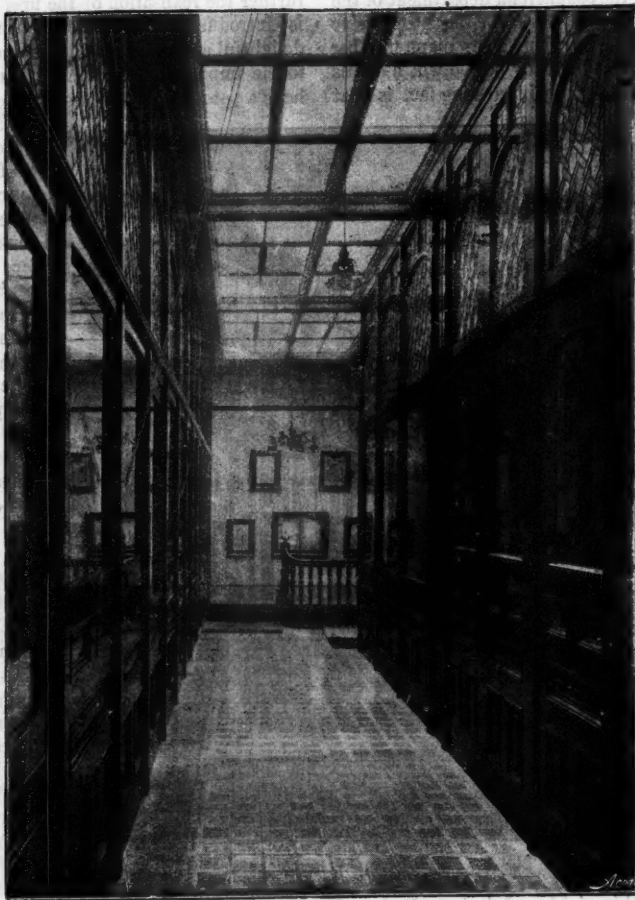
When a sufficiently large burr is found it is cut away and shaved by a very ingenious and powerful razor into sheets about double the thickness of ordinary cardboard. The ebullition of the sap that has been going on for many years produces that beautiful floral-like figure in the finest piano cases. The sheets of woods are of exquisite colour, rich in browns and fascinating in varied tones of smoky-looking greys, the figures curiously matching each other as the knife shaves down to the tree itself. At first the

veneers are brittle, but softened with water and a slight mixture of glue they become as pliable as leather and in many respects as strong. The cases of pianos for use at sea and in tropical countries are however made of solid unveneered timber.

It is not till many years after it reaches London that any of the timber is used. It has first to get seasoned and become familiar with the delightful air of London, and then when its sap is dry and old age creeps on, it

has to associate itself with anything, from the Dead March in Saul to the latest Galop. The present store of timber in process of drying measures something like 120,000 cubic feet.

A piano has literally to be built up, and nearly all the sciences have to be considered in its construction. If the first inventor of the instrument which developed into the piano had been set to make a Brinsmead piano right off, he would never have made anything—the intricacy of the whole thing would have "skeered" him. The Brinsmead piano of to-day has taken sixty years to make, plus all the time spent by experimenters in the years before. The strain on the back and on the whole instrument has to be calculated, the mystery of sound has to be fathomed, the effect of the atmosphere has to be considered, the nature of wood must not be forgotten and a hundred other



A CORRIDOR AT THE SHOW-ROOMS.

things which are never thought of by the ordinary pianist, probably cause the maker of pianos more trouble than is caused by all the "strummers" in existence.

If any part of a piano is found to be faulty the workman who produced that part is easily discovered, for his name has to be marked on each part he makes, so that if you take a piano to pieces you will find out who it was that fashioned this, that, and the other. The men work by piece-work, and as they are liable to be called

to account for their work—even years after they have forgotten it—this makes them very careful. And speaking of the men, it was very interesting and suggestive to see some who had been working for the firm twenty, thirty, and forty years, and who had their sons and grandsons working in the shops with them. This long service is of advantage both to men and masters.

Two of the first pieces of work in a piano are the making of the sounding board, and the “wrest plank.” The sounding board is often made up of several pieces of wood glued together, but planed down so that on the surface no join is visible. Then on the sounding boards are glued the “bridges,” over which the wires pass. These have to be placed with calculated exactness, and are usually solid; but a recent invention has led to their being altered,

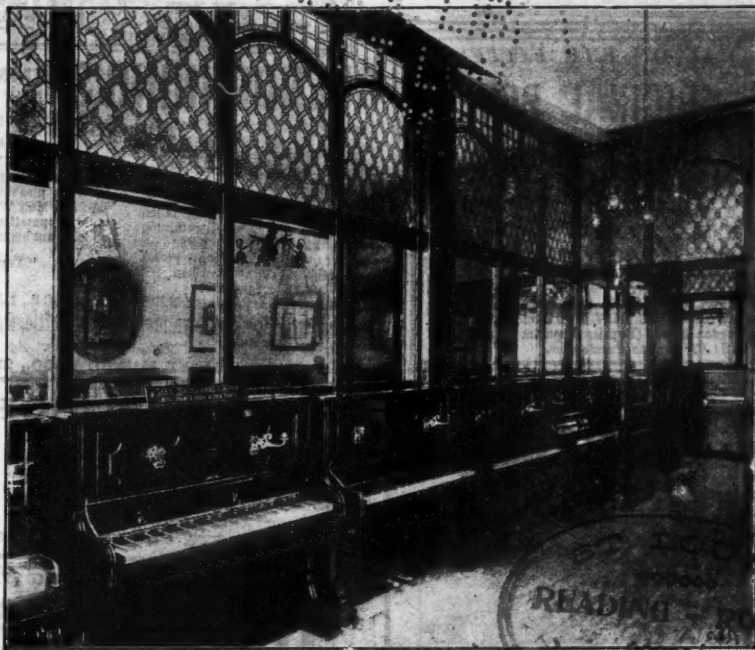
which increases their strength and adds to their sounding capacity. The “ridges” are glued and placed in position, and to force them closely to the sounding board “go-bars” are used. These are made of larch. They are beat between a false roof and the sounding board, and, seeking to gain their straight position, exert a force of twelve tons on the board. The

“wrest plank” or board in which the pegs for the wires are placed is also a composite production. As has been said, in the best pianos wood can be done away with for this purpose. But in some of the pianos wood is still used. In order that no two strings may pull on the same grain of the wood five different layers of wood are glued together, and then screwed together. This makes a solid block of wood which will not crack, warp, or give in any way. The sounding board and “wrest plank” being fixed together, the iron frame is fitted on, and the hammer of wires takes up his post. Then follow interminable evolutions till the piano is ready for its case. When the wires are first put in position they are “rough tuned” by apprentices. But before pianos are sent out they are put in perfect order by experts. The making of the hammers, levers, and key-notes is quite an industry in itself. Even the placing of the white felt on the hammers

has to be done with the greatest care and thought. The felt is first fastened on lengths of wood in the shape of the hammer, and then the lengths are divided into sections or into separate hammers.

In making the cases of the upright pianos the work is pretty straightforward. But in making the banded lids and the rounded cases of the Grands the work is anything but straight, for they have to be bent while the wood is saturated with steam. The moulds round which the wood is bent are called “bucks.” The case of a Grand is often made of four or five layers of bent wood all fastened together with glue, making practically a solid piece. Notwithstanding the size of the Grand pianos these layers often consist of continuous strips of wood right round. Into the polishing and filling up of the cases there is no need

to enter. It is interesting to note—even if we cannot quite be satisfied with it—that the best inlaid work which so beautifies the case of a piano is done in France for the simple reason that there is no one in England who can do it. It is obviously inconvenient to be sending such work backwards and forwards between Paris and London, and it would be done in London. Messrs. Brinsmead would



ONE OF BRINSMEAD'S SHOW-ROOMS.

be only too glad. It is very delightful to walk round a long-established, well-conducted factory, where the very best of things are made, and where cunning workmanship has free scope. Such a place is Messrs. Brinsmead's. The workshops are well lighted, and by no means crowded. Indeed one is struck by the abundance of room. The length of time which some of the workmen have spent in the firm's employ speaks well for their treatment. And as for the instruments—well everyone would admit that they are beautiful to see; but when the Prince and the Princess of Wales, Madame Patti, Madame Fatey, Madame Marie Roze, M. Chas. Gounod, Sir John Stainer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and a crowd of other great musicians unite in praise of their intrinsic merits, one can accept their verdict without hesitation. Which seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter. What would Jubal say to a “Brinsmead”?

CARICATURES.



From the *Weekly Freeman*.]

THE CONCERT OF EUROPE; OR, THE BRITISH LION OUT OF TUNE.

[November 21, 1896.

LORD SALISBURY: "No offence, gentlemen, but if you are all agreeable he would like to give you a tune on h's old Trombone."



From the *Melbourne Punch*.]

[October 8, 1896.

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW.

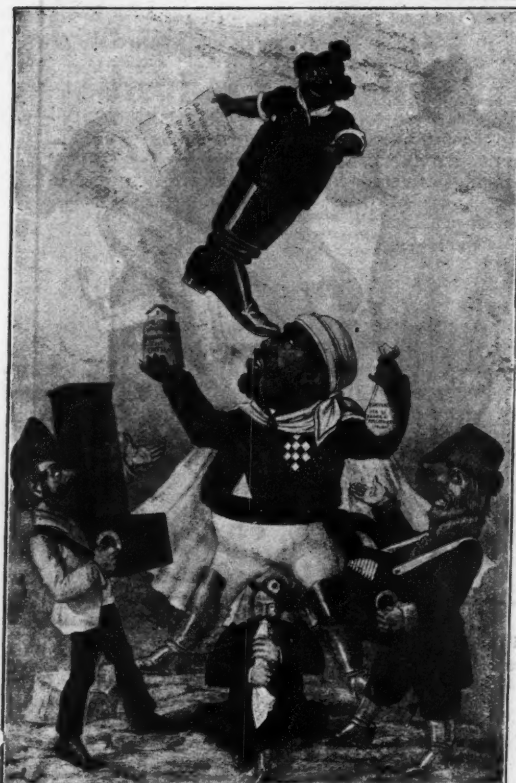
The Modern Jonah: why should he be allowed to wreck the peace of Europe?



From *Strelka*, St. Petersburg.]

A RUSSIAN VIEW.

TURKEY: "I can carry it all right. It will not fall."

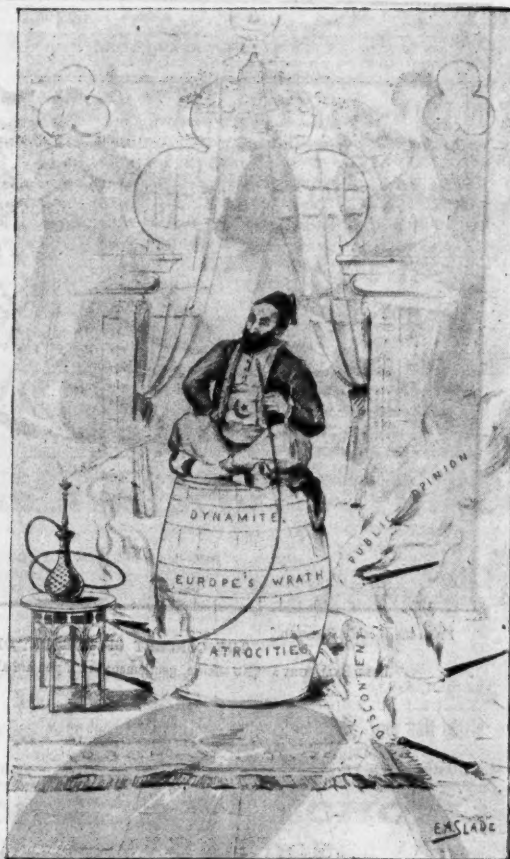


From *Il Popagallo*.]

[November 22, 1893.]

ITALY AND MENELIK.

The Italian boot has become the plaything of Menelik. He has made Abyssinia the protector, which was formerly protected by Italy, for the benefit of the two musicians (Russia and France).



KISMET ON A VOLCANO. A SOUTH AFRICAN VIEW.



From *Le Figaro*.]

THE BOOTMAKER: "It is rather tight? ... it is perhaps a d— corn? ..."



OFFICER: "Learn ... to insult ... a corn of an officer!"

FRENCH VIEW OF GERMAN OFFICERS.

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Won't Wash Clothes.

Won't Wash Clothes

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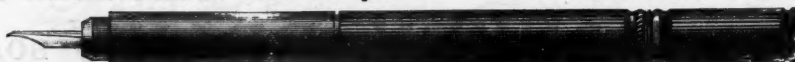
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